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THE BANNATYNE MANUSCRIPT

THE
BANNATYNE
MANUSCRIPT

COMPILED BY
GEORGE BANNATYNE
1568

VOL III

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CXL.

Followis the Iusting and De bait vp at the Drum betuix Fol. 130. a.
William Adamfone and Fohine Sym.

THE grit debait and turnament,
 Off trewth no tounge can tell,
 Wes for a lusty lady gent,
 Betuix twa freikis fell.
 For Mars the god armipotent 5
 Wes nocht fa ferfs him fell,
 Nor Hercules, that aikkis vprent,
 And dang the devill of hell, with hornis;
 Vp at the Drum, that day.

Doutles wes nocht so duchtty deidis 10
 Amangis the dowfy peiris,
 Nor yit no clerk in story reidis
 Off fa tryvmphand weiris;
 To se so stowtly on thair steidis
 Tha stalwart knychtis steiris, 15
 Quhill bellyis bair for brodding bleidis,
 With spurris als scherp as breiris, and kene;
 Vp at the Drum that day.

Vp at the Drum the day wes fett,
 And fixt wes the feild, 20
 Quhair baith thir noble chiftanis mett,
 Enarmit vndir scheild.
 Thay wer fa haifty and fa hett,
 That nane of thame wald yeild,
 Bot to debait or be doun bett, 25
 And in the quarrell keild, or flane;
 Vp at the Drum that day.

Thair wes ane bettir and ane worfs,
 I wald that it wer wittin,
 For William wichttar wes of corfs 30
 Nor Sym, and bettir knittin.
 Sym faid he fett nocht by his forfs,
 Bot hecht he fowld be hittin,
 And he nicht counter Will on horfs,
 For Sym wes bettir fittin, nor Will; 35
 Vp at the Drum that day.

To fe the ftryfe come yunkeirs flowt,
 And mony galyart man;
 All denteis deir wes thair but dowt,
 The wyne on broich it ran. 40
 Trumpettis and schalmis with a schowt
 Playid or the rink began;
 And eikwall juges satt abowt
 To fe quha tynt or wan the feild;
 Vp at the Drum that day. 45

With twa blunt trincer speiris squair, Fol. 130. b.
 It wes thair interpryifs,
 To fecht with baith thair facis bair
 For lufe, as is the gyifs.
 Ane freynd of thairis throw hap come thair, 50
 And hard the rumor ryifs,
 Quha stail away thair styngis bath clair,
 And hid in secreit wayifs, for skaith;
 Vp at the Drum that day.

Strangmen of armes and of nicht 55
 Wer fett thame for to fiddir;
 The harraldis cryd, God schaw the rycht;
 Syne bad thame go togidder.
 Quhair is my speir? fayis Sym the knycht,
 Sum man go bring it hidder; 60

Bot wald thay tary thair all nycht,
 Thair lancis come to lidder, and flaw;
 Vp at the Drum that day.

Syme flew als fery as a fowne,
 Doun fra the hors he flaid; 65
 Sayis, He fall rew my stalf hes stowin,
 For I falbe his deid.
 William his vow plicht to the powin,
 For favour or for feid;
 Als gude the tre had nevir growin, 70
 Quhairof my fpeir wes maid, to just;
 Vp at the Drum that day.

Thir vowis maid to syn and mone,
 Thay raikit baith to rest,
 Thame to refres with thair disone, 75
 And of thair armour kest.
 Nocht knawing of the deid wes done,
 Quhen thay fuld haif fairin best,
 The fyre wes pischt out lang or none,
 Thair dennaris fuld haif drest, and dicht; 80
 Vp at the Drum that day.

Than wer thay movit owt of mynd,
 Far mair than of beforne;
 Thay wist nocht how to get him pynd, 85
 That thame had drevin to skorne.
 Thair wes no deth mycht be devynd,
 Bot ethis haif thay sworne,
 He fuld deir by be thay had dynd,
 And ban that he wes borne, or bred;
 Vp at the Drum that day, 90

Than to Dalkcith thai maid thame boun,
 Reidwod of this reproche; Fol. 131.a.

Thair wes baith wyne and vennifoun,
 And barrellis ran on broche.
 Thay band vp kyndnes in that toun 95
 Nane fra his feir to foche;
 For thair wes nowdir lad nor loun
 Mycht eit ane baikin loche, for fownefs;
 Vp at Dalkeith that day.

Syne eftir denner raifs the din, 100
 And all the toun on feir;
 William wes wyifs and held him in,
 For he wes in a feir.
 Sym to haif bargan cowld nocht blin,
 Bot bukkit Will on weir; 105
 Sayis, Gife thow wald this lady win,
 Cum furth and brek a fpeir, with me;
 Vp at Dalkeyth that day.

This ftill for bargan Sym abyddis,
 And fchowttit Will to fchame; 110
 Will faw his fais on bath the fyddis,
 Full fair he dred for blame.
 Will fchortly to his horfs he flydis,
 And fayis to Sym be name,
 Bettir we bath wer byand hyddis, 115
 And weddir fkynnis at hame, nor heir;
 Vp at Dalkeyth that day.

Now is the growme, that wes fo grym,
 Ryeht glaid to leif in lie;
 Fy, theif, for fchame! fayis littill Sym, 120
 Will thow nocht fecht with me?
 Thow art moir lerge of lyth and lym,
 Nor I am be fic thre;

And all the feild cryd fy on him,
 Sa cowardly tuk the fle, for feir; 125
 Vp at Dalkeyth that day.

Than every man gaif Will a mok,
 And said he wes our meik;
 Sayis Sym, Send for thy broder Jok,
 I fall nocht be to feik; 130
 For wer ye foursum in a flok,
 I compt yow nocht a laik;
 Thocht I had rycht nocht bot a rok,
 To gar your rumpill reik, behynd; Fol. 131 b
 Vp at Dalkeith that day. 135

Thair wes rycht nocht bot haif and ga,
 With lawchter lowd thay lewche,
 Quhen thay saw Sym sic curage ta,
 And Will mak it fa twche.
 Sym lap on horsbak lyk a ra, 140
 And ran him till a huche;
 Sayis William, Cum ryd down this bra,
 Thocht ye fuld brek ane bwche, fo lufe;
 Vp at Dalkeith that day.

Sone doun the bra Sym braid lyk thunder, 145
 And bad Will fallow fast;
 To grund for ferfnefs he did funder,
 Be he midhill had past.
 William saw Sym in sic a blunder,
 To ga he wes agast, 150
 For he affeird it wes na winder
 His curfour fuld him cast, and hurt him;
 Vp at Dalkeith that day.

Than all the yungkerris bad Will yeild,
 Or doun the glen to gang; 155

Sum cryd the koward fuld be keild,
 Sum doun the hewche he thrang.
 Sum rufcht, fum rummyld, fum reild,
 Sum be the bewche he hang;
 Thair avairis fyld vp all the feild, 160
 Thay wer fo fow and pang, with drafe;
 Vp at Dalkeith that day.

Than gelly Johine come in a jak,
 To feild quhair he wes feidit;
 Abone his brand ane bucklar blak, 165
 Baill fell the bern thad bedit.
 He flippit fwiftly to the flak,
 And rudly doun he raid it;
 Befoir his curpall wes a crak,
 Culd na man tell quha maid it, for lawchter; 170
 Vp at Dalkeith that day.

Be than the bowgill gan to blaw,
 For nycht had thame ourtane;
 Allais! faid Sym, For falt of law,
 That bargan get I nane, 175
 Thufs hame with mony crak and flaw,
 Thay passid every ane;
 Syne pairtit at the Potter raw,
 And findry gaitis ar gane, to rest thame;
 Within the toun that nycht. 180

L'envoy.

Fol. 132. a.

This Will was he begyld the may,
 And did hir marriage spill;
 He promeist hir to lat him play,
 Hir purpofs to fulfill.

Fra fcho fell fow he fled away, 185
 And come na mair hir till;
 Quhairfoir he tynt the feild that day,
 And tuk him to ane mill, to hyd him;
 As coward fals of fey.

Finis quod Scott.

CXLI.

[*Thus I propone in my Carping.*]

THUS I propone in my carping,
 All myne allone thus I propone;
 Makand my mone to hevnis king,
 This I propone in my carping.

Welcum be werd as evir God will, 5
 Quhill I be berd welcum be werd;
 In to this erd ay to fulfill,
 Welcum be werd as evir God will.

I fall wey bath in ane ballance,
 Wynnyng and fkaith I fall wey beth; 10
 As God will graith his purveance,
 I fall wey bayth in ane ballance.

Eifs or difeifs, quhilk God fall fend,
 Allyk fall pleifs, eifs or difeifs;
 Ay till obeyifs, till lyfe mak end, 15
 Eifs or difeifs, quhilk God will fend.

Quhat mendis it ane man to mvrn,
 In fyte to fitt, quhat mendis it?

For or men witt this warld will turn,
 Quhat mendis it ane man to mvrn?

20

I falbe blyth and meik with all,
 Kyndnes to kyth I falbe blyth;
 For windir futh pryd hes ane fall,
 I falbe blyth and meik with all.

My freindis deir, luk ye do fo,
 I yow requair, my freyndis deir;
 Ye mak gud cheir quhair evir ye go,
 My frendis deir, luk ye do fo.

25

Finis.

CXLII.

[*This Nycht in my Sleip I wes agast.*]

THIS nycht in my fleip I wes agast,
 Me thocht the Devill wes tempand fast
 The peple with aithis of crewaltie;
 Sayand as throw the mercat he past,
 Renunce thy God and cum to me.

Fol. 132. b.

5

Me thocht as he went throw the way,
 Ane preist fweirit be God vercy,
 Quhilk at the alter reffaut he;
 Thow art my clerk, the Devill can fay,
 Renunce thy God and cum to me.

10

Than fwoir ane courtyour mekle of pryd,
 Be Chryftis windis bludy and wyd,

And be his harmes wes rent on tre;
 Than spak the Devill hard him befyd,
 Renunce thy God and cum to me. 15

Ane merchand, his geir as he did fell,
 Renuncit his pairt of Hevin and Hell;
 The Devill said, Welcum mot thou be,
 Thou false merchand for my fell,
 Renunce thy God and cum to me. 20

Ane goldfmyth said The goldis fa fyne,
 That all the workmanschip I tyne,
 The Feind reffaid me gif I le;
 Think on, quod the Devill, That thou art myne,
 Renunce thy God and cum to me. 25

Ane tailyour said In all this toun
 Be thair ane better weilmaid gown,
 I gif me to the Feynd all fre;
 Gramercy, telyour, said Mahoun,
 Renunce thy God and cum to me. 30

Ane fowttar said In gud effek,
 Nor I be hangit be the nek,
 Gife better butis of ledder ma be;
 Fy, quod the Feynd, Thou fairis of blek,
 Ga clenge the clene and cum to me. 35

Ane baxter said I forsaik God,
 And all his werkis evin and od,
 Gif fairar stuff neidis to be;
 The Dyvill luche and on him quoth nod,
 Renunce thy God and cum to me. 40

Ane fleschour swour be the sacrament,
 And be Chrystis blud maist innocent,

Nevir fatter fleſch ſaw man with e;
The Devill ſaid, Hald on thy intent,
Renunce thy God and cum to me. 45

The maltman ſais I God forſaik,
And that the Devill of Hell me taik, Fol. 133. a.
Gif ony bettir malt may be,
And of this kill I haif inlaik;
Renunce thy God and cum to me. 50

Ane browſtar fwoir the malt wes ill,
Bath reid and reikit on the kill,
That it will be na aill for me,
Ane boll will nocht ſex gallonis fill;
Renunce thy God and cum to me. 55

The ſmyth fwoir be rude and raip,
In till a gallowis mot I gaip,
Gif I ten dayis wan pennyis thre,
For with that craft I can nocht thraip;
Renunce thy God and cum to me. 60

Ane menſtrall ſaid The Feind me ryfe,
Gif I do ocht bot drynk and ſwyfe;
The Devill ſaid, Hardly mot it be,
Exerſs that craft in all thy lyfe;
Renunce thy God and cum to me. 65

Ane dyſfour ſaid with wirdis of ſtryfe,
The Devill mot ſtik him with a knyfe,
Bot he keſt vp fair ſyſis thre;
The Devill ſaid, Endit is thy lyfe,
Renunce thy God and cum to me. 70

Ane theif ſaid, God, that evir I chaip,
Nor ane ſtark widdy gar me gaip,

Bot I in Hell for geir wald be;
 The Devill said, Welcum in a raip,
 Renunce thy God and cum to me. 75

The fische wyffis flett and fwoir with granis,
 And to the Feind, faule, fefch and banis,
 Thay gaif thame, with ane fchowt on hie;
 The Devill said, Welcum all att anis,
 Renunce thy God and cum to me. 80

Me thoct the Devillis, als blak as pik,
 Solistand wer as beis thik,
 Ay tempand folk with wayis fle;
 Rownand to Robene and to Dik,
 Renunce thy God and cum to me. 85

Quod Dumbar.

CXLIII.

[*Lucina schynnyng in Silence of the Nicht.*]

Ane vthir
 ballat follow-
 ing vpoun this
 fame abbat in
 the 117 leif.

LUCINA schynnyng in filence of the nicht,
 The hevin being all full of sternis bricht,
 To bed I went bot thair I tuke no rest;
 With havy thoct I wes so foir opprest,
 That fair I langit eftir dayis licht. 5

Off Fortoun I complenit hevely,
 That scho to me stude so contrariowfly;
 And at the last quhen I had turnyt oft,
 For weirines on me ane slummer soft
 Come with ane dremyng and a fantesfy. 10

Fol. 133. b.

Me thoct Deme Fortoun with ane fremmit cheir
 Stude me beforne, and faid on this maneir,
 Thow suffer me to wirk gif thow do weill,
 And preifs the nocht to stryfe aganis my quheill,
 Quhillk every warldly thing dois turne and fteir. 15

Full mony ane man I turne vnto the licht,
 And makis als mony full law to doun licht;
 Vp on my staigis or that thow ascend,
 Treft weill thy truble neir is at ane end,
 Seing thir taikinis, quhairfoir thow mark thame rycht. 20

Thy trublit gair fall neir moir be degeft,
 Nor thow in to no benifice beis posselt,
 Quhill that ane Abbot him cleith in ernis pennis,
 And fle vp in the air amangis the crennis,
 And as ane falcone fair fro eist to west. 25

He fall ascend as ane horrebbe grephoun,
 Him meit fall in the air ane scho dragoun;
 Thir terrible monstheris fall togidder thrist,
 And in the cludis gett the Antechrist,
 Quhill all the air infeck of thair pvfoun. 30

Vndir Saturnus fyrie regioun
 Symone Magus fall meit him and Mahoun,
 And Merlyne at the mone fall him be bydand,
 And Jonet the weido on ane buffome rydand,
 Off wichifs with ane windir garefoun. 35

And fync thay fall discend with reik and fyre,
 And preiche in erth the Antechryfts impyre,
 Be than it falbe neir this warldis end.
 With that this lady fone fra me did wend;
 [Sleipand and walkand wes frustrat my defyr.¹] 40

¹ This line, omitted in Ban. MS., is taken from Maitland folio MS.

Quhen I awoik my dreame it wes so nyce,
 Fra every wicht I hid it as a vyce;
 Quhill I hard tell be mony futhfast wy,
 Fle wald ane abbot vp in to the fky,
 And all his fethreme maid wes at devyce.

45

Within my hairt confort I tuke full sone:
 Adew, quod I, My drery dayis ar done:
 Full weill I wist to me wald nevir cum thrift,
 Quhill that twa monis wer sene vp in the list,
 Or quhill ane abbot flew aboif the mone.

Fol. 134. a.

50

Quod Dumbar.

CXLIV.

[*All to Lufe and nocht to Fenyie.*]

ALL to lufe and nocht to fenyie,
 All to pure and nocht to plenyie;
 Sic freitis I hald nocht wirth a fafs,
 Harkin and I fall tell yow fow it wafs.
 Befoir the evin, with licht of day,
 I hard ane sweit full softly fay,
 Ga way, my ioy, and latt me be,
 Put nocht your hand abone my kne.
 Ye hurt me now, schirro your fais,
 Quhy list ye vp sa heiche my clais?
 My moder heiris ye gar me cry;
 Do away man for your courtesy.
 My heid gois to and all is bair;
 Be God, me think, na thing ye spair.

5

10

Is nocht this ane joly werk? 15
 Schirro your thowmis, ye ryfe my fark.
 Be God ye ar our leth to leif,
 Quhat devill is that in to your neif?
 Ye hurt me with your quhinyear heft,
 Will nocht yit this rippet be left? 20
 I wald nocht trewly for twenty pound,
 In to this place we twa wer found.
 He fays, My lufe, my joy, my blifs,
 Now all the warld will wit of this;
 Quhat garris yow cry me for to skar? 25
 Be God ye fall nocht be the war;
 Quha saw evir the maikis of yow,
 God latt nevir your hairt be sow.
 Quha saw evir a man fa thra?
 Hald vp your handis and latt me ga. 30
 And he said nevir a word agane,
 Bot ay he said, Latt me allane.
 I schro your hairt, ye hurt my theifs;
 Now all this toun this rippet feifs.
 Haill or haill quhat do ye now? 35
 Allace! allace! ye thrift me throw.
 Now, walloway, is thair no help?
 Yit fall I gif your cheik a skelp,
 I fall yow skart quhill that ye bleid.
 He said than, Ya, ya, God forbaid, 40 Fol. 134. b.
 Your bonat I fall kast away,
 Bot gif ye ceifs your fowle deray,
 Wes nevir nane drest on this wyifs.
 I cry yow mercy a thowfand fyifs,
 A gentill man gif that ye be, 45
 Ye will me schaw sum courtasie;
 Your labour is nocht wirth a leik,
 Ye ar the war fen we wer meik.
 Do away, scho said, Or yie be band,

The toder wird is evin at hand. 50
 Be God I put yow out of weir,
 Ye did nocht of forfs this fevin yeir;
 Nor yit nocht ane of your breder,
 I fchiro the feit that brocht yow hedder.
 Now, mon, I latt yow all allane, 55
 Sa help me God my end is gane;
 Yit I will nocht ga fla my fell;
 Bot, be yone kirk, I fall fure tell,
 Als fast as I fall cum hame.
 Sa help me God, Ifs tell my deme; 60
 And ony body fynd ws heir,
 We ar bath fchamit all this yeir,
 That we haif dwelt heir fo lang.
 Hame, in faith, I dar nocht gang;
 Go with me to yone yairdis end, 65
 Quhair we may pafs away vnkend.
 Than he and fcho went on togidder;
 With that his hairt begowd to fwidder;
 He tuke his leif and kift the bricht,
 And fyne he went out of hir ficht. 70
 How it wes eftir I can nocht tell,
 For fpeiking fpair I nocht to spell.

Explicit.

CXLV.

[*Mony Man makis Ryme and lukis to no Reffoun.*]

MONY man makis ryme and lukis to no reffoun.
 Ane king fekand trefoun
 He may fynd land. Trest nocht in the band

That is oft brokin. A fule quhen he hes spokkin
 He is all done. He fuld weir yrn schone 5
 Suld byd a manis deid. Quhen the falt is in the heid
 The menbaris ar feik. A woman thocht scho be meik
 Scho is ill to knaw. Men glosifs the law
 Oft aganis the pure. Quha spendis his gud on a hure
 He hes bayth skayth and schame. He that can nocht gang hame 10
 Is a pure man. Menis or thay began
 Suld think on the end. Prefs nocht to spend
 Bot gife thow think to win. Commounly auld fyn
 Makis new schame. Bettir is gud name
 Nor evill win geir. He that vfis maift to sweir 15
 Is nocht best trowd. A tre is best bowd
 Quhen that it is young. Quha rewlis weill his tounge
 He may be comptit wyifs. Gud win at the dyifs
 Riches nocht the air. And a woman that is fair
 Is nocht happin gude. Ane colt of a gud stude 20
 Happynnis to be best. Gud ma nocht lang left
 That is evill win. A work weill begon
 Hes the bettir end. Preifs nocht to spend
 Our mekle on a fule. It is dith to cry yule
 On ane vder manis coift. He fall hounger in froft 25
 In heit that will nocht wirk. Obey weill to the kirk
 And thow fall fair the better. A woman keipit in fetter
 Is ane ill treffour. Eit and drynk with mesour
 And defy the leich. A man mekle of speiche
 Quhylomis mon lie. Think ay that thow mon de 30
 And thow fall nocht glaidly fyn. A man may be of grit kin
 And rycht littill worth. A fule bidis job furth
 And hes baith spur and wand. Bettir is a man but land
 Nor land but man. He that cumis of evill clan
 Wyifs men suspekis. A skabbit scheip infectis 35
 All the haill flok. Quhairof ferwis the lok
 And the theif in the hous. It makis a perte mowfs
 Anc vnhardy catt. A fwyne that is richt fatt

Cauffis hir awin deid. Pairte nevir at feid
 Fra hame with thy wyfe. Fle ay fra ftryfe, 40
 A fweithing is peifs. All may nocht be leifs
 That every man fayifs. Thow ma mend twa nayifs
 With anis faid ye. He is nocht fa waik a fae
 Bot he may quhylyome noy. It is esiar to diftroy
 Befer, nor till big. He that is vfd to thig 45
 Is laith to leif the craft. Ane awld man is fow daft
 That weddis a young woman. Thow mon trow in fum man
 Or thow hes ill lyfe. Be thow joloufs of thy wyfe
 Scho will do the war. Quha handillis pik or tar
 He is nocht haifty clene. A wound quhen it is grene 50
 Is the foner heilit. A byle that is lang beilit
 Brekis at the laft. Auld kyndnes paf
 Suld nocht be foryett. Be blyth at thi meit,
 Devoit in diftrefs. For littill mair or lefs
 Mak thow na debait. Bettir is the hie gait 55 Fol. 135. b.
 Nor the by rod. He that dowttis nocht God
 Sall nocht fail to fall. He that cuvatis all
 Is abill to tyne. About myne and thyne
 Ryffis mekle ftryfe. He hes a gratius lyfe
 That can be content. A bow that is lang bent 60
 It will wax dull. He that wattis quhen he is full
 He is na fule. Put mony to the fcule,
 All will nocht be clerkis. At every dowg that berkis
 Men fuld nocht be movit.¹ A man weill luvit
 He is nocht pure. Grit lawbor and cure 65
 Makis a man auld. A gud taill evill tald
 Is fpilt in the telling. In bying and felling
 Is mony fals aith. Commounly gud cleth
 Is beft cheip. Quha cuvattis farrest to leip
 Mon quhylyumis gang abak. 70
 Thus fchortnes of wit movit me to mak.

Explicit.

¹ *Crabit* firft written and deleted.

CXLVI.

[*My Guddame wes ane gay Wyfe.*]

MY guddame wes ane gay wyfe, bot scho wes rycht gend,
 Scho dwelt far furth in France on Falkland fell;
 Thay callit hir Kynd Kittok sa quha weill hir kend;
 Scho wes lyk a caldrone cruk cleir vnder kell,
 Thay threipit scho deid of thrift and maid a gud end. 5
 Eftir hir deid scho dreidit nocht in Hevin to dwell,
 And so to Hevin the hie way dreidles scho wend,
 Yit scho wanderit and yeid by to ane elrich well;
 And thair scho met, as I wene,
 Ane ask rydand on ane fnaill; 10
 Scho cryd, Ourtane fallow, haill, haill,
 And raid ane inch behind the taill,
 Quhill it wes neir ene.

Sua scho had hap to be horft to hir harbry,
 At ane ailhoufs neir Hevin it nychtit thame thair; 15
 Scho deit for thrift in this warld that gart hir be so dry,
 Scho eit nevir meit bot drank our missour and mair;
 Scho fleipit quhill the morne at none and raifs airly;
 And to the yettis of Hevin fast coud scho fair,
 And by Sanct Petir, in at the yett scho stall prevely. 20
 God lukit and saw hir lattin in and luch his hairt fair;
 And thair yeiris fevin
 Scho levit ane gud lyfe,
 And wes our Leddeis henwyfe,
 And held Sanct Petir in stryfe, 25
 Ay quhill scho wes in Hevin.

Scho lukit owt on a day and thocht verry lang,
 To se the ailhoufs befyd in till ane evill hour;

And out of Hevin the hic gait cowth the wyfe gang
 For to gett ane fresche drink, the haill of Hevin wes four. 30
 Scho come agane to Hevinis yet, quhen that the bell rang,
 Sanct Petir hit hir with a club, quhill a grit clour
 Raifs on hir heid behind, becaufs the wyfe yeid wrang;
 And than to the ailhoufs agane scho ran the pittcheris to pour,
 Thair to brew and to baik. 35
 Freyndis, I pray yow hairtfully,
 Gife ye be thrifty or dry,
 Drynk with my guddame, quhen ye gang by,
 Anis for my faik.

Explicit.

CXLVII.

[*Man sen thy Lyfe is ay in Weir.*]

MAN sen thy lyfe is ay in weir,
 And Deid is evir drawand neir,
 The tyme vnsicker and the place;
 Thyne awin gude spend quhill thow hes space.

Gif it be thyne thy self it vlis, 5
 Gif it be nocht the it refusis,
 Ane vthir of it the proffeit hefs;
 Thyne awin gud spend quhill thow hes spaifs.

Thow may to day haif gude to spend,
 And heftely to morne fra it wend, 10
 And leif ane vthir thy baggis to braifs;
 Thy awin gud spend quhill thow hes space.

Quhill thow hes space se thow dispone.
 That for thy geir quhen thow art gone,

No wicht ane vder flay nor chace; 15
Thyne awin gud spend quhill thow hes space.

Sum all his dayis dryvis our in vane,
Ay gadderand geir with forrow and pane,
And nevir is glaid at Yule nor Paifs;
Thyne awin gud spend quhill thow hes space. 20

Syne cumis ane vder glaid of his forrow,
That for him prayit nowdir evin nor morrow,
And fangis it all with mirrynais;
Thyne awin gud spend quhill thow hes space.

Sum grit gud gadderis and ay it fpairis, 25
And eftir him thair cumis yung airis,
That his auld thrift fettis on ane efs;
Man, thyne awin gud spend quhill thow hes space.

It is all thyne that thow heir spendis,
And nocht all that on the dependis, 30 Fol. 136. b.
Bot his to spend it that hes grace;
Thyne awin gud spend quhill thow hes fpais.

Trest nocht ane vthir will do the to,
It that thy felf wald nevir do,
For gife thow dois, strenge is thy cace; 35
Thyne awin gud spend quhill thow hes fpais.

Luke how the bairne dois to the muder,
And tak example be nane vdder,
That it nocht eftir be thy cace;
Thyne awin gud spend quhill thow hes space. 40

Quod Dumbar.

CXLVIII.

[*In Tiberus tyme, the trew Imperiour.*]

IN Tiberus tyme, the trew Imperiour,
 Quhen Tynto hillis fra skraiping of toun henis wes keipit,
 Thair dwelt ane grit gyre carling in awld Betokis bour,
 That levit vpoun christiane menis flescche and rewth heidis vnleipit.
 Thair wynnit ane hir by, on the west fyd, callit Blafour, 5
 For lue of hir lawchane lippis he walit and he weipit;
 He gadderit ane menyie of modwartis to warp down the tour.
 The carling with ane yrne club, quhen that Blafour fleipit,
 Behind the heill scho hatt him sic ane blaw;
 Quhill Blafour bled ane quart 10
 Off milk pottage inwart,
 The carling luche, and lut fart
 North Berwik Law.

The king of Fary than come with elffis mony ane,
 And sett ane sege and ane salt with grit penfallis of pryd; 15
 And all the doggis fra Dumbar wes thair to Dumblane,
 With all the tykis of Tervey come to thame that tyd;
 Thay gnew down with thair gomes mony grit flane.
 The carling schup hir in ane fow and is hir gaitis gane,
 Gruntlyng our the Greik sie, and durst na langer byd, 20
 For brukling of bargane and breking of browis.
 The carling now for dispyte
 Is mareit with Mahomyte,
 And will the doggis interdyte,
 For scho is quene of Jowis. 25

Senfyne the cokkis of Crawmound crew nevir a day,
 For dule of that devillisch deme wes with Mahoun mareit,
 And the hennis of Hadingtoun senfyne wald nocht lay,
 For this wyld wilroun wich thame widlit fa and wareit.
 And the fame North Berwik Law, as I heir wyvis fay, 30

This carling with a fals caft wald away carreit,
 For to luk on quha fa lykis na langer fcho tareit.
 All this langour for lufe befoirtymes fell,
 Lang or Betok wes born,
 Scho bred of ane accorne.
 The laif of the ftoꝛy to morne
 To yow I fall tell.

Fol. 137. a

35

Explicit.

CXLIX.

[Rycht airlie on Ask Weddinſday.]

RYCHT airlie on Ask Weddinſday,
 Drynkand the wyne fatt cumeris tway;
 The tane cowth to the tother complene,
 Graneand and fuppand cowl fcho fay,
 This lang Lentern makis me lene.

5

On cowch befyd the fyre fcho fatt,
 God wait gif fcho wes grit and fatt,
 Yit to be feble fcho did hir fene;
 And ay fcho faid, Latt preif of that,
 This lang Lentern makis me lene.

10

My fair, fweit cummer, quod the tuder,
 Ye tak that nigirtnefs of your muder;
 All wyne to teft fcho wald diſdane
 Bot mavafy, fcho bad nane vder;
 This lang Lentern makis me lene.

15

Cummer, be glaid both evin and morrow,
 Thocht ye fuld bayth beg and borrow,

Fra our lang fasting ye yow refrene,
 And latt your husband dre the forrow;
 This lang Lantern makis me lene. 20

Your counfale, cummer, is gud, quod fcho,
 All is to tene him that I do,
 In bed he is nocht wirth a bene;
 Fill fow the glafs and drynk me to;
 This lang Lentrone makis me lene. 25

Off wyne owt of ane choppyne stowp,
 They drank twa quartis, fowp and fowp,
 Of drowth sic excefs did thame constrene;
 Be than to mend thay had gud howp;
 This lang Lentrone makis me lene. 30

Quod Dumbar.

CL.

The Wowing of Fok and Fynny.

ROBEYNS Jok come to wow our Jynny,
 On our feist evin quhen we wer fow;
 Scho brankit fast and maid hir bony,
 And faid, Jok, come ye for to wow?
 Scho birneist her, baith breist and brow, 5
 And maid hir cleir as ony klok;
 Than spak hir deme, and faid, I trow Fol. 137. b
 Ye come to wow our Jynny, Jok.

Jok faid, Forfuth I yern full fane
 To luk my heid, and sit down by yow;
 Than spak hir modir and faid agane, 10
 My bairne hes tocher gud annwch to ge yow.

Te he, quod Jynny. Keik, keik, I fe yow;
 Muder, yone man makis yow a mok.
 I schro the, lyar, full leis me yow, 15
 I come to wow your Jynny, quod Jok.

My berne, scho sayis, hes of hir awin,
 Ane gufs, ane gryce, ane cok, ane hen,
 Ane calf, ane hog, ane futebraid fawin,
 Ane kirn, ane pin, that ye weill ken, 20
 Ane pig, ane pot, ane raip thair ben,
 Ane fork, ane flaik, ane reill, ane rok,
 Dischis and dublaris nine or ten;
 Come ye to wow our Jynny, Jok?

Ane blanket, and ane wecht alfo, 25
 Ane schule, ane schein, and ane lang flail,¹
 Ane ark, ane almry, and laidillis two,
 Ane milk fyth, with ane fwyne taill,
 Ane rowsty quhittill to scheir the kail,
 Ane quheill, ane mell the beir to knock, 30
 Ane coig, ane caird wantand ane naill;
 Come ye to wow our Jynny, Jok?

Ane furme, ane furlet, ane pott, ane pek,
 Ane tub, ane barrow, with ane quheilband,
 Ane turf, ane troch, and ane meil sek, 35
 Ane spurtill braid, and ane elwand.
 Jok tuk Jynny be the hand,
 And cryd ane feist, and flew ane cok,
 And maid a brydell vp alland;
 Now haif I gottin your Jynny, quod Jok. 40

Now, deme, I haif your bairne marcit,
 Suppoifs ye mak it nevir fa twche,
 I latt yow wit schofs nocht miskareit,
 It is weill kend I haif annwech;²

¹ First written *four lang flails*.

² Originally written *god haif I annwech*.

Ane crukit gloyd fell our ane huch, 45
 Ane spaid, ane speit, ane spur, ane fok,
 Withouttin oxin I haif a pluche;
 To gang to giddir Jynny and Jok.

I haif ane helter, and eik ane hek,
 Ane cord, ane creill, and als ane cradill, 50 Fol. 138. a.
 Fyve fiddir of raggis to stuff ane jak,
 Ane auld pannell of ane laid fadill,
 Ane pepper polk maid of a padill,
 Ane spounge, ane spindill wantand ane nok,
 Twa lusty lippis to lik ane laiddill; 55
 To gang to gidder Jynny and Jok.

Ane brechame, and twa brochis fyne,
 Weill buklit with a brydill renye,
 Ane fark maid of the lynkome twyne,
 Ane gay grene cloke that will nocht stenyne, 60
 And yit for mifter I will nocht fenye,
 Fyive hundreth fleis now in a fok;
 Call ye that nocht ane joly menye?
 To go to giddir Jynny and Jok.

Ane trene truncheour, ane ramehorne spone, 65
 Twa buttis of barkit blasnit ledder,
 All graith that ganis to hobbill schone,
 Ane thrawcruk to twyne ane tedder,
 Ane brydill, ane girth, and ane fwyne bledder,
 Ane maskene fatt, ane setterit lok, 70
 Ane scheip weill keipit fra ill wedder;
 To gang to giddir, Jynny and Jok.

Tak thair for my pairte of the feist,
 It is weill knawin I am weill bodin;
 Ye may nocht say my pairte is leift. 75
 The wyfe said, Speid, the kaill are foddin,

And als the laverok is fuft and loddin;
 Quhen ye haif done tak hame the brok.
 The roft wes twche, fa wer thay bodin;
 Syne gaid to giddir bayth Jynny and Jok.

80

*Explicit.*¹

CLI.

[*O Gallandis all, I cry and call.*]

O GALLANDIS all, I cry and call,
 Keip ftrenth quhill that ye haif it;
 Repent ye fall quhen ye ar thrall,
 Fra tyme that dub be lavit.

With wantoun yowth thocht ye be cowth,
 With curage he on loft,
 Suppoifs girt drowth cum in your mowth,
 Be war drynk nocht our oft.

5

Tak bot at lift fuppoifs ye thrift,
 Your mowth at lafer cule;
 In mynd folift weill to refift,
 Langer leftis yeir nor Yule.

10

Fol. 138. b

Thocht ye ryd foft, caft nocht ouer oft
 Your fpeir in to the reift;
 With ftufe uncoft fett vpoun loft,
 Anwch is evin a feift.

15

In luvis grace fuppoifs ye trace,
 Thinkand your fell abone,

¹ *Quod* Clerk has been written here, but afterwards erased.

Ye ma percaifs cast daweifs efs,
And swa be lothit fone. 20

Fra tyme ye stank in to the bank,
And drypoynt puttis in play,
Ye tyme the thank, man, hald ane hank,
Or all be past away.

Fra thow ryn towme, als I prefowme, 25
Thow hes bayth skaith and skorn,
The to confowme with fir allowme,
That bourd may be forborne.

Far in that play, gif I futh say,
Gud will is nocht allowit; 30
Gife thow nocht may, ga way, ga way,
Than art thow all forhowit.

Confiderance hes no lovance,
Fra thow be bair thair ben;
At that semlance is no plesance, 35
Quhen pithlefs is thy pen.

Quhen thow hes done thy dett abone,
Forfochin in the feild,
Scho will fay fone, Gett the ane spone,
Adew baith speir and scheild. 40

Fra thow inlaikis to lay on straikis,
Fra hyne, my fone, adew;
Than thy rowme waikis ane vder taikis,
That solace to perfew.

Quhill branys ar big abone to lig, 45
Gud is in tyme to ceifs;
To tar and tig, fyne grace to thig,
That is ane petoufs preifs.

Thairfoir be war, hald the on far,
 Sic chaif wair for to pryifs; 50
 To tig and tar, syne get the war,
 It is evill merchandyifs.

Mak thow na vant our oft to hant Fol. 139. a.
 In places dern thair down;
 Fra tyme thow want, that stuf is skant, 55
 To borrow in the town.

Few honour wynniss in to that innys,
 For schutting at the schellis;
 Out of thair schynniss the substansce rynniss,
 Thay gett no genyell ellis. 60

In tyme latt be, I counfall the,
 Use nocht that offerand stok;
 Quhen thay the fe thay bleir thyne e,
 And makis at the ane mok.

Thocht thow suppoifs haif at thy choifs, 65
 I reid the for the nanis,
 Keip stuf in poifs, tyne nocht thy hoifs,
 Wair nocht all in that wanis.

Fra tyme scho fe vndir thyne e,
 The brawin away down muntis, 70
 Than game and gle ganis nocht for the,
 Thow man, latt be sic huntis.

Fra thow luk cheft, adew that faift,
 To hunt in to that schaw,
 Quhen on that beift at thy requeift, 75
 Thy kennettis will nocht kaw.

Within that stowp fra tyme thow fowp,
 And wirdis to be fweir,

And makis a stop quhen they fuld hop,
Adew the thriffill deir.

80

Thairfoir albeid thy houndis haif speid,
To ryn our oft latt be;
In thy maift neid, sum tyme but dreid,
Thay will rebutit be.

Ouer oft to hound in vnkowth ground,
Thow ma tak vp vnbaittit;
Thairfoir had bound thocht fcho be found,
Or dreid thy doggis be flaittit.

85

Scho is nocht ill that fittis still,
Perfewit in the fait;
That beift fcho will gif the thy fill,
Quhill thow be evin chakmait.

90

Suppoifs thow reinge our all the grenge,
And feik baith fyk and fwche,
Till will fcho menge and mak it ftreng,
And gif the evin anwche.

95 Fol. 139. b.

Thair with awyifs fuppoifs fcho ryifs,
Laich vndir thy fute,
Bot thow be wyifs, fcho will fuppryifs
Thy houndis and thame rebute.

100

In tyme abyd, the feildis ar wyde,
I counfall the, gude bruder;
Evill is the gyd that faillis but tyde,
Syne raclefs is the ruder.

Hunttaris, adew, gif ye perfew
To hunt at every beift,
Ye will it rew, thair is anew,
Thairto haif ye no haift.

105

With ane O and ane I,
 Ye huntaris all and fum,
 Quhen beft is play, pafs hame away,
 Or dreid war eftir cum.

110

Quoth Balnevis.

The Flytting betuix the Sowtar and the Tailyour.

CLII.

[*Thow leifs, Loun, thow leifs.*]

THOW leifs, loun, thow leifs,
 Yone are fowttaris that thow feifs,
 Law kneiland on thair kneifs,
 Thair godis till adorne.
 Be Sanct Garnega that grym gairt,
 To heir thair hairfnefs in haift,
 Of moltin tauche thay tak a teft,
 On Monondayis at morn.

5

To hald thame helfum at hairt,
 Sum of vly fpewis ane quairt,
 Sum ane pynt to his pairt,
 Off fowll fowttar blek.
 Sum fittis and fum fewis,
 Vthir sum vly fpewis,
 Bot he keipis weill his kewifs,
 Spowttis in his marrowis nek.

10

15

Of moltin tawch quhen they want,
 Sir Garnyga will gif ane gant,
 And fpew ane pynt at a pant,
 Off fowll vly ba.

20

Wald every man do as I,
 Quhan evir we saw thame we fuld cry,
 Fy on thame, fy, fy,
 Out fowll Garniga.

Explicit.

CLIII.

[*Falss clatterand Kensy, kuckald Knaif.*]

FALSS clatterand kensy, kuckald knaif,
 Blasphemand baird in thy backbytting,
 Off me thow fall an answer haif;
 Cum furth, fowmart, and face thy flytting.
 War nor ane warlo in thy wrytting,
 Thow Sathanas feid ay sett to evill,
 Mandrag, mynmerkyn and misnaid mytting,
 I fall the counger lyk the Devill.

5 Fol 140.a.

Fy on the telyour that never wes trew,
 Fra claith weill can thow clyth ane clowt;
 Of stowin stommokis baith reid and blew,
 Ane bagfow anis thow bur abowt.
 They fallowit the with cry and schowt.
 Ha, hald the theif that stall the claith;
 Thow wilbe hangit, haif thou no dowt,
 For mony presumptoufs forsworn aith.

10

15

Amangis the wyffis it falbe wittin,
 Thow wes ane knakcatt in the way,
 For lowfy feims that thow hast bittin,
 Thy gwmis are giltin quhair evir thow gay.

20

Thy cowche is on a fonk of stray,
 Peild pricloufs of ane pudding pryce,
 Breik bowchour on ane fonny bray;
 Wa worth the, waiflour, wirriar of lyce.

Thow yeid with elwand, fcheir and thymmill, 25
 Full mony a day feikand thy craft;
 For halfpennyis thy hand yeid nymmill,
 Gritt bladis and bittis thow ftall full aft.
 Quha delt with the thay wer fow daft,
 For on thy bak, as all men kennis, 30
 Wer brokin full mony ane gud ax fchaft,
 For wrangus geir of vthir menis.

Thy wyif wount ane man fcho gatt,
 Of the quhen that thow wes weill brankit,
 And fcho gat but ane cur knakcatt, 35
 Ane fowll taid cairle, all tailyour fchankit.
 For clayis that thow mismaid and mankit,
 Thow dar nocht dwell quhair thow wes born;
 Yit eftirwart thow falbe thankit,
 Betuix Kirkcaldy and Kingorne. 40

Explicit.

CLIV.

To the Sowtar.

THOU leis, loun, be this licht,
 Yone ar fowttaris be ficht,
 With hiddoufs hoift vpoun hicht,
 Herkin and heir.

Tha blaisit, bla, bubly baggis, 5 Fol. 140. b.
 Tha monstrowfs mandraggis
 Wall myre ane studfull of staggis,
 And fle thame throw beir.

Thair brym beir and thair boist,
 To heir fa hairtly thay hoist, 10
 In to the cranra and frost,
 Tha freikis ar fa fant.
 The fowttaris of this toun,
 Off vly blek and talloun,
 Ilk ane ane round galloun, 15
 Thay gif at ane gant.

Quhen thair ganting is gane,
 Thay gaip, thay glour, thay grane,
 To heir the mvrnyng and the mane
 They mak quhen they meit. 20
 Thair teith so bawthfs and bluntis,
 For cumring off ew cuntis,
 And freting of yawd fruntis,
 Thay yowyll and thay greit.

Thay greit ay glewand in glitt, 25
 Thay host, thay spew, thay spitt,
 As thay war woid out of witt,
 Thay vary thair weird.
 The laich ledder thay litt,
 Oft in tene thay it titt, 30
 And in sorrow ay thay sitt,
 Bowdin and bleird.

Thay boldin blerit bawch blobbis,
 Vncunnand catyvis, curst crobbis,
 Fast vnfrely fowll flobbis, 35
 And bubillis full lyk.

I dreid thir folkis do it fynd,
 Thay haif the hurle ay behind,
 The stynk that thay mak in the wind
 Will Flanderis infeck.

40

Infeck Flanderis and fyle,
 And abowt mony a myle,
 Kulrofs, Karrik and Kyle,
 Linlythgw and Lude.
 Fra sons and feill we thame fyle,
 And givis thame ane hie style,
 Off all the warld the most vyle,
 Schortly to conclude.

45

Your girnand god, grit Garnega,
 For butis and schone that ye deir fell,
 In to this warld mot wirk yow wa,
 Syne haif yow harlottis vnto Hell,
 To sitt in to that futty fell,
 With Sathan in that deip dungeoun.
 We fall pray for yow be the¹ bell,
 Sa that this derth ye will put down;
 Do ye nocht this,
 Hairtly to pray,
 Be God verrey,
 That ye nevir gay
 To Hevins blifs.

50

55

Fol. 141

60

Quod Stewart.

Answer to this foirsaid in folio 144.

¹ MS. has *the* repeated.

CLV.

[*In Somer quhen Flouris will smell.*]

I N fomer quhen flouris will smell,
 As I sure our fair feildis and fell,
 Allone I wanderit by ane well,
 On Weddinsday;
 I met a cleir vndir kell, 5
 A weilfaird may.

Scho had ane hatt vpoun hir heid,
 Off claver cleir bayth quhyt and reid,
 With catclukis strynklit in that steid,
 And fynkill grene; 10
 Wit ye weill to weir that weid
 Wald weill hir seme.

Ane pair of beidis abowt hir thrott,
 Ane Agnus Day with nobill nott,
 Jyngland weill with mony joitt, 15
 War singand doun;
 It wes full ill to fynd ane moit
 Vpoun hir gown.

Alfs sone as I that schene cowth fe,
 I halfit hir with hairt maist fre; 20
 I luve yow leill, and nocht to le,
 Wald ye me lane?
 Out hay, quod scho, My joy, latt be,
 Ye speik in vane.

Quhat is the thing that ye wald haif? 25
 Na thing bot a kifs I craif,
 As I that luvis yow our the laif,
 Wald ye me trow.

Gif that yow may of forrow faif,
Cum tak it now. 30

Than kiffit I hir ainis or twyifs,
And fcho to gruntill as a gryifs;
Allace! quod fcho, I am vnwyifs,
That is fo meik;
It is¹ lyk that ye had eitin pyifs, 35
Ye are fo fweit.

My hatt is youris of proper dett.
And on my heid fcho cowlh it fett,
Than in my armes I cowlh hir plett,
And fcho to thraw. 40
Allace! quod fcho, ye gar me fwett,
Ye wirk fo flaw.

Than down we fell bayth in feir.
Allace! quod fcho, that I come heir,
I trow this labour I may yow leir, 45 Fol. 141. b.
Thocht I be ying;
Yit I feir I fall by full deir,
Your sweet kiffing.

Quhen I was grathit in hir geir,
Scho faid fcho comptit me nocht a peir. 50
Sen ye haif wonnyn me on weir,
Do furth at anis.
Thairwith I fchot be neth hir fcheir,
Deip to the ftanis.

Than to ly still fcho wald nocht blin. 55
Allace! faid fcho, my awin fweit thing,
Your courtly fukking garis me fling,
Ye wirk fo weill;

¹ MS. has *ll ss.*

I fall yow caver quhen that ye clyng,
So haif I feill. 60

Sen ye stummer nocht for my skippis,
Bot hald your taikill by my hippis,
I byd a quafill of your quhippis,
Thocht it be mirk;
Bot and ye will, I schrew the lippis, 65
That first fall irk.

Als fone as we our deid had done,
Scho reifs fone vp and askit hir schone,
Als tyrd as scho had weschin a spone.
To yow I fay, 70
This aventur anis to me come,
On Weddinsday.

Explicit.

CLVI.

Sum Practysis of Medecyne.

G UK, guk, gud day, schir, gaip quhill ye get it,
Sic greting may gane weill gud laik in your hude;
Ye wald deir me, I trow, becaufs I am dottit,
To ruffill me with a ryme, na, schir, be the rude,
Your faying I haif fene, and on fyd fet it, 5
As geir of all gaddering, glaikit nocht gude;
Als your medecyne by mefour I haif meit met it,
The quhilk I stand ford ye nocht vnderstude,
Bot wrett on as ye culd to gar folk wene;

For feir my loughis wes flaft, 10
 Or I wes dottit or daft,
 Gife I can ocht of the craft,
 Heir be it fene.

Becaus I ken your cunnyng in to cure
 Is clowtit and clampit and nocht weill cleird, 15
 My prettik in pottingary ye trow be als pure,
 And lyk to your lawitnes, I schrew thame that leid;
 Is nowdir fevir, nor fell, that our the feild fure,
 Seiknes nor fairnes in tyme gif I feid,
 Bot I can libthame and leichethamefra lame and lefure, 20
 With fawis thame found mak: on your faule beid
 That ye be ficker of this fedull I send yow,
 With the futhfast feggis, Fol. 142.a.
 That glean all egeis,
 With Dia and dreggis, 25
 Of malis to mend yow.

Dia Culcakit.

Cape cuk maid and crop the collerige,
 Ane medecyne for the maw and ye cowth mak it,
 With fueit fatlingis and fowrokis the fop of the fege,
 The crud of my culome, with your teith crakit; 30
 Lawrean and linget feid, and the luffage,
 The hair of the hurchoun nocht half deill hakkit,
 With the snout of ane felch, ane swelling to fwage;
 This cure is callit in our craft Dia Culcakkit.
 Put all thir in ane pan with pepper and pik, 35
 Syne fottin to thifs,
 The count of ane fow kifs,
 Is nocht bettir I wifs,
 For the collik.

Dia Longum.

Recipe: thre ruggis of the reid ruke,	40
The gant of ane gray meir, the claik of ane gufs,	
The dram of ane drekterfs, the douk of ane duke,	
The gaw of ane grene dow, the leg of ane lowfs,	
Fyve vnce of ane fle wing, the fyn of ane fluke,	
With ane fleisfull of flak that growis in the flufs:	45
Myng all thir in ane mafs with the mone cruke ;	
This vntment is rycht ganand for your awin vfs,	
With reid nettill feid in strang wefche to fleip,	
For to bath your ba cod,	
Quhen ye wald nop and nod,	50
Is nocht bettir, be God,	
To latt yow to fleip.	

Dia Glaconicon.

This Dia is rycht deir and denteit in daill,	
Caufs it is treft and trew, thairfoir that ye tak	
Sevin fobbis of ane felche, the quhidder of ane quhaill,	55
The lug of ane lempet is nocht to forsaik,	
The barnis of ane haddok, hakkit or haill,	
With ane buftfull of blude of the fcho bak,	
With ane brewing caldrun full of hait caill,	
For it wilbe the foftar and fweittar of the fmak;	60
Thair is nocht sic ane lechecraft fra Lawdian to Lundin ;	
It is clippit in our cannon	
Dia Glecolicon,	
For till fle awaye fon,	
Quhair fulis ar fundin.	65

Dia Custrum.

The ferd feifk is fyne, and of ane felloun pryce,	
Gud for haifing, and hofting, or heit at the hairt.	Fol. 142. b.

Recipe: thre sponfull of the blak spyce,
 With ane grit gowpene of the gowk fart;
 The lug of ane lyoun, the guse of ane gryce; 70
 Ane vnce of ane ofter poik at the nether parte,
 Annoyntit with nurice doung, for it is rycht nyce,
 Myngit with myfedirt and with mustart:
 Ye may clamp to this cure, and ye will mak coft,
 Bayth the bellox of ane brok, 75
 With three crawis of the cok,
 The schadow of ane yule stok,
 Is gud for the host.

Gud nycht, guk, guk, for fa I began,
 I haif no come at this tyme langer to tary, 80
 Bot luk on this lettir, and leird gif ye can,
 The prectik and poyntis of this pottingary;
 Sir, minifter this medecyne at evin to sum man,
 And, or pryme be past, my powder I pary,
 They fall blifs yow or ellis bittirly yow ban; 85
 For it fall fle thame, in faith, out of the fary:
 Bot luk quhen ye gadder thir gressis and gerfs.
 Outhir fawrand or four,
 That it be in ane gud our;
 It is ane mirk mirroure, 90
 Ane vthir manis erfs.

Quod Mr. Roⁱ Henryfone.

CLVII.

[*Sym of Lyntoun, be the Ramis Horn.*]

SYM of Lyntoun, be the ramis horn,
 SQuhen Phebus rang in sing of Capricorn,

And the mone wes past the guffis cro,
 Thair fell in France ane jeperdie forlo,
 Be the grit kin of Babilon, Berdok, 5
 That dwelt in fymmer in till ane bowkaill flok;
 And in to winter, quhen the frostis are fell,
 He dwelt for cauld in till a cokkil fchell;
 Kingis vfit nocht to weir clayis in tha dayis,
 Bot yeid naikit as myne auētor fayis. 10
 Weill coud he play in clarschocht and on lute,
 And bend ane aiprim bow, and nipfchot fchute,
 He wes ane stalwart man of hairt and hand;
 He wowit the golk fevin yeir of maryland,
 Mayiola, and scho wes bot yeiris thre, 15
 Ane bony bird and had bot ane e;
 Neuirthelefs king Berdok luvit hir weill,
 For hir foirfute wes langar than hir heill.
 The King Berdok he fure our fe and land, 20
 To reveifs Mayok the golk of maryland,
 And nane with him bot ane bow and ane bowtt;
 Syne hapnit him to cum amang the nowtt,
 And as this Berdok about him coud eſpy,
 He ſaw Mayok milkand his mvderis ky,
 And in ane creill vpoun hir bak hir keſt; 25
 Quhen he come hame it wes ane howlat neſt,
 Full of ſkait birdis, and than this Berdok grett,
 And ran agane Meyok for to gett.
 The King of Fary hir fader than blew out,
 And focht Berdok all the land abowt, 30
 And Berdok fled in till a killogy;
 Thair wes no grace bot gett him or ellis die.
 Thair wes the kingis of Pechtis and Portingaill,
 The king of Naippillis and Navern alhaill,
 With bowis and brandis with ſegis they vmbefet him, 35
 Sum bad tak, ſum ſlay, ſum bad byd quhill thayget him;
 Thay ſtellit gunis to the killogy laich,

5

10

15

20

25

30

35

Fol. 143.a.

And proppit gunis with bulettis of raw daich.
 Than Jupiter prayit to god Saturn,
 In liknes of ane tod he wald him turn; 40
 Bot fone the gratioufs god Mercurius
 Turnit Berdok in till ane braikane bufs;
 And quhen thay faw the bufs waig to and fra,
 Thay trowd it wes ane gaift, and thay to ga;
 Thir fell kingis thus Berdok wald haif flane, 45
 All this for lufe, lueris sufferis pane;
 Boece faid, of poyettis that wes flour,
 Thocht lufe be fweir, aft fyifs it is full four.

Explicit.

CLVIII.

[*I met my lady weil arrayit.*]

I MET my lady weil arrayit,
 I halfit hir all vnaffreyit;
 Scho wald nocht fpeik to me, as than
 Scho blenkit on fyd and fone fcho fayit,
 Quhois aw yone man? 5

I faid to hir, my lady deir,
 I am and wes your prefoneir,
 With all the feruice that I can.
 At ane befyd fyn cowth fcho fpeir,
 Ken ye yon man? 10

Haif ye fo fone foryet¹ my name,
 And all my feruice tynt bygane?

¹ MS. has *foyet*.

Allace! the tyme I may fair ban. Fol. 143. b.
Be still, quod scho, greit nocht for schame:
Quhat wald ye, man? 15

Your strangenes fair dois truble me,
Quhill that I am in poynt to de;
Sen first to lufe yow I began,
I ken your wirdis ar fals and fle;
Ga glaik yow, man. 20

Quha is this in my ledder so lait,
A strange man gane by the gait?
I schrew yow, for na gud ye cam;
Ye handill me, quhill I am hait;
Quhair ar ye, man? 25

Quhat neids yow girtly for to speir,
Feill ye nocht me and I so neir?
I am nocht fra your hairt a span,
I know your labour is soft and sweir:
Put fra yow, man. 30

He sayis, maitres, I haif gon mis,
And I durst tell yow how it is.
Quoth scho, Me thocht ye dwelt to lang;
Now tak yow all that evir thair is:
Be blyth, yung man. 35

Trow ye thus gait me to trane?
I fe your labour is all in vane.
I man hald to als a woman,
Or ye haif endit ye wilbe gane;
Haif at yow, man. 40

Quhen he had done he lichtit down,
To ryd his way he maid him boun.

Scho fayis to him, Be fweit San& An,
 Me think ye ar in poynt to foun;
 Ye dow nocht, man.

45

Explicit.

CLIX.

[I saw, me thocht, this hindir Nycht.]

I SAW, me thocht, this hindir nycht,
 A fquyar and ane madin bricht,
 Vn till a chalmer fast thame fped,
 Bot ony vthir erdly wicht,
 Allone to mak the lairdis bed.

5

Quhen that the bed wes reddy maid,
 He braift hir in his armes, and faid,
 Wald ye your schankis lat me fched,
 Ye fuld be myne, and thairin laid,
 And we durft fpill the lairdis bed.

10

He put his hand in at hir fpair,
 And graipit downwart, ye wait quhair.
 Quoth he, This mowth wald fane be fed;
 He ficht and his hairt was fair,
 And durft not fpill the lairdis bed.

15

To fpill the bed it war a pane,
 Quoth he, the laird will nocht be fane,
 To fynd it towtit and ourtred.
 Quod scho, I fall mak it agane,
 And ye wald fpill the lairdis bed.

Fol. 144. a.

20

And I had yow in fum vthir place,
 That I nicht speik, and no thing spair.
 Quod scho, Ye ma haif me vnled,
 Suppoifs it war anc myill and mair,
 With yow to spill the lairdis bed. 25

Yit I wald draw yow down, he fayis,
 Wer nocht for fyling of your clayis.
 Quhat rek? quod scho, I am weill cled;
 Ye ar our red for windil strayis,
 That dar nocht spill the lairdis bed. 30

Thair wes na bowk in till his breik;
 His doingis wes nocht wirth a leik.
 Fy on him, fowmart, now is he fled,
 And left the madin fwownyng feik,
 And durst nocht spill the lairdis bed. 35

Explicit.

CLX.

[*Rycht fane wald I my Quentans mak.*]

RYCHT fane wald I my quentans mak
 With Schir Penny; and wat ye quhy?
 He is a man will vndertak
 Landis for to fell and by;
 Thairfoir, me think, rycht fane wald I, 5
 With him in fellofchip to repair,
 Becaus he is in cumpany
 Anc noble gyd bayth laid and air.

Sir Penny for till hald in hand,
 His cumpany thay think so sweit, 10
 Sum givis na cair to fell his land,
 With gud Schir Penny for to meit;
 Becaus he is a noble spreit,
 Ane firthy man, and ane foirseand;
 Thair is no mater to end compleit, 15
 Quhill he sett to his seill and hand.

Sir Penny is a vailyeant man,
 Off mekle strenth and dignitie,
 And evir fen the warld began,
 In to this land autoreift is he; 20
 With King and Quene may ye nocht fe.
 Thay treit him ay so tendirly, Fol. 144. b.
 That thair can na thing endit be,
 Without him in thair cumpany.

Sir Penny is a man of law, 25
 Witt ye weill, bayth wyifs and war,
 And mony reffonis can furth schaw,
 Quhen he is standand at the bar:
 Is nane fo wyifs can him defar,
 Quhen he proponis furth ane ple, 30
 Nor yit fa hardy man that dar
 Sir Penny tyne or diffobey.

Sir Penny is baith scherp and wyifs,
 The kirkis to steir he takkis on hand;
 Disponar he is of benefyifs, 35
 In to this realme, our all the land;
 Is non so wicht dar him ganestand,
 So wyisly can Schir Penny wirk,
 And als Schir Symony his ferwand,
 That now is gydar of the kirk. 40

Gif to the courte thow makis repair,
 And thow haif materis to proclame,
 Thow art vnable weill to fair,
 Sir Penny and thow leif at hame;
 To bring him furth thynk thow na schame, 45
 I do the weill to vndirstand;
 In to thy bag beir thow his name,
 Thy mater cumis the bettir till hand.

Sir Penny now is maid ane owlle,
 Thay wrik him mekle tray and tene, 50
 Thay hald him in quhill he hair mowle,
 And makis him blind of baith his ene;
 Thairowt he is bot seyndill sene,
 Sa fast thairin thay can him steik,
 That pure commownis can nocht obtene 55
 Ane dey to byd with him to speik.

CLXI.

The Sowtar inveyand aganis the Telyeour sayis.

WHEN I come by yone telyeouris stall,
 I faw ane lowifs creipand vp his wall;
 Snop, quod the telyeour, snap, quod the fcheiris,
 Cokkis bownis, quod the lowifs, I haif lost mine ciris.

Ane iver.

Betuix twa foxis a crawling cok, 5
 Betuix two freiris a maid in hir smok,
 Betuix twa cattis a mowifs,
 Betuix twa telyeouris a lowifs;

Schaw me, gud fchir, nocht as a stranger,
 Quhilk of thais four is grittest in denger?

10

Ansuer.

Fol. 145. a.

Foxis ar fell at crawing cokkis,
 Freiris ar ferfs at maidis in thair smokkis,
 Cattis ar cawtelus in taking of myifs,
 Telyecouris ar tyrranis in kelling of lyifs.

Explicit.

CLXII.

[*He that hefs na Will to wirk.*]

HE that hefs na will to wirk;
 Nor luvis nocht God nor haly kirk;
 And hes no gudis for to spend;
 Nor yit no freyndis, that will him mend;
 And als no rentis, quhairon to leif;
 And will nocht beg, thocht men wald geif;
 And fyne is fund bayth fatt and fair;
 How fall he byde the iustice air?

5

Explicit.

CLXIII.

[*And thow be drunken thow suld nocht think.*]

AND thow be drunken thow suld nocht think,
 To sett the wytt vpoun the drynk;

Nor fett nocht the blame vpoun the wyne,
Gif thow it drinkis the wytt is thyne.

Explicit.

CLXIV.

[*Thair wes ane Channone in this Toun.*]

THAIR wes ane channone in this toun,
He had ane kaip and that wes broun;
He gaif it ane ja hir for to jaip,
And fcho wes yaip, and tuk the kaip,
And of the fame fcho maid ane gown.

5

Explicit.

CLXV.

[*Quha hes gud Malt and makis ill Drynk.*]

QUHA hes gud malt and makis ill drynk,
Wa mot be hir werd;
I pray to God fcho rott and flynk,
Sevin yeir abone the erd;
Abowt hir beir na bell to clynk,
Nor clerk sing, lawid nor lerd;
Bot quytt to hell that fcho may sink,
The taptre quhyll fcho fteird.

5

This beis my prayer

For that man fleyar,

Quhill Chrift in Hevin fall heird.

10

Quha brewis and gevis me of the best,
 Sa it be stark and stail,
 Quhyt and cleir, weill to degeft,
 In Hevin meit hir that aill.
 Lang mot scho leif, lang mot scho left,
 In lyking ane gude fail;
 In Hevin or erd that wyfe be best,
 Without barcett or bail.

15

Fol. 145. b.

Quhen scho is deid,
 Withowttin pleid,
 Scho pafs to Hevin all haill.

20

Quod Allanis subdert.

Followis Sym and his Brudir.

CLXVI.

[*Thair is no Story that I of heir.*]

THAIR is no story that I of heir
 Of Johine nor Robene Hude,
 Nor yit of Wallace wicht but weir,
 That me thinkis half so gude,
 As of thir palmaris twa but peir,
 To heir how thay conclude;
 In to begging, I trow, fyve yeir
 In Sanct Androis thay stude
 Togidder,
 Bayth Sym and his bruder.

5

10

Thocht thay war wicht, I warrand yow
 Thay had no will to wirk;

Thay maid thame burdownis nocht to bow,
 Twa bewis of the birk,
 Weill flobbit with steill, I trow, 15
 To flik in to the mirk;
 Bot fen thair bairdis grew on thair mow,
 They faw nevir the Kirk
 Within,
 Nowthir Sym nor his bruder. 20

Syne schupe thame vp to lowp our leifs,
 Twa tabartis of the tartane;
 Thay comptit nocht quhat thair clowtis weis,
 Wes fewit thair on incertane;
 Syne clampit vp Sanct Peteris keifs. 25
 Bot of ane auld reid gartane;
 Sanct James schellis on the tothir fyd fleuis,
 As pretty as ony pertane
 Ta,
 On Sym and his bruder. 30

Thus quhen thai had reddit thair ragis,
 To Rome thay war inspyrit;
 Tuk vp thair jaipis and all thair jaggis,
 Fure furth as thay war hyrit;
 And ay the eldest bure the baggis. 35
 Quhen that the yungest tyrit;
 Tuk counfall at Kinkellis craggis,
 Come hame as thay war hyrit
 Agane,
 Bath Sim and his bruther. 40

Than held thay houfs, as men me tellis, Fol. 140. a.
 And spendit of thair feis;
 Quhen meit wes weit thay flew our fellis,
 Als biffy as ony beis;

Syme elengit Sānct̃ Jameis sehellis, 45
And pecis of palme treis;
To se quha best the pardone spellis.
I sehrew thame that ay leifs
 But lauchter,
Quod Syme to his bruder. 50

Quhen thay wer welthfull in thair wyning,
 Thay put thame vp in pryd,
 Bot quhair that Symy leuit in fynnyng.
 His bruder wald haif anc bryd.
 Hir wedoheid fra the begynning 55
 Wes neir anc moneth tyd;
 Gif felo wes spedy ay in spyning,
 Tak witnes of thame besyd
 Ilk anc,
 Baith Sym and his bruder. 60

The earlis thay thikkit fast in cludis,
 Agane the man was mareit,
 With breid and beif and vthir budis,
 Sym to the kirk thay kareit;
 Bot or thay twynd him and his dudis, 65
 The tyme of none wes tareit;
 Wa worth this wedding, for be thir widis,
 The meit is all misfkarait
 To day,
 Quod Sym and his bruder. 70

Our all the houns, be lyne and levall,
The ladis come to luk him,
To tak a iusting of that javell,
The bryd wount nocht to bruk him;
Thay maneist him with mony nevell,
Than Symme raifs and schuk him;

I cleme to clergy, quod the cavell,
How dar thow cum to luk him

Yondir,
Quod Sum and his bruder. 80

With that the carle begowth to crak,
Glowrit vp and gaf a glufe;
His beird it wes als lang and blak,
That it hang our his moif;
He wes als lang vpoun the bak, 85
As evir wes Angus Dufe;
He fayis, This iusting I vndirtak,
My coit is of gud stufte,

Call to,
Quod Sym and his bruder. 90

He hoppit fa mycht na man hald him, Fol. 146.b
Said, Blame me bot I bind him;
I fall ourtak him, and that I tald him,
In yone feild, gife I fynd him.
On his gray meir fast furth thay cald him, 95
The flokis flew furth behind him,
Thay daschit him doun, the dirt ourhaild him,
Than start thay to and tird him

Tycht,
Baith Sym and his bruder. 100

Than brak he lowfs, the horfs that bair him
Ran startling to Stratyrum,
And he gat vp, and Symme fwair him,
Ye meit nocht bot ye myr him;
Off that fowll courfs for to declair him, 105
The cairlis come to requyr him,
Than all the laddis tryd with a lairrum,
To flud him and to flyr him

Bayth,
Quod Syme and his bruder. 110

This was no bourdene to brown Hill,
 That gatt betwene the browis,
 And had no thing ado thairtill,
 As mony vder trowis;
 Bot come furth on his awin gud will, 115
 To squyar Johine of Mowis,
 He gatt ane fit vp in the schill,
 And that the laddis allowis

Ilk ane,
 To Syme and his bruder. 120

Yob Symmer was the stirrepman,
 Was nolthird of the toun,
 He faid, I will just as I can,
 Sen he is ftrickin down.
 He gatt twa plaitis of ane awld pan, 125
 Ane breiftplait maid him boun;
 The first rynk raif his mowth a span,
 And thair he fell in fwoun

Almaift,
 Bayth Sym and his bruder. 130

Doun fra the leggis quhen he wes laift,
 He maid a petcoufs panting,
 He fwownit and he fwelt almaift,
 For gaping and for ganting.
 Abyd, quod the leich, I fe a waift, 135
 His wrangtwth is in wanting,
 God faif him, and the Haly Gaift,
 And keip the man fra manting

Mekle,
 Quod Suym and his bruder. 140

His mowth wes schent and fa forschorne,
 Held nowdir wind nor watter,
 Fair weill all blaft of blawing horne,
 He mycht nocht do bot blatter.

He endis the story with harme forlorne : 145
 The nolt begowth till skatter,
 The ky ran startling to the corne;
 Wa worth the tyme thow gat hir
 Now,
 Quod Symme till his bruder. 150

*Explicit.*¹

CLXVII.

[*It that I gife I haif, it that I len I craif.*]

IT that I gife I haif, it that I len I craif,
 It that I spend is myne, it that I leif I tyne;
 Gett and faif, and thou fall haif;
 Len and grant, and thou fall want.
 Quha in welth takis no heid, 5
 He fall haif falt in tyme of neid;
 Quhen I len I am a freynd,
 And quhen I craif I am vnkynnd;
 Thus of my freynd I mak a fo,
 I schrew me and I moir do so. 10
 A yong man chiftane, witlefs;
 A pure man spendar, getles;
 A auld man trechour, trewthlefs;
 A woman lowpar, landlefs.
 Be Sanct Jeill, fall nevyr anc of thir do weill. 15
 Tak tyme in tyme, and nocht diffar;
 Quhen tyme is past ye ma do war.
 Almichty God, grant till our king,
 Sic grace that he in vertew ring,

¹ The author's name has been effaced here.

Sa that this realme ay gydit be
 With justice, peax and dignite.
 Bettir is to suffer, and fortoun abyd,
 Than haistely to clym, and foddonly to flyd.

20

Quod quhay to quhome.

CLXVIII.

*The Flyting of Dumbar and Kennedy.
 Heir efter followis jocound and mirrie.*

[*Dumbar to Kennedy.*]

SCHIR Johine the Rofs, anc thing thair is compild,
 In generale be Kennedy and Quinting,
 Quhilk hes thame self aboif the sternis flyld;
 Bot had thay maid of mannaice ony mynting,
 In speciall sic stryfe fould ryfs but stynting;
 Howbeit with boft thair breiftis wer als bendit,
 As Lucifer that fra the Hevin discendit,
 Hell fould nocht hyd thair harnis fra harmis hynting.

5

Fol. 147. b.

The erd fould trymbill, the firmament fould schaik,
 And all the air in vennaum suddane stink,
 And all the diuillis of hell for redour quaik,
 To heir quhat I suld wryt with pen and ynk;
 For and I flyt, sum fege for schame fould sink,
 The fe fould birn, the mone fould thoill ecclippis,
 Rochis fould ryfe, the warld fould hald no grippis,
 Sa loud of cair the commoun bell fould clynk.

10

15

Bot wondir laith wer I to be anc baird,
 Flyting to vse, for gritly I eschame,

For it is nowthir wyunnyng nor rewaird,
 Bot tinfale baith of honour and of fame, 20
 Increfs of forrow, sklander and evill name;
 Yit mycht thay be fa bald in thair bakbytting,
 To gar me ryme and raifs the Feynd with flytting,
 And throw all cuntreis and kinrikis thame proclame.

Quod Dumbar to Kennedy.

[Kennedy to Dumbar.]

Dirtin Dumbar, quhome on blawis thow thy boift, 25
 Pretendand the to wryte sic skaldit skrowis?
 Ramowd rebald, thow fall doun att the roift,
 My laureat lettres at the and I lowis.
 Mandrag, mymmerkyn, maid maister bot in mowfs,
 Thryfs scheild trumpir with ane threid bair gown; 30
 Say, Deo mercy, or I cry the doun,
 And leif thy ryming, rebald, and thy rowis.

Dreid, dirtfast dearch, that thow hes diffobeyit
 My coufing Quintene, and my commiffar;
 Fantastik fule, trest weill thow falbe fleyit; 35
 Ignorant elf, aip, owll irregular,
 Skaldit skaitbird, and commoun skamelar,
 Wan fukkit funling that natour maid ane yrle,
 Baith Johine the Rofs and thow fall squeill and skirle,
 And evir I heir ocht of your making mair. 40

Heir I put fylence to the in all pairtis,
 Obey and ceifs the play that thow pretendis;
 Waik walidrag, and werlot of the cairtis,
 Se fone thow mak my commiffar amendis, Fol. 148. a.
 And lat him lay fax leichis on thy lendis, 45
 Meikly in recompanfing of thi fcorne;

Or thow fall ban the tyme that thow wes borne,
For Kennedy to the this cedull fendis.

*Quod Kennedy to Dumbar.
Fuge in the nixt guha gat the war.*

[*Dumbar to Kennedy.*]

Ierfche brybour baird, wyle beggar with thy brattis,
Cuntbittin crawdoun Kennedy, coward of kynd, 50
Evill farit and dryit, as densfeman on the rattis,
Lyk as the gleddis had on thy gulefnowt dynd;
Mifmaid monftour, ilk mone owt of thy mynd,
Renunce, rebald, thy ryming, thow bot royis,
Thy trechour tung hes tane ane Heland ftrynd, 55
Ane Lawland erfs wald mak a bettir noyis.

Revin, raggit ruke, and full of rebaldrie,
Searth fra fcorpione, fcaudit in fcurrilitie,
I fe the haltane in thy harlotrie,
And in to vthir science no thing flie; 60
Off every vertew voyd, as men may fie,
Quytclame clergie, and cleik to the ane club,
Ane baird blasphemar, in brybrie ay to be,
For wit and woifdome ane wisp fra the may rub.

Thow fpeiris, daftard, gif I dar with the fecht; 65
Ye dagone, dowbart, thairof haif thow no dowl,
Quhair evir we meit thairto my hand I hecht,
To red thy rebald ryming with a rowt;
Throw all Bretane it falbe blawin owt,
How that thow, poyfonit pelour, gat thy paikis; 70
With ane doig leich I fchepe to gar the fchowl,
And nowthir to the tak knyfe, fwerd nor aix.

Thow crop and rute of traitouris treffonable,
The fathir and moder of morthour and mifcheif,

Diffaitfull tyrand, with serpentis tung, vnstable, 75
 Cukcald cradoun, cowart, and commoun theif;
 Thow purpest for to vndo our Lordis cheif
 In Paislay, with ane poyfone that wes fell,
 For quhilk, brybour, yit fall thow thoill a breif;
 Pelour, on the I fall it preif my fell. 80

Thocht I wald lie, thy frawart phisnomy
 Dois manifest thy malice to all men; Fol. 148. b.
 Fy! traitour theif, fy! glengoir loun, fy! fy!
 Fy! feyndly front, far fowlar than ane fen,
 My freyindis thow reprovit with thy pen; 85
 Thow leis, tratour, quhilk I fall on the preif;
 Suppois thy heid war armit tymis ten,
 Thow fall recryat, or thy croun fall cleif.

Or thow durft move thy mynd malitius,
 Thow saw the faill abone my heid up draw; 90
 Bot Eolus full woid, and Neptunus,
 Mirk and monelefs, wes met with woundis waw;
 And mony hundreth myll hyne coud ws blaw,
 By Holland, Seland, Zetland and Northway coift,
 In desert quhair we wer famist aw; 95
 Yit come I hame, fals baird, to lay thy boift.

Thow callis the rethory with thy goldin lippis;
 Na, glowrand, gaipand fule, thow art begyld;
 Thow art bot gluntoch with thy giltin hippis,
 That for thy lounry mony a leifch hes fyld; 100
 Wan wifaged widdefow, out of thy wit gane wyld,
 Laithly and lowfy, als lathand as ane leik,
 Sen thow with wirfchep wald fa fane be styld,
 Haill, fouerane fenycour, thy bawis hingis throw thy breik.

Forworthin fule, of all the world reffuse, 105
 Quhat ferly is thocht thow reioys to flyte?

Sic eloquence as thay in Erschry vfe,
 In sic is fett thy thraward appetyte,
 Thow hes full littill feill of fair indyte;
 I tak on me ane pair of Lowthiane hippis 110
 Sall fairar Inglis mak, and mair parfyte,
 Than thow can blabbar with thy Carrik lippis.

Bettir thow ganis to leid ane doig to skomer,
 Pynit pykpuris pelour, than with thy maister pingill.
 Thow lay full prydless in the peifs this fomer, 115
 And fane at evin for to bring hame a fingle,
 Syne rubbit at ane vthir auld wyfis ingle;
 But now in winter, for purteth thow art traikit,
 Thow hes na breik to latt thy bellokis gyngill;
 Beg the ane club, for, baird, thow fall go naikit. 120

Lene larbar, loungeour, baith lowfy in lifk and lonye,
 Fy! skolderit skyn, thow art bot fkyre and skrumple; Fol. 149. a.
 For he that rostit Lawarance had thy grunye,
 And he that hid Sanct Johnis ene with ane wimple,
 And he that dang Sanct Augustine with ane rumple, 125
 Thy fowll front had, and he that Bartilmo flaid;
 The gallowis gaipis eftir thy graceles gruntill,
 As thow wald for ane haggeis, hungry gled.

Commirwald crawdoun, na man comptis the ane kerfs,
 Sueir swappit swanky, fwynekepir ay for swaittis; 130
 Thy commiffar Quintyne biddis the cum kifs his ers,
 He luvis nocht sic ane forlane loun of laittis;
 He sayis, Thow skaffis and beggis mair beir and aitis,
 Nor ony cripill in Karrik land abowt;
 Vthir pure beggaris and thow ar at debaittis, 135
 Decrepit karlingis on Kennedy cryis owt.

Matir annwche I haif, I bid nocht fenyie,
 Thocht thow, fowll trumpour, thus vpoun me leid,

Corruptit carioun, he fall I cry thy fenye;
 Thinkis thow nocht how thow cum in grit neid, 140
 Greitand in Galloway, lyk to ane gallow breid,
 Ramand and rolpand, beggand koy and ox;
 I saw the thair, in to thy wachmanis weid,
 Quhilk wes nocht worth ane pair of auld gray fox.

Erfch Katherene, with thy polk breik and rilling, 145
 Thow and thy quene, as gredy gleddis ye gang
 With polkis to mylne, and beggis baith meill and schilling,
 Thair is bot lyfs, and lang nailis yow amang:
 Fowll heggirbald, for henis thus will ye hang,
 Thow hes ane perrellus face to play with lambis; 150
 Ane thowfand kiddis, wer thay in faldis full strang,
 Thy lymmerfull luke wald fle thame and thair damis.

In till ane glen thow hes, owt of repair,
 Ane laithly luge that wes the lippir menis;
 With the ane fowtaris wyfe, off blis als bair; 155
 And lyk twa stalkaris steilis in cokis and henis,
 Thow plukkis the pultre, and scho pullis off the penis;
 All Karrik cryis, God gif this dowfy be drownd;
 And quhen thow heiris ane guse cry in the glenis,
 Thow thinkis it swetar than sacrand¹ bell of sound. 160

Thow Lazarus, thow laithly lene tramort,
 To all the warld thow may example be,
 To luk vpoun thy gryslie peteous port, Fol. 149. b.
 For hiddowis, haw, and holkit is thync e,
 Thy cheik bane bair, and blaiknit is thy ble; 165
 Thy choip, thy choll garris men for to leif cheft;
 Thy gane it garris ws think that we mon de:
 I coniure the, thow hungert Heland gaift.

The larbar lukis of thy lang lene craig,
 Thy pure pynit thrott, peilit and owt of ply, 170

¹This word is very indistinct.

Thy fkolderit fkin, hewd lyk ane faffrone bag,
 Garris men difpyt thar flefche, thow spreit of Gy:
 Fy! feyndly front, fy! tykifs face, fy! fy!
 Ay loundand lyk ane loikman on ane ledder;
 [Thy ghaiftly luke fleys folkis that pas the by,¹] 175
 Lyk to ane fark theif glowrand in ane tedder.

Nyfe nagus, nipcaik with thy fchulderis narrow,
 Thow lukis lowfy, loun of lownis aw;
 Hard hurcheoun, hirpland, hippit as ane harrow,
 Thy rigbane rattillis, and thy ribbis on raw; 180
 Thy hanchis hirkilis, with hukebanis harth and haw,
 Thy laithly lymis ar lene as ony treis;
 Obey, theif baird, or I fall brek thy gaw;
 Fowll carrybald, cry mercy on thy kneis.

Thow purehippit, vgly averill, 185
 With hurkland banis, holkand throw thy hyd,
 Reiftit and crynit as hangitman on hill,
 And oft befwakkit with ane ourhie tyd,
 Quhilk brewis mekle barret to thy bryd;
 Hir cair is all to clenge thy cabroch howis, 190
 Quhair thow lysis fawfy in faphron, bak and fyd,
 Powderit with prymrofs, fawrand all with clowifs.

Forworthin wirling, I warne the it is wittin,
 How, fkyttand fkarth, thow hes the hurle behind;
 Wan wraiglane wasp, ma wormifs hes thow befschittin, 195
 Nor thair is gerfs on grund, or leif on lind;
 Thocht thow did firft fic foly to my fynd,
 Thow fall agane with ma witnefs than I;
 Thy gulfoch gane dois on thy back it bind,
 Thy hoftand hippis lattis nevir thy hofs go dry. 200

Thow held the burcht lang with ane borrowit gown,
 And ane caprowfy barkit all with fweit,

¹ This line, wanting in Bannatyne MS., is taken from Maitland MS.

And quhen the laidis saw the fa lyk a loun,
 Thay bickerit the with mony bae and bleit: Fol. 150.a.
 Now vpaland thow leivis on rubbit quheit, 205
 Oft for ane caufs thy burdclaith neidis no fpredding,
 For thow hes nowthir for to drink nor eit,
 Bot lyk ane berdles baird, that had no bedding.

Strait Gibbonis air, that nevir ourftred ane horfs,
 Bla berfute berne, in bair tyme wes thow borne; 210
 Thow bringis the Carrik clay to Edinburgh corfs
 Vpoun thy botingis, hobland hard as horne;
 Stra wifpis hingis owt, quhair that the wattis ar worne.
 Cum thow agane to skar ws with thy ftrais,
 We fall gar scale our sculis all the to fcorne, 215
 And ftane the vp the calfay quhair thow gais.

Off Edinburcht the boyis as beis owt thrawis,
 And cryis owt, Ay, heir cumis our awin queir clerk;
 Than fleis thow, lyk ane howlat cheft with crawis,
 Quhill all the bichis at thy botingis dois bark; 220
 Than carlingis cryis, Keip curches in the merk,
 Our gallowis gaipis, lo, quhair ane greceles gais;
 Ane vthir fayis, I fee him want ane fark,
 I reid yow, cummer, tak in your lynning clais.

Than rynis thow down the gait, with gild of boyis, 225
 And all the toun tykis hingand in thy heilis;
 Of laidis and lownis thair ryffis fic ane noyis,
 Quhill runfyis rynnys away with cairt and quheilis,
 And cager aviris castis bayth coillis and creilis;
 For rerd of the, and rattling of thy butis, 230
 Fische wyvis cryis, Fy! and castis down fkillis and fkeilis;
 Sum clafchis the, fum cloddys the on the cutis.

Loun, lyk Mahoun, be boun me till obey,
 Theif, or in greif, mifcheif fall the betyd;

Cry grace, tykis face, or I the chece and fley; 235
 Oule, rare and yowle, I fall defowll thy pryd;
 Peilit gled, baith fed, and bred of bichis fyd,
 And lyk ane tyk, purfpyk, quhat man fettis by the.
 Forflittin, countbittin, beschittin, barkit hyd,
 Clym ledder, fyle tedder, foule edder, I defy the. 240

Mauch muttoun, byle buttoun, peilit gluttoun, air to Hilhou[fs];
 Rank beggar, oftir dregar, foule fleggar, in the flet; Fol. 150. b.
 Chittir lilling, ruch rilling, lik schilling in the milhoufs;
 Baird rehator, theif of nator, fals tratour, feyindis gett;
 Filling of tauch, rak fauch, cry crauch, thow art our sett; 245
 Muttoun dryver, girnall ryver, yadswyvar, fowll fell the;
 Herretyk, lunatyk, purfpyk, carlingis pet,
 Rottin crok, dirtin dok, cry cok, or I fall quell the.

Quod Dumbar to Kennedy.

[Kennedy to Dumbar.]

Dathane diuillis fone, and dragone difpitous,
 Abironis birth, and bred with Beliall; 250
 Wod werwoif, worme, and fcorpion vennemous,
 Lucifers laid, fowll feyindis face infernall;
 Sodomyt, fyphareit fra fanctis celestiall,
 Put I nocht fylence to the, schiphird knaif,
 And thow of new begynis to ryme and raif, 255
 Thow falbe maid blait, bleir cit beftiall.

How thy forbearis come, I haif a feill,
 At Cokburnis peth, the writ makis me war,
 Generit betuix ane scho beir and a deill,
 Sa wes he callit Dewlbeir, and nocht Dumbar: 260
 This Dewlbeir, generit of a meir of Mar,
 Wes Corfpatrik, Erle of Merche; and be illufioun,
 The firft that evir put Scotland to confufioun
 Wes that fals tratour, hardely fay I dar.

Quhen Bruce and Balioll differit for the croun, 265
 Scottis lordis could nocht obey Inglis lawis;
 This Corfpatrik betrafit Berwik toun,
 And flew vij thowfand Scottifmen within thay wawis;
 The battall fyne of Spottifmuir he gart caufs,
 And come with Edwart Langschankis to the feild, 270
 Quhair xij thowfand trew Scottifmen wer keild,
 And Wallace cheft, as the carnicle schawis.

Scottis lordis chiftanis he gart hald and cheffone
 In firmanche faft, quhill all the feild wes done,
 Within Dumbar, that awld fpelunk of tressoun; 275 Fol. 151.a.
 Sa Inglis tykis in Scotland wes abone:
 Than fpulyeit thay the haly flane of Scone,
 The croce of Halyrudhoufs, and vthir jowellis.
 He birnis in hell, body, banis and bowellis,
 This Corfpatrik that Scotland hes vndone. 280

Wallace gart cry ane counfale in to Perth,
 And callit Corfpatrik tratour be his fyle;
 That dampnit dragone drew him in diferth,
 And fayd he kend bot Wallace king in Kyle.
 Out of Dumbar that theif he maid exyle 285
 Vnto Edward, and Inglis grund agane:
 Tigiris, ferpentis and taidis will remane
 In Dumbar wallis, todis, wolffis and beiftis wyle.

Na fowlis of effectis amangis thay binkis
 Biggis, nor abydis for no thing that may be; 290
 Thay flanis of tressone as the bruntflane flinkis.
 Dewlbeiris moder, caffin in by the fe,
 The wariet apill of the forbiddin tre,
 That Adame eit quhen he tint paradyce,
 Scho eit invennomit lyk a cokkatryce, 295
 Sync marreit with the Diuill for dignite.

Yit of new treffone I can tell the tailis,
 That cumis on nycht in visoun in my fleip;
 Archbard Dumbar betrafd the houfs of Hailis,
 Becaus the yung lord had Dumbar to keip; 300
 Pretendand throw that to thair rowmis to creip,
 Rycht crewaly his castell he perfewit,
 Brocht him furth boundin, and the place refkewit,
 Sett him in fetheris in ane dungeoun deip.

It war aganis bayth natur and gud reffoun 305
 That Dewlbeiris bairnis wer trew to God or man;
 Quhilkis wer baith gottin, borne and bred with treffoun,
 Belgebubbis ois, and curft Corfpatrikis clan:
 Thow wes prestyt, and ordanit be Sathan,
 For to be borne to do thy kin defame, 310
 And gar me schaw thy antecessouris schame;
 Thy kin that leivis may wary the and ban.

Sen thow on me thus, lymmer, leis and trattillis,
 And fyndis sentence foundit of invy, Fol. 151. B
 Thy elderis banis ilk nycht ryffis and rattillis, 315
 And on thy corfs, Vengeance, vengeance, thay cry.
 Thow art the caufs thay may noth rest nor ly;
 Thow sayis for thame few falptaris, falmis or creidis,
 Bot garis me tell thair rentellis and misdeidis,
 And thair auld fyn with new schame certefy. 320

Insenfwat fow, ceifs fals Ewftace air,
 And knaw, kene skald, I hald of Alathia,
 And caufs me nocht the caufs lang to declair
 Of thy curft kin, Dewlbeir and his Allia:
 Cum to the corfs on kneis and mak a cria; 325
 Confefs thy cryme, hald Kennedy thy king,
 And with ane authorne skurge thy self and ding;
 Thus dre thy pennance, Delequifti quia.

Paft to my commiffar, and be confeft,
 Cour befor him on kneis, and cum in will; 330
 And fyne gar Stobo for thy life proteft;
 Renunce thy rymis, baith ban and birn thy bill,
 Heive to the hevin thy handis, and hald the ftill.
 Do thow nocht thus, brigane, thow falbe brint,
 With pik, fyre, ter, gun powlder and lint, 335
 On Arthowr Sait or on ane hiear hill.

I perambulat of Pernafo the montane,
 Enfpýrit with Mercury fra his goldin fpheir;
 And dulely drank of eloquence the fontane,
 Quhen it wes purefeit with froft, and flowit cleir: 340
 And thow come, fule, in Merche or Februeir,
 Thair till ane pule, and drank the paddok rude,
 That garris the ryme in to thy termis gude,
 And blabbaris that noyis menis heiris to heir.

Thow luvis nane Erfche, elf, I vndirftand, 345
 Bot it fowld be all trew Scottismennis leid;
 It wes the gud langage of this land,
 And Scota it caufit to multeply and fpreid;
 Quhill Corfpatrik, that we of trefſoun reid,
 Thy forfader, maid Erfche and Erfchmen thin, 350
 Throw his trefſoun brocht Inglis rumpillis in,
 Sa wald thy ſelf, mycht thow to him ſucceid.

Ignorant fule, in to thy mowis and morkkis,
 It may be verifeit that thy wit is thin;
 Quhair thow wryttis Denſmen dryit on the rattis, 355
 Denſmen of Denmark ar of the kingis kin.
 The wit thow fowld haif had, wes caſſin in Fol. 152. a.
 Evin at thy erſs, bakwart, with ane ftalf flung.
 Heirfoir, fals harlott, hurfone, hald thy tung:
 Dewlbeir, thow deivis the Devill, thy eme, with din. 360

Quhair, as thow said, I staw henis and lammis,
 I lat the wit, I haif landis, floir and flakkis.
 Thow wald be fane to know, laird with thy gamis,
 Vndir my burde, fnoch banis behind doggis bakkis:
 Thow hes ane tome purfs, I haif steidis and takkis, 365
 Thow tynt coulter, I haif culter and pluch;
 For subftance and geir thow hes a widdy twch,
 On Mont Falcone, abowt thy craig to rax.

And yit Mont Falcone gallowis is our fair,
 For to be fylit with sic ane frutlefs face, 370
 Cum hame, and hing vndir our gallowis of Air;
 To erd the vndir it I fall purchefs grace;
 To eit thy flech the doggis fall haif na fpace,
 The revynis fall ryfe na thing bot thy tung ruttis,
 For thow fick malice of thy maifter mutis, 375
 It is weill fett that thow sic barret brace.

Small fynance amangis thy freyndis thow beggit,
 To ftanche thy fcorne, with haly muldis thow loft;
 Thow falit to get a dowkar for to dregg it,
 It lysis clofit in ane clowt on Northway coft: 380
 Sic rewill garris the be feruit with cauld roft,
 And fitt onfwpit oft beyond the fe,
 Cryand at durris, Carritas amore Dei,
 Bairfute, breiklefs, and all in duddis vpdof.

Dewllbeir hes nocht ado with ane Dumbar, 385
 The Erle of Murray bure that furname rycht,
 That evir trew and constant to the King grace war,
 And of that kin come Dumbar of Weftfeild knyght:
 That fucceffioun is hardy, wyfe and wicht,
 And hes na thing ado now with the, diuill; 390
 Bot Dewllbeir is thy kin, and kennis the weill,
 And hes in Hell for the ane chalmer dycht.

Curft cropand craw, I fall gar crop thy tounge,
 And thow fall cry, Cor mundum, on thy kneis;
 Derch, I fall ding the, quhill thow bayth dryt and dounge, 395
 And thow fall lik thy lippis, and fueir thow leifs:
 I fall degraidd the, gracelefs, of thy greis;
 Scale the for fcorne, and fear the of thy fwle,
 Gar round thy heid, transforme the as a fule,
 And with treffone gar trone the on the treis. 400

Rawmowd rebald, rannegald rehatour, Fol. 152. b.
 My lynnage and forbearis wer ay leill;
 It cumis oft to the to be ane tratour,
 To ryd on nycht, to rin, to reif, to steill.
 Quhen thow putis poyfone to me, I appeill 405
 The in that pairte, and preif it on thy perfoun;
 Cleme nocht to clergy, for I defy the, garfoun,
 Thow falby it deir annuch, derch, of the deill.

In Ingland, owle, fowld be thy habitatioun,
 Homage to Edwart Langschankis maid thy kin, 410
 In Dumbar reffaut him thy fals natioun,
 Thay fowld be exylit Scotland mair and myn.
 Ane ftark gallowis, ane widdy and ane pin,
 The heid poynt of thy elderis armis ar;
 Writtin in poyfic abone, Hang Dumbar; 415
 Quartar and draw, and mak that furname thin.

I am the kingis blude, his trew fpeciall clerk,
 That nevir yit imagenit his offence,
 Conftand in mynd, in thocht, wird and werk,
 Only dependand vpoun his excellence: 420
 Treftand to haif of his magnificence,
 Gwairdoun, rewaird and benefyce bedene;
 Quhair that the revynis fall ryfe out bayth thy ene,
 And on the rattis falbe thy refidence.

Fra Atrik Forrest furthward to Drumfreifs, 425
 Thow beggit, with ane perdoun in all kirkis,
 Collapps, crudis, meill, grottis, gryce, and geifs;
 And vndir nycht quhyllis thow ftall ftairis and ftirkis.
 Becaus Scotland of thy begging irkis,
 Thow fchaipis in France to be knyght of the feild; 430
 Thow hes thy clam schellis and thy burdoun keild,
 Vnhonest wayis all, wolrun, that thow wirkis.

Thow may nocht pass Mont Bernard for wyld beiftis,
 Nor win throw Mont Scarpry for the snaw;
 Mont Nicholace, Mont Godard the arreiftis, 435
 Sic beis of brigand blindis thame with ane blaw.
 In Paris with thy maister burreaw
 Abyd, and be his prenteifs neir the bank,
 And help to hang the pece for half ane frank,
 And at the last thy felf man thoill the law. 440

Haltand harlott, the diuill a gude thow heis,
 For falt of puffance, pelour, thow ma pak the;
 Thow drank thy thrift, and als wedfett thy clais,
 Thair is na lord in seruice that will tak the. Fol. 153. a.
 Ane pak of flaskynis, fynance for to mak the. 445
 Thow fall reffaif, in Danskyn, of my tailye;
 With De profundis fett the, and that felye,
 And I fall fend the blak Deill for to bak the.

In to the Katherene thow maid ane fowll kahute,
 For thow bedrait hir, doun fra stern to steir; 450
 Vpoun hir fyddis wes fene that thow coud schute,
 The dirt cleivis till hir towis this twenty yeir:
 The firmament nor firth wes nevir cleir,
 Quhill thow, deuillis birth, Dewlbeir, wes on the fee,
 The fawlis had fuckin throw the fin of thee, 455
 War nocht the pepill maid sic grit prayer.

Quhen that the schip was fanit and vndir fail,
 Soule brow in hoill thow purpoft for to pafs,
 Thow fchott and wes nocht ficker of thy taill,
 Befchait the fteir, the cumpafs and the glafs; 460
 The skippar bad gar land the at the Bafs;
 Thow fpewit and keft owt mony laithly lump,
 Fafter nor all the marineirs cowl pump;
 And yit thy wame is war nor evir it wafs.

Had thay bene fa prowdydit of fchott of gvn, 465
 Be men of weir but perrell thay had paf;
 As thow wes lowfs, and reddy of thy bun,
 Thay nicht haif tane na tollum at the laft;
 For thow wald cuke anc cairtfull at the caft:
 Thair is no fchip that the will now reffair; 470
 Thow fylit fafter nor fyftenefum mycht laif,
 And myr thame with thy mvk to the midmaft.

Throw England, theif, and tak the to thy fute,
 And boun to haif with the anc fals botwand;
 Anc horfmerchell thow call the at the mute, 475
 And with that craft convoy the throw the land;
 Be na thing aitch, tak ferely on hand:
 Happin thow to be hangit in Northumber,
 Than all thy kyn ar weill quyt of thy cummer,
 For that mon be thy dome, I vndirftand. 480

Hie fouerane lord, lat nevir this finfull fote
 Do fchame fra hame vnto your natioun;
 Lat nevirname, sic anc, be callit a Scott,
 Anc rottin crok, lowfs of the dok, thairdoun.
 Fra honeft folk devoyd this laithly loun; 485
 On fum defert, quhair thair is no repair,
 For fyling and infecking of the air,
 Caufs¹ cary this cankerit corruptit carioun.

Fol. 153. b.

¹ *Caufs* has been afterwards inserted.

Thow wes confauit in the grit ecclippis,
 Ane monstour maid be grit Mercurius; 490
 Na hald agane, nor ho is at thy hippis.
 Infortunat, false and furius.
 Evill schreivin, wan threivin, nocht clene nor curius;
 Ane myting, fule of flyting, the flurdome maist lyk,
 Ane crabbit, skabbit, evil faicit messane tyk; 500
 Ane schitt, but witt, schrewit and injurius.

Grit in the glaikis gud Maistir Gwilliane gukkis,
 Our imperfyte in poetrie and in profs,
 All cloffis vndir clud of nycht thow cukkis.
 Rymis thow of me, of rethory the rofs, 505
 Lunatyk, lymmar, luschbald, loufs thy hoifs,
 That I may twich thy tounge with tribulatioun,
 In recompaning of thy conspiratioun,
 Or turfs the owt of Scotland: tak thy choifs.

Ane benefice quha wald gif sic ane beist, 510
 Bot gif it war to jyngeill Judas bellis;
 Tak the ane fiddill or floyit to jeist,
 Vndocht, thow art ordanit to nocht ellis.
 Thy clowtit cloik, thy crip, and thy clamshellis,
 Cleik on thy croce, and fair on in to France, 515
 And cum thow nevir agane but ane mischance,
 The Feyind fair with the fordwart our the fellis.

Cankerit cayne, tryd trowane, tutevillous,
 Marmadin, mymmerkin, monstour of all men,
 I fall gar bak the to the laird of Hillhoufs, 520
 To fwelly the in fteid of ane pullit hen.
 Fowmart, fazart, fosterit in filth and fen,
 Fowle fownd, fleird fule, vpoun thy phisnomy;
 Thy dok ay drepis of dirt, and will nocht dry,
 To twme thy tvn it wald tyre carlingis ten. 525

Conspiratour, curft kokatrice, hellis ka,
 Turk, trumpour, tratour, tirrane intemperat;
 Thow yrfull attircop, Pylat appoftata,
 Judafs, jow, juglour, Lollard lawreat;
 Sayarene, fymonyte, prowde pagane pronunceat, 530
 Mahomeit, manefworne, bugrift abhominable;
 Devill, dampnit doig, fodomyt vnfaciabie,
 With Gog and Magog greit glorificat.

Nero thy nevoy, Golias thy grantschir,
 Pharo thy fadeir, Egippa thy dame, 535
 Deulbeir, thir ar the cauffis that I confpyre,
 Termegantis temptis and Vefpafius thy eme;
 Belzebub thy full broder will clame
 To be thy air, and Cayphafs thy feftour;
 Pluto the heid of thy kin, and proteftour, 540
 To leid the to hell, of licht day and leme.

Herod thy vthir eme, and grit Egeafs,
 Martiane, Mahomeit, and Maxentius,
 Thy trew kynifmen, Antenor and Eneafs,
 Throip thy neir neice, and awfterne Olibrius, 545
 Pettedew, Baall and Eubulufs;
 Thir freyndis ar the flour of thy foir braynchis,
 Steirand the pottis of hell, and nevyr ftenchis;
 Dout nocht, Deulbeir, tu es Diabolus.

Deulbeir, thy fpeir of weir, but feir, thow yeild, 550
 Hangit, mangit, eddirftangit, ftryndie ftultorum,
 To me, maift he Kennedie, and flie the feild,
 Pickit, wickit, ftickit, convickit, lamp Lullardorum,
 Diffamit, fchamit, blamit, primas Pagaorium.
 Out, out, I fchowt, vpoun that fnovt that fnevellis; 555
 Taill tellar, rebellar, indwellar with the diuillis,
 Spink, fink with flink, ad Tertara termagorum.

Quod Kennedy to Dumbar.

Juge ye now heir quha gat the war. Finis.

CLXIX.

[*I, Maister Andro Kennedy.*]

I MAISTER Andro Kennedy,
 I, Curro quando fum vocatus,
 Gottin with fum incuby,
 Or with fum freir infatuatus;
 In faith I can nocht tell redly, 5
 Vnde aut vbi fui natus,
 Bot in trewth I trow trewly,
 Quod fum diabolus incarnatus.

Cum nichill fit certius morte,
 We mone all de quhen we haif done, 10
 Nescimus quando vel qua forte,
 Nor blynd allane wait of the mone.
 Ego patior in pectore,
 This nyght I nicht nocht fleip a wink;
 Licet eger in corpore, 15 Fol. 154. b.
 Yit wald my mowth be watt with drink.

Nunc condo testamentum meum;
 I leif my faule for evirmair,
 Per omnipotentem Deum,
 In to my lordis wyne fellair; 20
 Semper ibi ad remanendum,
 Quhill domisday without diffiuer,
 Bonum vinum ad bibendum,
 With fucit Cuthbert that lufit me nevir.
 Ipse est dulcis ad amandum, 25
 He wald oft ban me in his breth;
 Det michi modo ad potandum,
 And I forgaif him laith and wreth.

Quia in cellario cum ceruicia,
 I had lever ly baith air and lait, 30
 Nudus solus in camisia,
 Nor in my lordis bed of stait.
 Ane barrell bung ay at my bofum,
 Off warldis gud I bad na [mair¹;]²
 Et corpus meum ebriosum, 35
 I leif in to the toun of Air.
 In ane draff mydding for evir and ay,
 Vt ibi fepeliri queam,
 Quhair drink and draff may ilka day
 Be cassin super faciem meam. 40

I leif my hairt that nevir wes flicker,
 Sed semper variable,
 That nevir mair wald flow and flicker,
 Conforti meo Jacobe.
 Thocht I wald bind it with a wicker, 45
 Verum Deum renui;
 Bot and I hecht to teme a bicker,
 Hoc pactum semper tenui.

Syne leif I the best aucht I bocht,
 Quod est Latinum propter cape, 50
 To the hede of my kin, bot wait I nocht
 Quis est ille, than schro my skape.
 I tald my lord my heid but hiddill, Fol. 155.a.
 Sed nulli alii hoc sciuerunt;
 We wer als sib as feif and riddill, 55
 In vna filua que creuerunt.

Omnia mea folatia,
 Thay wer bot lefingis all and ane;
 Cum omni fraude et fallacia,
 I leif the Maistir of Sanct Anthane, 60

¹ Cut away when the MS. was inlaid.

² This line has been first written *In field of one brail bonifair*, and afterwards erased.

William Gray, fine gratia,
 My awin deir coufing, as I wene,
 Qui nunquam fabricat mendacia,
 Bot quhen the holene growis grene.

My fenyeing and my fals wyning, 65
 Relinquo falsis fratribus;
 For that is Goddis awin bidding,
 Disparffis dedit pauperibus.
 For menis faulis thay fay and fing,
 Mentientes pro mvneribus; 70
 Now God gif thame ane evill ending,
 Pro suis prauis operibus.

To Jok Fule, my foly fre,
 Lego post corpus sepultum;
 In fayth I am mair fule than he, 75
 Licet ostendo bonum vultum.
 Off corne and cattell, geir¹ and fie,
 Ipse habet valde multum,
 And yit he bleiris me lordis e,
 Fingendo eum fore stultum. 80

To Maister Johine Clerk fync,
 Do et lego intime
 Godis braid malesone and myne,
 Nam ipse est causa mortis mee.
 Wer I a doig and he a swyne, 85
 Multi mirantur super me,
 Bot I fould gar that lurdoun quhryne,
 Scribendo dentes sine de.

Residuum omnium bonorum
 For to dispone my lord fal haif, 90
 Cum tutela puerorum,
 Baith Ade, Kittie and all the laif. Fol. 155. b.

¹ Changed by another pen to *gold*.

I faith I will no langar raif,
 Pro fepultura ordino,
 On the new gyfs, fa God me faif,
 Non ficut more folito. 95

In die mee fepulture
 I will haif nane bot our awin ging,
 Et duos rufticos de rure
 Berand anc barrell on a fting; 100
 Drinkand, and playand cop out evin,
 Sicut egomet folebam;
 Singand and greitand with he ftevin,
 Potum meum cum fletu mifcebam.

I will no preiftis for me fing, 105
 Dies illa, dies ire;
 Nor yit na bellis for me ring,
 Sicut femper folet fiere;
 Bot a bagpyp to play a fpring,
 Et vnum ailwifp ante me, 110
 In fteid of torchis for to bring
 Quatuor lagnas ceruicie;
 Within the graif to fett fic thing,
 In modum crucis juxta me;
 To fle the feyndis than hardly fing, 115
 De terra plafmafti me.

Heir endis the Tefment of Maiftir Andro Kennedy,
 Maid be Dumbar, quhen he wes lyk to dy.

CLXX.

[*I yeid the Gait wes nevir gane.*]

I YEID the gait wes nevir gane;
 I fand the thing wes nevir fund;
 I faw vnder ane tre bowane,
 A lowfs man lyand bund;
 Ane dum man hard I full lowd fpeik; 5
 Ane deid man hard I fing;
 Ye may knaw be my talking eik,
 That this is no lefing.
 And als ane blindman hard I reid,
 Vpoun a buke allane; 10 Fol. 156. a.
 Ane handles man I faw but dreid,
 In caichepule fast playane.
 As I come by yone forrest flat,
 I hard thame baik and brew;
 Ane rattoun in a window fatt, 15
 Sa fair a feme coud schew.
 And cumand by Loch Lomont huth,
 Ane malwart tred a maw;
 Gife ye trow nocht this fang be futh,
 Speir ye at thame that faw; 20
 I faw ane gufs virry a fox,
 Rycht far down in yone flak;
 I faw ane lavrock flay ane ox,
 Richt he vp in yone ftak.
 I faw a weddir wirry [ane]¹ wouf, 25
 Heich vp in a law;
 The killing with hir mekle mowth,
 Ane stoir horne coud scho blaw;
 The partane with hir mony feit,
 Scho fpred the mvk on feild; 30

¹ In MS. *wirry* is repeated instead of *ane*.

In froit and snaw, wind and weit,
 The lapstar deip furris teild.
 I faw baith buck¹ da and ra,
 In mercat skarlet fell;
 Twa leisch of grew hundis I faw alſwa, 35
 The pennyis doun coud tell;
 I faw ane wran ane watter waid,
 Hir clais wer kiltit hie;
 Vpoun hir bak ane milstane braid
 Scho bure, this [is] no lie. 40
 The air come hirpland to that toun,
 The preiftis to leir to ſpell;
 The hurchoun to the kirk maid boun,
 To ring the commoun bell;
 The mowfs grat that the cat wes deid, 45
 That all hir kin mycht rew;
 Quhen all thir tailis are trew in deid,
 All wemen will be trew.

Finis.

CLXXI.

Of May.

Fol. 156. b.

MAY is the moneth maiſt amene,
 For thame in Venus ſeruiſe bene,
 To recreat thair havy hartis;
 May cauſſis curage frome the ſplene,
 And every thing in May revartis. 5

In May the plefant ſpray vpspringis;
 In May the mirthfull maveiſs fingis;

¹ This word is very indiftinct.

And now in May to madynnis fawis,
 With tymmer wechtis to trip in ringis,
 And to play vpcoil with the bawis. 10

In May gois gallandis bring in fymmer,
 And trymly occupyis thair tymmer,
 With Hunts vp, every morning plaid;
 In May gois gentill wemen gymmer,
 In gardynnis grene thair grumis to glaid. 15

In May quhen men yeid everich one,
 With Robene Hoid and Littill Johne,
 To bring in bowis and birkin bobbynis;
 Now all fic game is fastlingis gone,
 Bot gif it be amangis clovin robbynis. 20

Abbotis by rewl, and lordis but reffone,
 Sic fenyeouris tymis ourweill this fessone,
 Vpoun thair vyce war lang to waik,
 Quhais falfatt, fibilnes and treffone,
 Hes rung thryis oure this zodiak. 25

In May begynnis the golk to gail;
 In May drawis deir to doun and daill;
 In May men mellis with famyny,
 And ladeis meitis thair luvaris laill,
 Quhen Phebus is in Gemyny. 30

Butter, new cheis, and beir in May,
 Comamis,¹ cokkillis, curdis and quhay,
 Lapstaris, lempettis, mufilllis in schellis,
 Grene leikis and all sic men may fay,
 Suppois fum of thame fourly fmellis. 35

In May grit men within thair boundis,
 Sum halkis the walteris, fum with houndis

¹ Indistinct in MS., possibly *Condamis*.

The hairis owttthrowch the forreftis cachis,
 Syne efter thame thair ladeis foundis,
 To fent the rynnyng of the rachis. 40

In May frank archeris will affix
 In place to meit, syne marrowis mix,
 To schute at buttis, at bankis and brais;
 Sum at the reveris, sum at the prikkis;
 Sum laich and to beneth the clais. 45

In May fowld men of amouris go,
 To ferf thair ladeis and no mo,
 Sen thair releis in ladeis lyis;
 For sum may cum in favouris fo,
 To kifs his loif on Buchone wyis. 50

In May gois dammofalis and dammis,
 In gardyingis grene to play like lammis;
 Sum at the baireis thay brace like billeis;
 Sum rynis at barlabreikis like rammis;
 Sum round about the standand pilleis. 55

In May gois madynis till La reit,
 And hes thair mynyonis on the ftreit,
 To horfs thame quhair the gait is ruch;
 Sum at Inchebukling bray thay meit,
 Sum in the middis of Muffilburch. 60

So May and all thir monethis thre,
 Ar hett and dry in thair degre;
 Heirfoir ye wantoun men in yowth,
 For helth of body now haif e,
 Nocht oft till mell with thankeles mowth. 65

Sen every pastyme is at plesure,
 I counsale yow to mel with mesure, Fol. 157. b.

And namely now, May, June and Julij,
 Delyt nocht lang in luvaris lefure,
 Bot weit your lippis and labor hully.

70

Quod Scott.

CLXXII.

*The nyne Ordour of Knavis,
 Thair use and thair feir.
 In mynd quha thame havis,
 Lo, heir thame heir.*

Troll Trotter.

TROLL Trotter on befoir and takis no heid,
 Ane myle his maiftir fra the way that loun will him leid;
 He fpairis nocht his maiftiris hors be the spurris his awin,
 With prickin and with pransing that knaif wald be knawin.
 He is als gay in his hart as ane bryd grome, 5
 For to speik with ane man he takkis him no tome;
 He is so glaid, and so licht and full of parramouris,
 He will nocht wait on his maiftir the space of sex houris:
 He will thryve, wat ye quhen?¹ Be God I trow nevir,
 For to be ane verry knaif that shrew schupis evir. 10

Troll By.

Troll By be his maiftir frakly will ryd,
 And with ane hude on his heid hovis him befyd;
 Cheik for cheik also and fakfallow lyk;
 And with ane quarrell to riche and to pure ay redly to pyk.

¹ Written *quen* in MS.

And with ane knavis contenance his hand on his knyfe, 15
 With all maneris but mair as he fowld nevir thryfe;
 He is als hie in his hart as ane warriour,
 And he and prowde as ane vane wouftour;
 He is a coward weill kend amangis the rawis;
 He wald be oft in the stokkis gife he had rycht lawis. 20

Troll Hafart.

Troll Hafart of the trace he trottis on soft,
 Ane myle behind his maiftir he cumis full oft;
 Bydis noppand and noddand, and takkis na keip, Fol. 158. a.
 For ony aw of his maiftir that schrew fallis on fleip;
 Ay lichtand and pifcheand the knave cumis behind, 25
 And bydis abak at the bank as he wer stane blind;
 And quhen his maiftir him miffis thair mon be keiking,
 For to gett that faid schrew for he is oft a feiking.
 He is ane rekles boy in preifs and in neid,
 To his maiftir nor his geir he takkis no heid; 30
 Pairt is tynt, pairt is stowin, quhair he can nocht tell,
 Ane vthir pairt lyis in wed, and pairt will he sell:
 And he wer to be hung vp this dastard than war wrangit,
 Bot gif he wer hieft of all on the gallowis hangit.

Troll of the Tre Trace.

Troll of the tre trace is reddy ay drukkin, 35
 He is als evill to fynd as he in Hell war fuckin;
 And quhen his maiftir cryis horfs and to the fair will mynt,
 Then the kie of the stable dur is with the knaif tynt;
 The dur mon be brockin, the maiftir may nocht byd,
 The diuill a thing of his geir is reddy then to ryd. 40
 Quhair hes thow bene, hurfoun, thow fals curfit loun?
 Sir, I was on the baxstar spoungeand your gown.

With ilk lesing ma then vthir that knaif will put ammanig,
 And his countenance than is as he wer to be hangit;
 All this he will foryet lang or it be ewin, 45
 Thair is na mendis for that millegant he is fa wan thev[in].

Fidofragus.

He comptis on his maistiris hors in corne and in hay,
 All that him self drinkis and at the dyce will play;
 And so of his maistiris purs no thing will he spair,
 And all his for the hors faik thay have so gud a fair. 50
 The tapstar and the fals knave haldis on ane mene;
 He comptis on his hors fair baith him and his quene;
 And quhen his maistir plenyceis on his hors cheir,
 And wonderis oft in his mynd thair cost is so deir,
 He sayis thay ar feik within, or then hes the stule, 55
 And thus he bleiris his maistiris ee, and makis him ane fule.
 And so he standis in ane pleid with ane hie fair,
 And will fecht with ony man that sayis the contrair.
 Bot in schort, at ane word, mendis is thair name,
 Quhill that this fals knaif be to gallois gane. 60

Chaft Luter.

Fol. 158. b.

Chaft Luter gois to bed and fyne rubbis his tais,
 He will nocht ryfs to the pott, bot pischis amang the strais,
 And lyis still lounderand as he had nocht to done;
 He will nocht get vp on fute quhill it be neir none.
 His clais is oft in wanting and sic is his gyifs, 65
 He throwis and he puttis fast at his vly pyifs;
 His faice als stiff is for seleip and his ene sowin,
 His heid ay vnkemunt is, and with hair ovir growin.
 Be his hois be pointtit vp and schone on his feit,
 He gois to skemmill vp and down, to drynk he is evir meit; 70

To the aill and the wyne glaidly will he gang;
 He will fecht that fals knaif with wylis and with wrang.
 With the butis he will fyle the bed and all the array,
 And ay on his maiftiris spurris he levis the awld clay;
 And thus he fairis quhan he cumis in everilk place; 75
 Sic ane boy may ye wene fall nevir cum to grace.

Gillie Hachatt.

This Gilly Hatchett in his bed cowthis at his eifs,
 And fyndis ane mene to ly still and his maiftir pleifs.

Haill Harlott.

Haill Harlott in hall to ryifs he is richt laith,
 Quhill it be none past he drawis him nocht a claith; 80
 And quhen it is so he feikis for his fark;
 Ay to skart and to claw is his first wark.
 He is lang in lafing and bucling vp his geir,
 And arrayis him richt so as he wer new to leir;
 His clais ar nocht weill on quhen it is ewin; 85
 He is ane verry loffinger and ane wanthrevin,
 And ilk day ane new maiftir that harlot will haif;
 He governis ay with fweirnes as a fals knaif.

Fathir Abbott.

Fathir Abbott of this ordour is fett in his hie stall,
 To be maiftir as Schir Malapairt and chosin our thame all, 90
 And dreidles and schameles his chaipanis ar furth focht,
 Nowdir can thay sing weill nor yit reid thay ocht;
 Reklefly on thair sawll religioun can thay tak, Fol. 159. a.
 Priour and fuppriour fone thay thame mak;

And all thair officiaris thay are lyk vthir, 95
 In govirnance and misgyding lyk vthiris bruthir.
 Pykharnes to be ficker it becumis best,
 He will talk mekle thing and nevir be confest.

Finis.

CLXXIII.

Epigrammis of Maistir Haywod.

ON blyndman to supper an vder bad:
 Quhilk tway sitting at sic meit as thay had,
 Me think, quod the blynd host, this candle burne dyme;
 So think me, schir, quod the blynd gaift to him.
 Wyfe, said the gudman, with sorrow mend this lycht: 5
 Scho put owt the candle, quhilk brunt verry bricht,
 And fet down empty chandleris two or thre;
 So, lo, now eit and welcome, nechthbour, quod he.

A Witty Wyfe.

Jane, quod James, to ane schort demand of myne,
 Anfuer nocht with a lie frome that mowth of thyne, 10
 And tak the a noble; quhilk, quhen scho had tane;
 Is thy husband, quod he, a cokcald, Jane?
 Scho stoid still, and to this wold no word speik;
 Frome quhilk dum deling, quhen he cowld hir nocht breik,
 He axt his noble agane. Quhy, quod schee, 15
 Maid I lie to the? nay, quod he.
 Than weill fill, quod sche, this wage I win cleir,
 And thow of my counfale no moir the weir.

Godis fawle, fayis he, and flong away in tene,
 I will nevir wod with that woman agane; 20
 For as scho in speich can revyle a man,
 So man in sylence scho begyle can.

Of a evill Governour callit Jude.

A rewlar thair was in cuntre a far,
 And of peple a grit extortionar,
 Quho by name, as I vnderstand, wes callit Jude. 25
 On gaif him an ase, quhilk quhen he had vewd,
 He askit the gever, for quhat intent
 He brocht him that ase for a present.
 I bring it, Maistir Jude, quod he, to yow hither,
 To joyne Maistir Jude and the ase together; 30
 Quhilk two joint in on thus it bringis to pafs,
 I may bid yow gudday, Maistir Judas.
 Macabeus or Iscariot, thow knaif, quod he?
 Quhome it pleifs your maistirschip, fo lat it be.

A Man of Law.

Twanty clyantis to on man of law, 35
 For counsale in xx^{tie} diuerfs materis did draw:¹
 Ilk on praying at on instant to speid,
 As all attains wald haif speid to proceid.
 Freyndis all, quod the lernit man, I will speik with none,
 Till on barbour haif schavin all on by on. 40
 To a barbour thay went altogether,
 And being schavin thay returnd agane hither;
 Ye haif, quod the lawer, tareid long hence.
 Sir, quod on, twenty cowlde nocht be schavin fence,
 Off on barbour, for ye weill vnderstand, 45
 On barbour can haif bot on schaving hand.

¹ First written *schaw*.

Nor on laweir, quod he, bot [on] talking tung;
 Lerne, clientis, this leffone off the lawer sprung:
 Lyk as the barbour on eftir on moft fchaive,
 So clyentis off counfalouris counfale moft haive. 50

Of a Prefoner condemnit.

In prefone a prefoner condemnit to die,
 And for executioun wating on daylie;
 In his handis for wormes loking on a day,
 Smyling to him felf thir wordis did fay;
 Sen my four quarteris in four quarteris fal fand, 55
 Quhy harme I thir filly wormes eiting my hand?
 Nocht ellis in this doing bot my felf I fchaw
 Ennemy to the worme and freynd to the crow.

Finis quod Maiftir Haywod.

CLXXIV.

[*Be mirry Bretherene ane and all.*]

BE mirry bretherene ane and all, Fol. 160.a.
 And fett all fturt on fyd,
 And every ane togidder call
 To God to be our gyd.
 For als lang leivis the mirry man,
 As dois the wrech for ocht he can; 5
 Quhen Deid him ftrekis he wait nocht quhan,
 And chairgis him to byd.

The riche than fall nocht sparit be,
 Thocht thay haif gold and land, 10
 Nor yit the fair for thair bewty
 Can nocht that chairge ganestand.
 Thocht wicht or waik wald fle away,
 No dowt bot all mon ranfone pay;
 Quhat place or quhair can no man fay, 15
 Be fie or yit be land.

Quhairfoir my counfaill, brethir, is
 That we togidder sing;
 And all to loif that Lord of blifs,
 That is of hevynis King; 20
 Quha knawis the secreit thochtis and dowt,
 Off all our haitis round about;
 And he quha thinkis him nevir fa stout,
 Mone thoill that pvniffing.

Quhat man but stryf in all his lyfe 25
 Doith test moir of deidis pane,
 Nor dois the man quhilk on the fie
 His leving feikis to gane?
 For quhen distrefs dois him opprefs,
 Than to the Lord for his redrefs, 30
 Quha gaif command for all exprefs,
 To call and nocht refrane.

The mirryest man that leivis on lyfe,
 He failis on the fie,
 For he knawis nowdir sturt nor stryfe, 35
 Bot blyth and mirry be.
 Bot he that hes ane evill wyfe
 Hes sturt and forrow all his lyfe,
 And that man quhilk leivis ay in stryfe,
 How can he mirry be? 40

Ane evill wyfe is the werft aucht,

That ony man can haif,

For he may nevir fit in faucht,

Onlefs he be hir fklaiſ.

Bot of that fort I knaw nane vder,

45

Bot owthir a kukald or his bruder;

Cuntlairdis and cukkaldis all togidder

May wiſs thair wyfis in graif;

Becaufs thair wyfis hes maiftery,

That thay dar nawayifs cheip,

50

Bot gif it be in priuity,

Quhan thair wyfis ar on fleip.

Ane mirry in thair cumpany

Wer to thame worth baith gold and ſie,

Ane menſtrall could nocht bocht be,

55

Thair mirth gif he could beit.

Bot of that fort quhilk I report,

I knaw nane in this ring,

Bot we may all, baith grit and ſmall,

Glaibly baith dance and ſing.

60

Quha liſt nocht heir to mak gud cheir,

Perchance his gudis ane vthir yeir

Be ſpent quhen [he] is brocht to beir,

Quhen [h]is wyfe takis the ſing.

It hes bene ſene that wyfe wemen,

65

Eftir thair huſbandis deid,

Hes gottin men hes gart thame ken,

Gif thay mycht beir grit laid;

With ane grene ſting hes gart thame bring

The geir quhilk won wes be ane dring,

70

And ſync gart all the bairnis ſing

Ranulloch in thair beddis.

Than wad scho fay, Allace this day,

For him that wan this geir,

Quhen I him had, I skairfly said,

75

My hairt anis mak gud cheir:

Or I had lettin him spend a plak,

I lever haif wittin him brokin his bak,

Or ellis his craig had gottin a crak,

Fol. 161, a.

Our the heicht of the stair.

80

Ye neigartis than example tak,

And leir to spend your avin;

And with gud freyndis ay mirry mak,

That it may be weill knawin,

That thow art he quha wan this geir;

85

And for thy wyfe se thow nocht spair,

With gud freyndis ay to mak repair,

Thy honesty may be knawin.

Finis, quod I, quha fettis nocht by

The ill wyffis of this toun,

90

Thocht for dispyt with me wald flyt,

Gif thay nicht put me down.

Gif ye wald knaw quha maid this fang,

Quhiddir ye will him heid or hang,

Flemyng is name quhair evir he gang,

95

In place or in quhat toun.

Explicit quod Flemyng.

CLXXV.

[*Epigrammis of Maiſtir Haywod.*]*A Number of Rattis miſtakin for a Number of
Diuillis.*

A BIG bricht man fering a deir yeir to cum,
 Beiftowd in his breik a cheife hard by his bun;
 And leving of theis hoifs dayis two or thre,
 Rattis two or thre crop in that breik thay be,
 Poynting thame felffis of that cheife to be keiparis, 5
 In quhilk war wache be fure thay war no ſleparis;
 No wicht ryding man from Sandwiche to Sarum
 Cowld win that cheife frome thame without a larum.
 At thre dayis end this man putting theis hoifs on,
 Having tyid his poynttis, the rattis began annone 10
 To ſtart and to ſtur that breiche round abowt,
 To feik and fynd ſum flicht quhat way to win owt;
 Bot that breik was bolſtird ſo with fuche brod barris,
 Suche crankis, fuche connyng hoillis, fuche cuttis and fuche carris,
 With ward within ward, that the rattis wer als faſt, 15
 As thocht in Newgait with thevis thay had bene caſt.
 Bot this man in his breik feiling fuche fvmbling, Fol. 161. b.
 Suche rolling, fuche rumbling, juſting and jvmbling,
 He was thairwith ſtrickin in a frenatik feir,
 Thinking fure to him ſelf ſum ſpreitis war thair, 20
 He cryit owt, he ran owt, without coit or cloik;
 Thoſ rattis in thais raggis quhrynd lyk piggis in a p[oik.¹]
 A coniuurer, cryid he, in all haift I beſeik,
 To coniure the Diuill, the Diuill is in my breik.
 Running and turning in and owt as he ſlong, 25
 On of the rattis by the ribbis he ſo wrong,
 That the rat in a rege to his buttock gat hir,

¹ Cut off by inlaying of MS.

Scho fet in hir teith, his eis ran a watter,
 Scho bait, he cryid, doggis barkit, the peple show[tid,¹]
 Hornis blew, bellis rong, the Diuill dred and dowlid, 30
 Thocht he wer in his breik to bring streicht to Hell.
 At laft to fee quhat buggis in his breik frayid him,
 Foure and fyve manfull men manfully stayid him;
 The rattis hopping owt at his hoifs pulling of,
 All this fayd matir turnd to a mirry skofe. 35
 Quhen he faw theis rattis by this cheifs brocht this [feir,¹]
 Reiofing the skaip, he solempdly did sweir,
 That in his breik fowld cum no cheifs eftir that,
 Except in his breik he war fure of a catt.

Finis quod Maistir Haywod.

Jak and his Father.

Jak, quod his fader, how fall I eifs tak? 40
 Gif I stand my leggis irk, and gif I kneill
 My kneis irk; gif I go than my feit ake;
 Gif I ly my bak irk; gif I sitt I feill
 My hippis irk, and lene I nevir fo weill
 My elbowis irk. Sir, quod Jak, pane to exyle, 45
 Sen all thais eifs nocht, best ye hang a quhyle.

Finis Idem.

Of One askin for Scheip at Maidyins.

Come thair ony scheip this way, yow scheipisch maidis? Nay,
 Bot evin as ye come, thair come a calf this way.

Finis quod Haywod.

3 L

¹ Cut off by inlaying of MS.

CLXXVI.

*Ane Discription of Peder Coffeis, having no Regaird
till Honestie in thair Vocationn.* Fol. 162.a.

IT is my purpoifs to discryve
This holy perfyte genologie,
Off pedder knavis superlatyve,
Pretendand to awtoretie,
That wait of nocht bot beggartie. 5
Ye burges sonis, prevene thir lownis,
That wald distroy nobilitie,
And baneifs it all borrow townis.

Thay ar declarit in fevin pairtis.
Ane scroppit cofe, quhen he begynnys, 10
Sornand all and findry airtis,
For to by hennis reidwod he rynnys;
He lokis thame vp in to his innis
Vnto ane derch, and fellis thair eggis.
Regraitandly on thame he wynnys, 15
And secondly his meit he beggis.

Ane fwyngour coife amangis the wyvis,
In landwart dwellis with subteill menis,
Exponand thame auld sanctis lyvis,
And fanis thame with deid menis banis; 20
Lyk Romerakaris with awfterne granis,
Speikand curlyk ilk ane till vder,
Peipand pearly with peteoufs granis,
Lyk fenyeit Symmye and his bruder.

Thir cur coffeis that failis oure fone, 25
And thretty fum abowt ane pak,

With bair blew bonattis and hobbeld fchone,
 And beir bonnokkis with thame thay tak;
 Thay fchamed fchrewis, God gif thame lak,
 At none quhen merchantis makis gud cheir, 30
 Steilis down and lyis behind ane pak,
 Drinkand bot dreggis and barmy beir.

Knaifatica coff milknawis him fell,
 Quhen he gettis on a furrit gown,
 Grit Lucifer, maiftir of Hell, 35
 Is nocht fa helie as that loun;
 As he cumis brankand throw the toun,
 With his keis clynkand on his arme,
 That calf, clovin futtit, fleid cuftroun,
 Will mary nane bot a burgefs bairne. 40

Ane dyvour coffe, that wirry hen, Fol. 102. b.
 Diftroyis the honor of our natioun,
 Takis gudis to frift fra fremmit men,
 And brekis his obligatioun;
 Quhilk dois the marchandis defamatioun, 45
 Thay ar reprevit for that regratour,
 Thairfoir we gif our declaratioun,
 To hang and draw that commoun tratour.

Ane curioreoufs coffe, that hege fkraper,
 He fittis at hame quhen that thay baik, 50
 That pedder brybour, that fcheipkeipar,
 He tellis thame ilk ane caik by caik;
 Syne lokkis thame vp and takis a faik,
 Betuix his dowbett and his jackett,
 And eit is thame in the buith, that fmaik; 55
 God, that he mort in to ane rakkett.

Ane cathedrall coff, he is ovir riche,
 And hes na hap his gude to spend,
 Bot levis lyk ane wareit wreche,
 And trestis nevir till tak ane end; 60
 With falsheid evir dois him defend.
 Proceeding still in averice,
 And leivis his sawle na gude commend,
 Bot walkis ane wilfome wey, I wifs.

 I yow exhort, all that is heir, 65
 That reidis this bill, ye wald it schaw
 Vnto the provest, and him requair
 That he will geif thir coffis the law;
 And baneis thame the burges raw,
 And to the scho streit ye thame ken; 70
 Syne cutt thair luggis, that ye may know
 Thir peddir knavis be burges men.

Finis quod Linldfay.¹

CLXXVII.

*How the first Helandman, of God was maid
 Of ane Horfs Turd, in Argylle, as is said.*

GOD and Sanct Petir was gangand be the way,
 GHeiche vp in Ardgyle quhair thair gait lay;
 Sanct Petir said to God in a sport word,
 Can ye nocht mak a Heilandman of this horfs tourd?
 God turnd owre the horfs turd with his pykit staff, 5
 And vp start a Helandman blak as ony draff.

¹ The author's name is inferted in a different hand.

Quod God to the Helandman, Quhair wilt thou now? Fol. 163. a.
 I will down in the Lawland, Lord, and thair steill a kow.
 And thou steill a cow, cairle, thair thay will hang the.
 Quattrack, Lord, of that, for anis mon I die? 10
 God than he lewch, and owre the dyk lap,
 And owt of his scheith his gowlyly owtgatt.
 Sanct Petir focht this gowly fast vp and down,
 Yit cowld not find it in all that braid rownn.
 Now, quod God, heir a mervell, how can this be, 15
 That I fowld want my gowly, and we heir bot thre?
 Humff, quod the Helandman, and turnd him about,
 And at his plaid nuk the guly fell owt.
 Fy, quod Sanct Petir, thou will nevir do weill,
 And thou bot new maid fa fone gais to steill. 20
 Vmff, quod the Helandman, and swere be yon kirk,
 Sa lang as I may geir gett to steill, will I nevir wirk.

Finis.

CLXXVIII.

*Ane Ansuer to anc Helandmanis Invectiue, maid be
 Alexander Montgomry.*

FYNDLAY McConnoquhy, fuf McFadyan,
 Cativilie geilyie with the poik berik,
 Smoir ennary takin trewis breikles McBradyan,
 Yeill fart fast in Baquhiddir or the corne schaik.
 In steid of grene gynger ye eit gray gradyan, 5
 For lyce in your limfchoch ye haif na inlaik;
 Mony muntir moir in mvggis of mvre madyan

Sawis feindill saffroun in fawt for thair farkis faik.
 Ocknewling, Occonnoquhy, Ocgreigry, McGrane,
 With fallifty montir moy,
 Soy in fcho forle boy,
 Callin feane aggis endoy,
 Firry braldich ilk ane.

10

Finis quod Montgummary.

CLXXIX.

*Ane Anfuer to ane Inglis Railar prayfing his awin
 Genealogy.*

YE Inglifche hurfone, funtyme will avant
 Your progeny frome Brutus to haif tane,
 And funtyme frome ane angell or ane fanct,
 As Angelus and Anglus bayth war ane;
 Angellis in erth yit hard I few or nane,
 Except the feyndis with Lucifer that fell.
 Avant yow, villane, of that lord allane;
 Tak thy progeny frome Pluto, prence of Hell,
 Becaufs ye vse in hoillis to hyd your fell;
 Anglufs is cum frome Angulus in deid.
 Aboive all vderis Brutus bure the bell,
 Quha flew his fader howping to fuceid;
 Than chufs yow ane of thais, I rek not ader,
 Tak Beelzebub or Brutus to your fader.

5

Fol. 163.1

10

Finis.

CLXXX.

*Heir begynnis the Proclamatioun¹ of the Play, made
be Dauid Lynsayis, of the Month, Knicht in the
Playfeild, in the Moneth of , the yeir of God
155 Yeiris.*

Fol. 164. a.

Proclamatioun maid in Cowpar of Fyffe.

R ICHT famous pepill, ye fall vndirstand
How that ane Prince, richt wyifs and vigilant,
Is schortly for to cum in to this land,
And purpoffis to hald ane parliament,
His thre estaitis thairto hes done consent, 5
In Cowpar toun in to thair best array,
With support of the Lord omnipotent,
And thairto hes affixt ane certane day.

With help of him that rewlis all abone.
That day falbe within ane litill space; 10
Our purpofs is on the sevint day of June.
Gif weddir serve, and we haif rest and pece,
We fall be fene in till our playing place,
In gude array, abowt the hour of sevin;
Off thriftinefs that day I pray yow ceifs, 15
But ordane ws gude drink aganis alleuin.

Faill nocht to be vpon the Castell hill,
Befyd the place quhair we purpoifs to play;
With gude stark wyne your flaconis fee ye fill,
And hald your self the myrieast that ye may. 20
Be not displeisit quatevir we sing or say,
Amang fad mater howbeid we sumtyme relyie:
We fall begin at seuin houris of the day,
So ye keip tryift, forfwith we fall nocht felyie.

¹ MS. has *Plocamatioun*.

Cotter.

I falbe thair with Goddis grace, 25
 Thocht thair war nevir fo grit ane prefe,
 And formeft in the fair,
 And drink ane quart in Cowpar toun,
 With my goffep Johine Willamfoun,
 Thocht all the nolt fowld rair. 30
 I haif ane quick divill to my wyfe,
 Fol. 164. b.
 That haldis me evir in flurt and ftryfe;
 That warlo, and scho wift
 That I wald cum to this gud toun,
 Scho wald call me fals ladrone loun, 35
 And ding me in the duft.
 We men that hes sic wickit wyvis,
 In grit langour we leid our lyvis,
 Ay dreifland in difeifs;
 Ye preiftis hes grit prerogatyvis, 40
 That may depairt ay fra your wyvis,
 And cheifs thame that ye pleifs.
 Wald God I had that liberty,
 That I nicht pairt als weill as ye,
 Withowt the conftry law; 45
 Nor I be fteikit with a knyfe,
 For to wad ony vder wyfe,
 That day fowld nevir daw.

Nuntious.

War thy wyfe deid I fee thow wald be fane.

Cotter.

Ye, that I wald, fweic fir, be Sanct Fillane. 50

Nuntius.

Wald thow nocht mary fra hand ane vder wyfe?

Cotter.

Na, than the dum Divill stik me with ane knyfe;
 Quha evir did mary agane the Feind mot fang thame,
 Bot, as the preiftis dois, ay stryk in amang thame.

Nuntius.

Than thow mon keip thy cheftety as effeiris. 55

Cotter.

I fall leif cheft as abbottis, monkis and freiris.
 Maifter, quhairto fowld I my felf mifkary,
 Quhair I, as preiftis, may fwyve and nevir mary?

Wyfe.

Quhair hes thow bene, fals ladrone loun?
 Doyttand and drinkand in the toun? 60
 Quha gaif the leif to cum fra hame?

Cotter.

Ye gaif me leif, fair lucky dame.

Wyfe.

Quhy hes thow taryit heir fa lang?

Cotter.

Fol. 165. a.

I nicht not thrift owththrow the thrang,
 Till that yone man the play proclamit. 65

Wyfe.

Trowis thow that day, fals cairle defamit,
 To gang to Cowpar to fee the play?

Cotter.

Ye, that I will, deme, gif I may.

Wyfe.

Na, I fall cum thairto fickerly,
And thow falt byd at hame and keip the ky. 70

Cotter.

Fair lucky dame, that war grit schame,
Gif I that day fowld byd at hame;
Byid ye at hame, for cum ye heir,
Ye will mak all the toun a fleir. 75
Quhen ye ar fow of barmy drink,
Befyd yow nane may stand for stink;
Thairfoir byd ye at hame that day,
That I may cum and see the play.

Wyfe.

Fals cairle, be God that fall thow nocht,
And all thy crackis fall be deir coft. 80
Swyth cairle, speid the hame speidaly
Incontinent, and milk the ky,
And mvk the byre, or I cum hame.

Cotter.

All falbe done, fair lucky dame;
I am fa dry, dame, or I gae, 85
I mon ga drink ane penny or twae.

Wyfe.

The divill a drew fall cum in thy throte;
Speid hand,¹ or I fall paik thy cote;
And to begin, fals cairle, tak thair ane plate.

¹ May be read *hand*.

Cotter.

The feind reffaif the handis that gaif me that ; 90
 I befeik yow for Goddis faik, lucky dame,
 Ding me na mair this day till I cum hame,
 Than fall I put me evin in to your will.

Wyfe.

Or evir I flynt, thow fall haif straikis thy fill.

*Heir fall the wyfe ding the carle, and he fall cry
 Goddis mercy.*

Cotter.

Now wander and wa be to thame all thair lyvis, 95 Fol. 165. b.
 The quhilk ar maryit with sic vnhappy wyvis.

Wyfe.

I ken foure wyvis, fals ladrone loun,
 Baldar nor I, dwelland in Cowpar toun.

Cotter.

Gif thay be war, ga thow and thay togidder,
 I pray God nor the Feind reffaif the fiddler. 100

Fynlaw of the Fute Band.

Wow, mary, heir is ane fellone rowt ;
 Speik, schiris, quhat gait may I get owt ?

I rew that I come heir.

My name, schiris, wald ye vndirstand,
 They call me Findlaw of the Fute Band ; 105

A nobill man of weir ;

Thair is na fyifty in this land,
 Bot I dar ding thame hand for hand ;

Se sic ane brand I beir.

Nocht lang fenfyne besyd ane fyik, 110
 Vpoun the sonny fyd of ane dyk,

I flew with my richt hand

Ane thowfand, ye, and ane thowfand to;
 My fingaris yit ar bludy, lo,
 And nane durft me ganeftand. 115
 Wit ye it dois me mekill ill,
 That can nocht get fechting my fill,
 Nowdir in peax nor weir.
 Will na man, for thair ladyis faikis,
 With me ftryk twenty markit ftraikis, 120
 With halbart, fwerd or fpeir?
 Quhen Inglistmen come in to this land,
 Had I bene thair with my bricht brand,
 Withowttin ony help
 Bot myn allane, on Pynky Craiggis, 125
 I fowld haif revin thame all in raggis,
 And laid on fkelp for fkelp.
 Sen nane will fecht, I think it beft
 To ly doun heir and tak me reft,
 Than will I think nane ill; 130
 I pray the grit God, of his grace
 To fend ws weir and nevir peace,
 That I may fecht my fill.

Heir fall he ly doun.

The Fule.

My lord, be him that ware the croun of thorne,
 A mair cowart was nevir fen God was borne; 135 Fol. 166.a.
 He lovis him felf, and vthir men he lakkis,
 I ken him weil for all his boiftis and crakkis.
 Howbeid he now be lyk ane captane cled,
 At Pyncky Clewch he was the firft that fled;
 I tak on hand, or I fleir of this fleid, 140
 This crakkand cairle to fle with ane fcheip heid.

*Here fall the auld man cum in leidand
 his wyfe in ane dance.*

[*Auld Man.*]

Beffy, my hairt, I mon ly down and sleip,
 And in myne arme fe quyetly thow creip;
 Beffy, my hairt, first lat me lok thy cunt,
 Syne lat me keip the key as I was wount. 145

Beffy.

My gud hufband, lock it evin as ye pleifs,
 I pray God fend yow grit honor and eifs.

*Heir fall he lok hir cunt, and lay the key vnder
 his heid; he fall sleip and scho fall fit befyd him.*

The Courteouer.

Lufty lady, I pray yow hairtfully,
 Gif me licence to beir yow cumpany;
 Ye fie I am ane cumly courteour, 150
 Quhilk nevir yit did woman dishonour.

Marchand.

My fair maistres, sweitar than the lammer,
 Gif me licence to luge in to your chalmer;
 I am the richeft marchand in this toun,
 Ye fall of filk haif kirtill, hude and gown. 155

Clerk.

I yow befeik, my lufty lady bricht,
 To gif me leif to ly with yow all nicht;
 And of your quoman lat me schut the lokkis,
 And of fyne gold ye fall reffaif ane box.

Fiwill.

Fair dameffell, how pleifs ye me. 160
 I haif na mair geir nor ye fie;

Swa lang as this may steir or stand,
 It fall be ay at your command;
 Na, it is the best that evir ye faw.

Beffy.

Now welcome to me aboif thame aw.
 Was nevir wyf fa straitly rokkit,
 Se ye not how my cunt is lokkit.

165

Fol. 166. b.

Fule.

Thinkis he nocht schame, that brybor blunt,
 To put ane lok vpoun your cunt?

Beffy.

Bot se gif ye can mak remeid,
 To steill the key fra vndir his heid.

170

Fule.

That fall I do, withowttin dowl,
 Lat se gif I can get it owte;
 Lo, heir the key, do quhat ye will.

Beffy.

Na, than lat ws ga play our fill.

175

Heir fall thay go to sum quyet place.

Fynlaw of the Fute Band.

Will nane with me in France go to the weiris,
 Quhair I am captane of ane hundreth speiris?
 I am fa hardy, sturdy, strang and stowt,
 That owt of Hell the Divill I dar ding owt.

Clerk.

Gif thow be gude or evill I can not tell,
 Thay ar not sonfy that so dois rufe thame sell;

180

At Pyncky Clewch, I knew richt woundir weill,
 Thow gat na credence for to beir a creill.
 Sen sic as thow began to brawll and boift,
 The commoun weill of Scotland hes bene loift: 185
 Thow cryis for weir, bot I think peax war best:
 I pray to God till fend ws peice and rest,
 On that conditioun, that thow and all thy fallowis,
 War be the craiggis heich hangit on the gallowis.
 Quha of this weir hes bene the foundament, 190
 I pray to the grit God omnipotent,
 That all the world, and mae, mot on thame wounder.
 Or ding thame deid with awfull fyre of thunder.

Fyndlaw.

Domine doctour, quhair will ye preiche to morn?
 We will haif weir and all the world had fworne: 195
 Want we weir heir, I will ga pafs in France,
 Quhair I will get ane lordly governance.

Clerk.

Sa quhat ye will, I think feuer peax is best:
 Quha wald haif weir God fend thame littill rest.
 Adew, crakkar, I will na langar tary: 200
 I treft to see the in ane firy fary;
 I treft to God to see the and thy fallowis. 201
 Within few dayis hingand on Cowpar gallowis.

Fyndlaw.

Now art thow gane the dum Dirill be thy gyd.
 Yone brybour was sa fleit he durst not byid: 205
 Be woundis and passionis, had he spokkin mair ane word.
 I fowld haif hackit his heid af with my sward.

*Heir fall the gudman walkin and cr.
 for Bessy.*

[*Auld Man.*]

My bony Bessy, quhair art thou now?
 My wyfe is fallin on fleip I trow;
 Quhair art thou, Bessy, my awin sweit thing, 210
 My hony, my hairt, my dayis darling?
 Is thair na man that saw my Bess?
 I trow scho be gane to the mefs;
 Bessy, my hairt, heiris thou not me?
 My joy, cry peip, quhairevir thou be. 215
 Allace, for evir now am I fey,
 For of hir cunt I tynt the key;
 Scho may call me ane jufflane jok,
 Or I fwyve I mon brek the lok.

Bessy.

Quhat now, gudman, quhat wald ye haif? 220

Auld Man.

No thing, my hairt, bot yow I craif;
 Ye haif bene doand sum bissy wark?

Bessy.

My hairt, evin fewand yow ane fark,
 Of Holland claith baith quhyt and tewch;
 Lat pruve gif it be wyid annewch. 225

*Heir fall scho put the fark over his heid,
 and the fuill fall steill in the key agane.*

Auld [Man].

It is richt verry weill, my hairt,
 Oure Lady lat ws nevir depairt.
 Ye ar the farest of all the fok;
 Quhair is the key, Bess, of my lok?

Bessy.

Ye reve, gudman, be Goddis breid,
I faw yow lay it vndir your heid. 230

Auld Man.

Be my gud faith, Befs, that is trew.
That I suspectit yow, fair I rew; Fol. 167. b.
I trow thair be no man in Fyffe,
That evir had fa gude ane wyfe; 235
My awin sweit hairt, I had it best,
That we fitt down and tak ws rest.

Fyndlaw.

Now is nocht this ane grit dispyte,
That nane with me will fecht nor flyte?
War Golias in to this steid, 240
I dowt nocht to stryk of his heid.
This is the sward that flew Gray Steill,
Nocht half ane myle beyond Kynneill;
I was that nobill campioun,
That flew Schir Bewas of Sowth Hamtoun; 245
Hector of Troy, Gawyne or Golias,
Had nevir half fa mekle hardinefs.

*Heir fall the fuile cum in with ane scheip heid
on ane staff, and Fyndlaw fall be fleit.*

Wow, wow, braid Benedicitie,
Quhat sicht is yone, schiris, that I see?
I[n] nomine Patris et Filij, 250
I trow yone be the spreit of Gy;
Na, faith, it is the spreit of Marling,
Or fum scho gaist or gyrgarling.
Allace for evir, fow fall I gyd me?
God fen I had ane hoill till hyd me; 255

But dowl my deid yone man hes sworne,
 I trow yone be grit Gow Mak Morne;
 He gaippis, he glowris, howt welloway,
 Tak all my geir and lat me gay.
 Quhat say ye, fchir, wald ye have my fwerd? 260
 Ye mary, fall ye, at the first word;
 My gluvis of plait and knapfkaw to;
 Your preffonar I yield me, lo;
 Tak thair my purfs, my belt and knyfe,
 For Goddis faik, maifter, save my lyfe. 265
 Na, now he cumis, evin for to fla me;
 For Godis faik, fchiris, now keip him fre me;
 I fee not ellis bot tak and flae;
 Wow, mak me rowme and lat me gae.

Nuntius.

As for this day I haif na mair to fay yow; 270
 On Witfone Tyfday cum fee our play, I prey yow;
 That famyne day is the fevint day of June,
 Thairfoir, get vp richt airly and difune. Fol. 168. a.
 And ye ladyis, that hes na fkant of leddir,
 Or ye cum thair, failt nocht to teme your bleddir; 275
 I dreid, or we haif half done with our wark,
 That fum of yow fall mak ane richt wait fark.

*Heir begynnis Schir Dauid Lyndsay Play, maid
in the Grenefyd, besyd Edinburgh; quhilk
I writtin bot schortly be Interludis, levand
the grace mater thair of, becaus the samyne
abuse is weill reformat in Scotland, praysit
be God; quhairthrow I omittit that principall
mater, and writtin only sertane mirry
Interludis thair of verry plesand, begynning
at the first part of the Play.*

[Diligence.]

The Fader, foundar of faith and felicitie,
That your fassone formit to his similitude;
And his Sone your Saluiour, scheild in necessitie, 280
That bocht yow frome bailis, ransonit on the rude,
Replegeing his prissonaris with his pretious blude;
The Haly Gaist, governour and grundar of grace, Fol. 168. b.
Of wifdome and weilfair baith fontane and flude,
Save yow all that I se feisit in this place, 285
And scheild yow fra fyn;
And with his spreit yow enspyre,
Till I haif schawin my defyre.
Scilence, foveranis, I requyre,
For now I begyn. 290

Pausa.

Pepill tak tent to me, and hald yow coy,
Heir am I fent to yow, ane messingeir
Frome ane nobill and richt redowttit roy,
The quhilk hes bene absent this mony ane yeir;
Humanitie, gif ye his name wald speir; 295
Quha bad me schaw to yow, but variance,
That he intendis amang yow to compeir,
With ane trivmphant awfull ordinance;

With croun and swerd and sceptour in his hand,
 Temperit with mercy, quhen penitence appeiris; 300
 Howbeid that he hes bene langtyme sleipand,
 Quhairthrow misfrewill hes rung thir mony yeiris;
 And innocentis bene brocht vpoun thair beiris,
 Be fals reportaris of this natioun;
 Thocht yung oppreffouris at the elderis leiris, 305
 Be now weill feur of reformatioun.

Se no misdoaris be fo bawld,
 As to remane in to this hawld,
 For quhy, be him that Judas fawld,
 Thay will be heich hangit. 310
 Faithfull folk now may sing,
 For quhy, it is the bidding
 Off my foverane the king,
 That na man be wrangit.
 Thocht he ane quhyle now in his flowris, 315
 Be governit be trumpouris,
 And sumtyme to lufe parramowris,
 Hald him excusit.
 For quhen he meitis with Correctioun,
 With Verety and Discretioun, 320
 Thay will be baneist of the toun,
 Quhilk hes him abusit.

And heir, be oppin proclamatioun,
 I warne, in name of his magnificence,
 The Thre Estaitis of this natioun, 325 Fol. 169. a.
 That thay compeir, with detfull diligence,
 And till his grace mak thair obedience.
 And first I warne the spritualitie,
 And see the burges spair nocht for expence,
 Bot speid thame heir, with temporalitie. 330

Als I befeik yow, famous awditouris,
 Convenit in to this congregatioun,
 To be patient the space of certane howris,
 Till ye haif hard our schort narratioun;
 And als we mak yow supplicatioun, 335
 That noman tak our wordis in disdane,
 Howbeid ye heir be lamentatioun,
 The commoun weill richt petoufly complane.

Richt fo the verteous lady Veretye
 Will mak ane peteous lamentatioun, 340
 And for the trewth scho will imprissonit bee,
 And banissit a tyme owt of the toun.
 And Chestety will mak hir narratioun,
 How scho can get na lugeing in this land,
 Till that the hevinly knyght Correccioun 345
 Meit with our king and commoun hand till hand.

Prudent pepill, I pray yow all,
 Tak noman greif in speciall;
 For we fall speik in generall,
 For pastyme and for play. 350
 Thairfoir till our rymes be rung,
 And our mistonit songis be fung,
 Lat every man keip weill his tung,
 And every woman tway.

King.

O Lord of lordis, and King of kingis all, 355
 Omnipotent off power, Prince but peir,
 Eterne rignand in gloir celestially,
 Vnmaid makar, quhilk havand no mateir
 Maid hevin and erth, fyre, air and watter cleir,
 Send me the grace with peax perpetuall, 360

That I may rewill my realme to thy pleseir;
 Syne bring my fawill to joy angelicall.

Sen thou hes gevin me dominatioun,
 And rewill of pepill subiect to my ceur,
 Be I nocht rewlit be counfale and reffoun, 365
 In dignitie I may nocht lang indeur. Fol. 169. b.
 I grant my stait my self may nocht asseur,
 Nor yit conserve my lyfe in sickernes;
 Haif pety, Lord, of me thy createur,
 Supportand me in all my biffines. 370

I the requeist, quhilk rent was on the rude,
 Me till defend frome deidis of defame,
 That my pepill report of me bot gude,
 And be my faifgaird boith fra fyn and schame.
 I knaw my dayis indeuris bot a drame, 375
 Thairfoir, O Lord, hairtly I the exhort,
 Till gif me grace till vse my diadame
 To thy plefour, and to my grit confort.

*Heir fall the King pafs to royall fait, and sit
 with ane grave countenance till Wantones cum.*

[*Wantones.*]

My foverane lord, and prince but peir,
 Quhat garris yow mak fa dreiry cheir? 380
 Be glaid fa lang as ye ar heir,
 And pafs tyme with plefour.
 For als lang leivis the mirry man,
 As the fory for ocht he can;
 His banis bittirly fall I ban, 385
 That dois yow displefour.
 Sa lang as Placebo, and I,
 Remanis in to your company,

Your grace fall leif richt mirrely,
 Haiff ye na dowl. 390
 So lang as your grace hes ws in ceure,
 Your prudence fall want na plefeur;
 War Sollace heir, I yow affeure,
 He wald reioifs this rowt.

Placebo.

Gude bruder, quhair is Solace, 395
 The mirrour of all mirrenes?
 I haif mervell, be the mefs,
 He taryis fo lang.
 Byd he away we ar bot fchent,
 I ferly how he fra ws went; 400
 I trow he hes impediment,
 That lattis him to gang.

Wantones.

I left Sollace, that loun,
 Drinkand doun in to the toun;
 It will coift him half ane croun, 405
 Thocht he had na mair.
 And als he faid he wald gang fee Fol. 170. a.
 Fair lady Senfualitie,
 The beriall of bewtie,
 And portratour preclair. 410

Placebo.

Be God, I fe him at the laft,
 As he war cheffit, rynnand faft,
 He glowris, evin as he war agaft,
 Or fleid for ane gaift.
 Na, he is druckin I trow, 415

I perſaive him weill ſow;
I ken be his creiſhe mow,
He hes bene at ane feiſt.

Sollace.

Wow, quha fa evir sic ane thrang?
 Me thoct fum faid I had gane wrang; 420
 Had I help I wald sing ane sang,
 With ane mirry noyifs.

I haif sic plesour at my hairt,
That garris me sing the tribill pairt;
Wald sum gude fallow fill the quairt,
That wald my hairt reioyfs.

Howbeid my coit be schort and nippit,
Thankit be God, I am weill hippit,
Thocht all my gold may sone be grippit
In till ane penny purfs.

Thocht I ane fervand lang hes bene,
My purchefs is nocht worth ane prene;
I may fing Peblis on the Grene,
For ocht that I may turfs.

Quhat is my name can ye nocht gefs? 435
 Ken ye nocht Sandy Sollace?
 Thay callit my moder bony Befs,
 That dwelt betwene the bowis.

Off twelf yeir awld scho leird to fwyve;
Thankit be the grit god of lyve,
Scho maid me faderis four or fyve,
But dowt this is na mowis;

Quhen ane was deid I gat ane vder;
Was nevir man had fa gud ane moder,
For scho hes maid me freindis ane fudder,
Off lawit and leirit.

Scho is baith wyifs, worthy and wicht,
For fcho spairis nowdir cuik nor knicht,

Ye, four and twenty vpoun ane nicht,
 Thair ene scho bleirit;

450

And gif I ley, schiris, ye ma speir.

Fol. 170. b.

Bot saw ye noch the king cum heir?

I am ane sportour and playfeir,

 To that yung king.

He said he wald, within schort space,

455

To pass his tyme cum to this place;

I pray to God to gif him grace,

 And lang to ring.

Placebo.

Sollace, quhy tareit thou so lang?

Sollace.

The feind a faster I nicht gang;

460

I nicht not thrift owthrow the thrang.

 Off wyvis fyftene fuder.

Than for to ryn I tuik ane rink,

Bot I felt nevir sic ane stink;

For our Lordis luv, gif me ane drink,

465

 Placebo, my bruder.

Heir fall Placebo gif Sollace ane drink.

King.

My fervand Sollace, quhat gart yow tary?

Sollace.

I wait noch, schir, be fweir Sanct Mary;

I haif bene in ane feryfary,

 Or ellis in till ane trans.

470

Schir, I haif fene, I yow affeur,

3 O

Placebo.

Beleif ye that we will begyle yow,
 Or frome your vertew for till wyil yow, 505
 Or with evill counfale for till fyle yow,
 Bot in to gude and evill?
 To tak your Gracis pairt we grant,
 In all your deidis participant,
 So ye be nocht ane our yung fanct, 510
 And fyne ane awld divill.

Wantones.

Beleif ye, fchir, that lichery be fyn?
 Na, trow nocht that; this is my reafone quhy.
 Firft at the Romane court will ye begyn,
 Quhillk is the lemand lamp of lichery; 515
 Quhair cardinallis and bishoppis generaly,
 To luv ladyis thay think ane plefand fport;
 And owt of Rome hes baneift Cheftety,
 Quha with our prellattis can get na refort.
 Schir, quhill ye get ane prudent quene, 520
 I think your maiefty ferene
 Sowld haif ane lufly concubene,
 To play yow with all;
 For I ken be your qualitie,
 Ye want the gift of cheftetic; 525
 Fall to in nomine Domini,
 For this is my counfall.

Placebo.

Schir, fend furth Sandy Sollace,
 Or ellis your mynyecoun Wantounes,
 And pray my lady pryores 530
 The fwth till declair;
 Gif it be fyn to tak ane katy,
 Or to leif lyk ane bummill baty.

The buik fayis, fchir, Omne probate,
And nocht for to fpair. 535

Sollace.

I fpeik, fchir, vndir proteftatioun,
That none at me haif indignatioun; Fol. 171. b.
For all the prelattis of this natioun,
For the maift pairt,
Thay think na fchame to keip ane heuir, 540
And fum hes thre vnder thair ceuir;
How this bene trew, I yow affeuir,
Ye fall wit eftirwart.
Schir, knew ye all the matar thrwch,
To play ye wald begyn; 545
Speir at the monkis of Balmirrynoch,
Gife lichery be fyn.

*Heir fall entir Dame Senfualitie, with hir madynnis
Hamelines and Denger.*

Senfualitie.

O luvaris walk, behald the fyrie fpeir,
Behald the naturall dochter of Venus;
Behald, luvaris, this lufte lady cleir, 550
The frefche fontane of knichtis amorus.
Quhat thay defyre in laitis delitius,
Or quha wald mak to Venus obfervance,
In my mirthfull chalmer mellodioufs,
Thair fall thay fynd all pafstyme and plefance. 555

Behald my heid, behald my gay intyre,
Behald my hals, luffum and lilly quhyte;
Behald my vifage flammand as the fyre,
Behald my palpis of portratour perfyte.
To luik on me lovaris hes grit dellyte, 560
Richt fo hes all the kingis of Chriftindome;

To thame I haif done plesouris infynyte,
And specialy vnto the court of Rome.

Ane kifs of me war worth, in ane morrowing,
Ane mylycoun of gold to knicht or king, 565
And yit I am of nateur so towart,
I latt no lovaris pafs with forry hairt.
Of my name wald ye witt the verretye,
Forfwth thay call me Sensualitye;
I hald it best now, or we forder gang, 570
To Dame Venus latt ws go fing ane fang.

Hamelines.

Madame, but tayreing
For to serve Venus deir,
We fall pafs in and fing,¹
Cum on sifter Dengeir. 575

Danger.

Sifter, I was nevir sweir
To Venus obfervance.
Howbeid I mak Dangeir,
Yit be continewance,
Men may haif thair plesance; 580 Fol. 172.a.
Thairfoir lat na man fray,
We will tak it perchance,
Howbeid that we fay nay.

Hamelynes.

Sifter, cum on our way,
And lat ws not think lang, 585
In all the haift we may,
To fing Venus ane fang.

Danger.

Siftir, to fing this fang we mannot,

¹ MS. has *ling*.

Withowt the help of gud Fund Jonnet;
Fund Jonet, how, cum tak a pairt. 590

Fund Jonnat.

That fall I do with all my hart;
Sifter, howbeid that I am hefs,
I am content to beir ane befs.
Ye twa fowld luf me as your lyif,
Ye knaw I leird yow baith to fwyif, 595
In my chalmer, ye wait weill quhair;
Sen fyne the feind a man I spair.

Hamelines.

Fund Jonat, fy, ye ar to blame;
To speik fowill wordis think ye na schame?

Fund Jonatt.

Thair is ane hunder heir sittand by, 600
That luvis japing als weill as I,
Micht thay get it in prevetie.
Bot quha begynnys the fang lat fie?

Wantounes.

I trow, schir, be the Trinitie,
Yone fame is Sensualite; 605
Gif it be scho, fone fall I fee
That foverane ferene.

Heir fall Wantounes ga fpy thame, and cum agane to the King.

King.

Quhat war thay yone, to me declair.

Wantounes.

Dame Sensualitie baith gude and fair.

Placebo.

Schir, fcho is mekill till advance, 610
 For fcho can baith fing and dance;
 That patrone of plesance,
 The perle of pulchritude.

Soft as filk is hir lyre,
 Hir hair lyk the gold wyre; 615
 My hairt birnys in ane fyre,
 Schir, be the rude.

I think that fre fa woundir fair,
 I wait weill fcho hes na compair;
 War ye weill lernit at luvis lair, 620
 And fyne had hir fene,

I wate, be cokkis passioune, Fol. 172. b.
 Ye wald mak supplicatioun,
 And spend on hir ane milyeoun,
 Hir luvie till obtene. 625

Sollace.

Quhat fay ye, fchir, ar ye content,
 That fcho cum heir incontinent?
 Quhat waillis your kingdome and your rent,
 And all your grit treffour,
 Withowt ye haif ane mirry lyfe, 630
 And cast assyde all sturt and stryfe?
 And so lang as ye want ane wyfe,
 Schir, tak your plesour.

King.

Gif it be trew that ye me tell,
 I will na langer tary; 635
 I will gang preif that play my fell,
 Howbeid the world me wary.

Als fast as ye may cary,
 Speid yow with diligence,
 Bring Senfualitie 640
 Fra hand to my prefence.
 Forfwth I wait not how it standis,
 Bot sen I hard of your tythandis,
 My body trymbelis feit and handis,
 And sumtyme het as fyre. 645
 I trow Cupido, with his dart,
 Hes woundit me owttthrowche the hart;
 My spreit will fra my body part,
 Get I nocht my defyre.
 Pas on away with diligence, 650
 And bring hir heir to my prefence;
 Spair nocht for travell nor expence,
 I cair for na coift.
 Pafs your way, Wantounes,
 And tak with yow Sollace, 655
 And bring that lady to this place,
 Or ellis I am loift.
 Command me to that fweithing,
 And hir present this riche ring;
 And say I ly in languiffing, 660
 Bot scho mak remeid.
 With fyching foir I am bot schent,
 Withowt scho cum incontinent,
 My grit langour for to relent,
 And faif me fra deid. 665

Wantounes.

Or ye tuik fkaith, be Godis croun,
 I leir thair was not vp and doun,
 Ane tyme cunt in all this toun,
 Nor ten mylis abowt.
 Dowt not, schir, bot ye will get hir, 670 Fol. 173. a.

We falbe fery for to fet hir,
 Bot we wald speid far the bettir,
 To gar our purfs rowt.

Sollace.

Schir, lat na forrow in yow fink,
 Bot gif ws duccattis for to drink. 675
 And we fall nevir fleip a wink,
 Till it be bak or age;
 Ye knaw weill, fir, we haif na cunyie.

King.

Sollace, that falbe na funyie;
 Beir thow that bag vpoun thy lunyie, 680
 And win weill thy wage;
 I pray yow speid yow fone agane.

Wantounes.

Ye, of this fang, fchir, we ar fane,
 We fall nowdir spair for wind nor rane,
 Till our day wark be done; 685
 Fairweill, for we ar at the flicht.
 Placebo, rewill our roy at richt;
 We falbe heir, man, or midnicht,
 Thocht we merche with the mone.

Heir fall thay depairt fingand mirrelly.

Paityme, with plesour and grit prosperitie, 690
 Be to yow, foverane Senfualitie.

Senfualitie.

Sirfs, ye ar wylcum: quhair go ye, eist or west?

Wantounes.

In faith, I trow we be at the farrest.

Sensualitie.

Quhat is your name, I pray yow that declair?

Wantounes.

Mary, Wantounes, the kingis secretair.

695

Sensualitie.

Quhat king is that, quhilk hes fa gay ane boy?

Wantounes.

Humanitie, that richt redowttit roy,
 Quha dois commend him to yow hairtfully,
 And sendis yow heir a ring with ane ruby.
 In takin that, abuse all creatour,
 He hes chofin yow to be his paramour:
 He bad ws fay, that he wilbe bot deid,
 Withowt that ye mak heftelly remeid.

700

Sensualitie.

Quhat can I help, howbeit he fowld forfair?
 Ye ken richt weill I am na medcynnair.

705

Sollace.

Vis, lusty laidy, thocht he war nevir fo feik,
 I wait ye beir his helth in to your breik:
 Ane kifs of yow in to ane morrowing,
 Till his feiknes micht be grit conforthing;
 And als he makis yow supplicatioun,
 This nicht to mak with him collatioun.

710 Fol. 173. b.

Sensualitie.

I thank his grace of his benivolence;
 Gude schiris, I fall be reddy evin fra hand;
 In me thair falbe fund na negligence,
 Boith nicht and day, quhen his grace will demand.

715

Pafs ye betoir, and fay I am cumand,
 And thinkis richt lang to haif of him ane ficht,
 And I to Venus makis ane faythfull band,
 That in his armes I think to ly all nicht.

Wantones.

That falbe done, bot yit or I hyne pafs, 720
 Heir I proteft for Hamel[in]es, your lafs.

Sensualitie.

Scho falbe at command, fchir, quhen ye will;
 I treft scho fall fynd yow flynging your fill.

Wantounes.

Hay for joy, now I dance,
 Tak thair ane gawmond of France; 725
 Am I not wirde till avance,

And ane gud page,
 That fa fpedely can rin,
 To tyft my maifter to fin?
 The diuill ane groit he will win 730

Off this mariage.
 I rew, be fweit Sanct Michael,
 Nor I had preuit hir my fell;
 For quhy? yone king, be Brydis bell,
 Kenis na mair ane cunt, 735
 Nor dois the noveis of ane freir.

It war almoufs to pull my cir,
 That wald not preive yone gayis geir:
 Fy, that I am fa blunt.

I think this day to win thank; 740
 Hay, as ane brydlit catt I brank,
 I haif wreiftit my fchank,

Be Sanct Michael.
 Quhilk of my leggis, as ye trow,

Wantounes.

Now, schir, preve as ye pleifs, I fe hir cummand; 770
 Ordour yow with gravety, and we fall be yow stand.

Heir fall Sensualitie cum to the king and fay:

[*Sensualitie.*]

O, Venus goddes, vnto thy celsitude
 I gife lawid, gloir, honour and reverence,
 Quhilk granttit me sic perfyte pulchritude,
 That princis of my perfone hes plesance. 775
 I mak ane vow, with humill obfervance,
 Richt reverently thy tempill to vife,
 With facrifice vnto thy deitie.

To every stait I am fo aggreable,
 That few or none refusis me at all; 780
 Paipis, patriarkis nor prellattis venerable,
 Commoun pepill nor princis temporall,
 Bot subiect all to me, Dame Sensuall;
 So fall it be ay quhill the world enduris,
 And specially quhair yowtheid hes the curis. 785

Quha knawis the contrair?

I trest few in this cumpany,
 Wald thay declair the verety,
 Vnthrald to Sensualitye,

Bot with me makis repair. 790

Bot now my way I mon advance
 Till ane prince of pissance,
 Quhilk yung men hes in govirnance, Fol. 174. b.
 Rolland in his rage.

I am richt glaid, I yow affeuir, 795
 That potent prince to get in ceuir,
 Quha is of lustines the luir,
 And moift of curage.

Heir fall scho mak reverence and fay:

O potent prince, of pulchritude preclair,
 God Cupido preserve your celsitude; 800
 And Dame Venus mot keip your corfs fra cair,
 As I wald scho did keip my awin hairt blude.

King.

Wylcum to me, perles of pulchritude,
 Wylcum to me, thow fweittar nor the lammer,
 Quhilk hes me maid of all dollour denude. 805
 Sollace, convoy this lady to my chalmer.

Heir fall scho pafs to the chalmer and fay:

[*Sensualitie.*]

I ga this gait with richt gude will;
 Sir Wantounes, tary ye still,
 Lat Hamelenes the cop fill,
 And beir yow cumpany. 810

Hamelines.

That fall I do withowttin dowl,
 For he and I fall play cop owt.

Wantounes.

Now, lady, len me thy batty towt,
 Fill in, for I am dry.
 Your dame, be this trewly, 815
 Hes gottin vpoun the gwmmis;
 Quhatraik thocht ye and I
 Go jone our justing lwmes?

Hamelines

I am content, with richt gud will,
 Quhen evir ye ar reddy, 820
 All your plesour to fulfill.

Wantounes.

Now weill said, be our Leddy;
 I will heir my maistir cumpany,
 Till that I may endeur;
 Gife he be wiskand wanttonly, 825
 We fall fling on the fleur.

*Heir fall thay pafs all to the chalmer,
 and Gude Counsale fall fay:*

[Gude Counsale.]

Immortall God, moist of magnificence,
 Quhois maiefty no clerk can comprehend,
 Saif yow, my fenyeouris, that givis sic awdience;
 And grant yow grace never till him offend, 830
 Quhilk on the croce did wilfully ascend,
 And sched his pretious bluid on every fyde;
 Quhois petious passioune frome feindis yow defend,
 And be your gratius gove[r]nour and gyd.

Fol. 175. a.

Confidder, my soveranis, I yow befeik, 835
 The caussis most principall of my heir cuming;
 Princis nor potestattis ar not worth a leik,
 Be thay nocht gyddit be grace and governyng.
 Thair was nevir empriour, conquerour or king,
 Withowt my wisdome, micht availl thair weill to awance: 840
 My name is Gude Counsale withowt fenyeing,
 Lordis, for lack of my law, ar brocht till mischance.

And so for conclusioun,
 Quho gydis thame not be Gud Counsale,
 All in vane is thair travell, 845
 And fynally fortoun fall thame fail,

And bring thame to confusioun.

And this I vndirstand,

For I haif maid residence,
 With princis of piffance, 850

In Ingland, Italy and France,
 And mony vthir land.
 Bot owt of Scotland, allace,
 I haif bene benneift lang fpace,
 That gart our gydaris want grace, 855
 And dy lang or thair day.
 Becauks thay lichtlyit Gude Counsale,
 Fortoun turnit on thame hir faille,
 Quhilk brocht this realme to mekill baill;
 Quha can the contrair fay? 860
 My lordis, we come not heir to lye;
 Wayis me for King Humanitie,
 Ourfett with Senfualitye,
 In his first begynning,
 Thruche vicious counsale infolent. 865
 So thay may get riches or rent,
 Of his weilfair thay tak no tent,
 Nor quhat fall be the ending.
 Yit in this realme I wald mak fum repair,
 Gif I belevit my name fowld not forfair; 870
 For wald this king be yit gyddit with reffoun,
 And of misdoaris mak pvniffioun,
 Howbeid that I langtyme hes bene exylit,
 I trest in God my name fowld yit be stylit;
 So till I fe God fend mair of his grace, 875
 I purpois till repois me in this place.

*Heir I omit the nixt mater following, becaufs it is writtin heir-
 eftir in the leif quhair Flattry enteris. Now enteris
 Dame Cheftely.*

*Heir fall Dame Cheftely pafs and feik lugeing athort Fol. 175. b.
 all the Sprituall Estait and Temporall Estait, quhill
 scho cum to the Sowttar and Teilyeour and fay:*

Cheftely.

Ye men of craft, of grit ingyne,

Gif me harbry, for Chryftis pyne,
 And win Goddis bennyffone and myne,
 And help my hungry hairt. 880

Sowttar.

Wylcum, be him that maid the mone,
 Till dwell with ws till it be June;
 We fall mend baith your hoifs and fchone,
 And planely tak your pairt.

Tailycur.

Is this fair ledy Chestety? 885
 Now wylcum, be the Trinitie,
 I think it war a grit pitie,
 That ye fowld ly thairowt.
 Your grit displifour we forthink;
 Sit down, madame, and tak a drink, 890
 And lat na sorrow in yow sink,
 Bot lat ws play cop owt.

Sowttar.

Fill in and drink abowt,
 For I am wounder dry;
 The Divill fnyp of thair fnowt, 895
 That haitis this cumpany.

Heir fall thay gar Chestety sit down and drink.

Fynny.

Mynny, how, mynny, mynny.

Tailyouris Wyfe.

Quhat wald thow, my deir dochter Jenny?
 Jenney, my joe, quhat dois thy daddy?

Fenny.

Mary, drinkand with a lusty laiddy, 900
 Ane fair yung madin, cled in quhyt,
 Off quhome my daiddy takkis delyt;
 I trest, gif I can rakin richt,
 Scho schaipis to luge with thame all nicht.

Sowttaris Wyfe.

Quhat dois the Sowttar, my gudman? 905

Fenny.

Mary, fillis the cop and temifs the can;
 Or ye cum hame, be God I trow,
 He falbe druckin lyk a fow.

Tailycuris Wyfe.

This is ane grit dispyt, I think,
 For to reffaif sic ane cowclynk: 910
 Quhat is your counfall that we do?

Sowttaris Wyfe.

Cummar, this is my counfall, lo; Fol. 176.a.
 Ding ye the ane and I the vder.

Tailycuris Wyfe.

I am content, be Goddis moder;
 I think for me, thay hurfoun smaikis, 915
 Thay serve richt weill to get thair paikis.
 Quhat maister feind neidis all this haift,
 For it is half a yeir almaift,
 Sen evir that loun laborit my leddir?

Sowttaris Wyfe.

God, nor my trucour menfs a tedder, 920
 For it is mair nor fourty dayis,

Sen evir he cleikit vp my clayis;
 And laft quhen I gat chalmer glew,
 That fowill Sowttar began to fpew.
 And now thay will fitt down to drink, 925
 In cumpany with ane yung cowclink:
 Gif thay haif done fic difpyte,
 Lat ws go ding thame quhill thay dryte.

Tailyeouris Wyfe.

Go hence, harlot, how durft thou be fo bawld,
 To luge with oure gudmen but our licence? 930
 I mak ane vow till him that Judas fawld,
 This rok of myne falbe thy recompence.
 Schaw me thy name, duddroun, with diligence.

Cheftety.

Mary, Cheftety is my name, be Sanct Blayis.

Tailyeouris Wyfe.

I pray God nor he wirk on the vengeance, 935
 For I luvit nevir cheftety all my dayis.

Sowttaris Wyfe.

Bot my gudeman, the trewith I fay the till,
 Garris me keip cheftety fair aganis my will;
 Becauſ that monſtour he hes maid fic ane mynt,
 With my bedſtaff that daſtard beiris ane dynt; 940
 And als I vow, cum thou this gait agane,
 Thy buttokkis falbe beltit, be Sanct Blane.

Tailyeouris Wyf.

Fals hurſone cairle, but dowl thou fall forthink,
 That evir thou eit or drank with yone cowclink.

Sowttaris Wyfe.

I mak ane vow to Sanct Crispynane, 945
 I falbe wrockin on thy graceles gane;
 And to begin the play tak thair a platt.

Sowttar.

The Feind reffair the handis that gaif me that.

Sowttar[is] Wyfe.

Quhat now, hursone, begynnys thow for to ban?
 Tak thair ane vddir vpoun thy peild harne pan. 950
 Quhat now, cummer, will thow not tak a pairt?

Tailycouris Wyfe.

That fall I do, cummer, be Goddis hairt.

Heir thay fall ding thair gudmen.

Tailycour.

Fol. 176.b.

Allace, goffop, allace, how standis it with yow?
 Yone cankert carling, allace, hes brokin my brow.
 Now weilis yow, preiftis, weilis yow in all your lyvis, 955
 That ar nocht waddit with sic wicket wyvis.

Sowttare.

Bisshopis ar blift, howbeit that we be wareit,
 For thay may fuck thair fill and nocht be mareit:
 Goffop, allace, that blak band we may wary,
 That ordanit sic peur men as we to mary. 960
 Quhat may be done but tak in pacience,
 And on all wyvis to cry ane lowid vengence?

Heir fall the wyvis fand be the water fyd and fay:

Sowttaris Wyfe.

Sen of our cairlis we haif the victory,
 Quhat is your counfale, cummar, that be done?

Tailycouris Wyfe.

Send for gude wyne, and hald ws blyth and mirry; 965
 I hald that best, gude cummar, be Sanct Clone.

Sowttaris Wyfe.

Cummar, will ye draw of my hoifs and fchone;
 To fill the quart I fall ryn to the toun.

Tailycouris Wyfe.

That fall I do, be him that maid the mone,
 With all my hairt, thairfoir, cummar, fit down; 970
 Kilt vp your clais abone your waift,
 And speid yow hame agane in haift,
 And I fall provyd for a paift,
 Our corffis to confort.

Sowttaris Wyfe.

Than help me for to kilt my clais; 975
 Quhat and the paddois nipt my tais?
 I dreid to droun heir, be Sanct Blais,
 Withowt I get support:
 Cummar, I will nocht droun my fell,
 I will go be the Castell Hill. 980

Tailycouris Wyfe.

I am content, be Bryddis bell,
 Sa ye haift yow, go quhair ye will.

Heir fall thay depairt and Diligence fall fay:

[Diligence.]

Madame, quhat garris yow gang fa lait?
 Tell me how ye haif done debait,
 With the Temporall and Sprituall Stait? 985
 Quha did yow maift kyndnes?

Chaiſtetie.

In faith, I fand bot ill and war,
 That gart me ſtand frome thame a far,
 Evin lyke a beggar at the bar,
 And flemit me moir and lefs.

990

*Finis of this firſt Interlude,
 and followis the Peur Man and the Pardonnar.*

*Heir followis certane mirry and ſportſum
 Interludis, contenit in the Play maid be Schir
 David Lindſay of the Month, Knycht, in the
 Playfeild of Edinburcht, to the mocking of Abuſionis
 viſit in the Cuntre be diuerſs ſortis of Eſtait.¹*

Fol. 177.a.

Heir fall entir the Peur Man.

[*Peurman*].

Off your almous, gude folkis, for Goddis lue of Hevin,
 For I haif moderles bairnis owthir ſex or ſevin;
 Gife ye will gif na gude, for lue of ſweit Jeſus,
 Wiſs me the richt way to Sanctandrus.

Diligence ſayis.

Quhair haife we gottin this gudly companyioun? 995
 Swyth, furth of the feild, thow fals raggit loun.
 God wait, gif heir be ane weill keipit place,
 Quhen ſic ane wyld beggar kerle may get entres.
 Fy on yow, officiaris, that mendis not thir failyeis,
 I gif yow all to the Diuill, baith proveſt and bailleis: 1000
 Withowt ye cum ſone and chace this cairle away,
 The diuill a word ye get of ſport or play.
 Fals hurfone, raggit carle, quhat is that thow ruggis?

¹ In the blank ſpace above this title has been written Heywood's Epigram "Of Seing and Feiling Money."—See Appendix.

Peurman.

Quhae devill maid yow a gentillman wald nocht flow your lu ggis?

Diligence.

Quhat now, methink this cullroun cairle begynnis to crak; 1005
Swyth, kerle away, or be this day, I fall brek thy bak.

Heir fall the carle clym vp and sit in the King[is] chy[re].

Cum doun, or be Godis croun, theif loun, I fall flay the.

Peurman.

Fol. 177. b.

Now fweir be thy brunt schynnis, the Divill ding thame fray the.
Quhat fay ye, be thir court knavis? Be thay gett haill claifs,
Sa sone thay leir to ban, to fweir and tap on thair taifs. 1010

Diligence.

Methocht the cairle me callit knave, evin in my face.
Be Sanct Fillane, thow falt be flane, bot gife thow ask grace;
Lowp, or be the gude Lord, thow falt loifs thy heid.

Peurman.

Yit fall I drink or I ga, thocht thow had fworne my deid.

Heir he takkis away the ledder.

Diligence.

Lowp now, gif thow lift, for thow hes loift the ledder. 1015

Peurman.

It is full weill thy kynd to lowp and licht in a tedder;
Thow falbe fane to fetche agane the ledder, or I lowp;
I fall sitt heir in to this chyre, till I haif towmit this stowp.

Heir fall the karle lowp of the caffald.

Diligence.

Swyth, beggir bogill, haift the away,
 Thow art our perte to fpill the proces of our play. 1020

Peurman.

I will not gif for your play nocht a fulis fart,
 For thair is littill play this day at my hungry hart.

Diligence.

Quhat diuill allis the cowid carle?

Peurman.

Mary, mekle forrow,
 I can not get, thocht I gasp, to beg nor to borrow. 1025

Diligence.

Quhair dwellis thow, dyvour, or quhat is thyn entent?

Peurman.

I dwell in to Lowthiane, a myle bot fra Tranent.

Diligence.

Quhair wald thow be, karle, the fwth to me schaw?

Peurman.

Schir, evin at Sanctandrus, for to feik law.

Diligence.

To feik law in Edinburgh is the narrest way. 1030

Peurman.

Schir, I haif focht law thair this mony a deir day,
 Bot I cowlid nevir find law at fessioun or fenyie,
 Thairfoir the mekle dun Divill droun all that menyie.

Diligence.

Schaw to me thy mater, man, with all circumsfance,
How thow hes hapinit this vnhappy chance. 1035

Peurman.

Fol. 178.a.

Gude man, will ye gife me of your chirretie,
And I fall declair to yow the blak veritie.
My fader was ane awld man and ane hair,
And was of aige fourfcoir yeiris and mair,
And Mald my moder was fourfcoir and fyiftene; 1040
And with my labour I did thame baith fustene.
We had a meir that careit falt and coill,
And everilk yeir scho brocht ws hame a foill;
We had thre ky that was baith fatt and fair,
Nane tydiar hyne to the toun of Air. 1045
My fader was fa waik of bluide and bane,
He dyit, quhairfoir my moder maid grit mane;
Than scho deit to, within ane olk or two,
And thair began my poverty and wo.
Our gud gray meir was baitand on the feild, 1050
Oure landis laird tuik hir for his hereyeild;
Oure Vicar tuik the best kow be the heid
Incontinent, quhen my fader was deid;
And quhen the vicar hard how that my moder
Was deid, fra hand he tuke fra me ane vther. 1055
Than Meg my wyfe did myrne baith evin and morrow,
Till at the last scho deit for verry sorrow;
And quhen the vicar hard tell my wyf was deid,
The thrid kow than he cleikit be the heid.
Thair vmueft clais, quhilk was of roploch gray, 1060
The vicar gart his clark cleik thame away;
Quhen that was gane I micht mak no debait,
Bot with my bairnis paft for to beg my mait.
Now haif I tald yow the blak verritie,
How I am brocht to this miferitie. 1065

Diligence.

How did the perfone, was he not thy gud freind?

Peurman.

How? the Diuill stik him, he curst me for my teind,
 And haldis me yit vndir the fame proces,
 That gart me want my sacrament at Pefs.
 In gudfaith, schir, thocht ye wald cutt my thrott, 1070
 I haif no geir except ane Inglis grott,
 Quhilk I purpoifs to gif ane man of law.

Diligence.

Thow art the dafteft fule that evir I saw.
 Trewis thow, man, be the law to gett remeid, Fol. 178. b.
 Of men of kirk? na, nevir till thow be deid. 1075

Peurman.

Schir, be quhat law, tell me, quhairfoir or quhy,
 That our vicar fowld tak fra me thre kye?

Diligence.

Thay haif na law, except ane confwetude,
 Quhilk law to thame is sufficient and gude.

Peurman.

Ane confwetude aganis the commoun weill, 1080
 Sowld be no law, I think, be fweit Sanct Jeill.
 Quhair will ye find that law, tell gif ye can,
 To tak thre ky fra ane peur husbandman?
 Ane for my fader, and for my wyfe ane vder,
 And the thrid cow he twke for Meg my moder. 1085

Diligence.

It is thair law, all that thay haif in vse,
 Thocht it be kow, fow, ganar, gryce or gwfe.

Peurman.

Sir, I wald speir at yow ane questioun.
Behald sum prellattis of this regioun;
Manifestly during thair lusty lyvis,
Thay fwyve ladeis, madinis and menis wyvis,
And so thair cuntis thay haif in conswetude;
Quhidder say ye that law is evill or gude?

Diligence.

Hald thy tung, man, it femis that thow art mangit;
Speik thow of preiftis, but dowl thow wilt be hangit. 1095

Peurman.

Be him that beure the crewall croun of thorne,
I cair not to be hangit evin the morne.

Diligence.

Be sure of preiftis thow will get na support.

Peurman.

Gif that be trew, the Feind reffaiſt the fort;
So ſen I ſe I get non vther grace,
I will ly down and reſt me in this place.

*Heir fall the Peurman ly down in feild and the Pardonar
fall cum in and say:*

[*Pardonar.*]

Devoit pepill, gudday a fay yow,
Now tary a lytill quhyll, I pray yow,
 Till I be with yow knawin.
Wait ye not weill how I am nemmit, 1105 Fol. 179.a.
A nobill man and vndefamyt,
 And all the fwth war schawin.
I am Schir Robert Romerakar,
Ane publiēt perfyte pardonar,
 Admittit be the paip. 1110

Schir, I fall schaw yow for my wage,
 My pardonis and my prevelage,
 Quhilk ye fall fe and graip.
 I gif to the Divill with gud entent,
 This wofull wicket New Teffment, 1115
 With thame that it tranflaittit.
 Sen lawic men knew the veritie,
 Pardonaris gettis no cherretie,
 Withowt that we debaitit.
 Amangis the wyvis with wrinkis and wylis, 1120
 As all my marrowis men begylis,
 Be our fair fals flattry:
 Ye, all tha craftis I can perqueir,
 Richt weill informit be a freir,
 Callit Ypocrafy. 1125
 Bot now, allace, our grit abusoun
 Is cleirly knawin to our confusioun,
 Quhilk I may fair rapent.
 Off all creddece now am I quyt,
 Ilk man hes me now at dispyte, 1130
 That reidis the New Testment:
 Wander be to thame that it wrocht,
 Swa fall thame that the buik hame brocht.
 Als I pray to the rude,
 That Martyne Luter, that fals loun, 1135
 Bullengerus and Melanctoun,
 Had bene smord in thair crode.
 Be him that bere the croun of thorne,
 I wald Sanct Pawle had nevir bene borne;
 And als I wald his buikis 1140
 War nevir red in to the kirk,
 Bot amang freiris into the mirk,
 Or revin amang the ruikis.
Heir fall he lay down his wairis vpon the burde.

My potent pardonis ye ma fee,
 Cum fra the Can of Tartarie, 1145
 Weill feilit with ofter schellis:
 Thocht ye haif no discretioun,
 Ye fall haif full remissioun,
 With help of buikis and bellis.
 Heir is a rillik, lang and braid, 1150 Fol. 179. b.
 Of Fyn Makowll the richt chaft bluid,
 With teith and all togidder.
 Off Collingis kow heir is a horne,
 For eitting of Makconnellis corne,
 Was flane in to Baquhidder. 1155
 Heir is the coirdis, baith grit and lang,
 Quhilk hangit Jonnye Armeistrang,
 Of gud hempt soft and found:
 Gude haly pepill, I stand ford,
 Quha ever beis hangit in this cord, 1160
 Neidis nevir to be drownd.
 The culum of Sanct Brydis cow;
 The grunttill of Sanct Antonis fow,
 Quhilk bure his haly bell;
 Quha evir heiris this bell clynk, 1165
 Gife me a duccat to the drink,
 He fall nevir gang till Hell.
 Withowt he be with Belliall borne.
 Maisteris, trow ye that this be scorne?
 Cum win this pardone, cum. 1170
 Quha luvis thair wyvis not with thair hairt,
 I haif power thame to depairt;
 Me think yow deif and dum;
 Hes nane of you curst wickett wyvis,
 That haldis yow in to sturt and stryvis, 1175
 Cum tak my dispenfatioun;
 Off that cummer I fall mak you quyt,
 Howbeid yowr self be in the wyte,
 And mak ane fals narratioun.

Cum win the pardone, now lat fie, 1180
 For meill, for malt or for money,
 For cok, hen, gwfe or gryfs.
 Off rillikkis heir I haif a hunder;
 Quhy cum ye not? this is a woundir;
 I trow ye be not wyifs. 1185

Sowttar.

Welcum hame, Robene Romerakar,
 Our haly patent pardoner;
 Gif ye haif dispenfatioun,
 To pairt me and my wickett wyfe,
 And me deliuer fra sturt and ftryfe, 1190
 I mak you fupplicatioun.

Pardonar.

Fol. 180. a.

I fall the pairt, but mair demand,
 Sa I get money in my hand;
 Thairfoir lat fe thy cunye.

Sowtar.

I haif na filver, be my lyfe, 1195
 Bot fyve schilling, and my fchaping knyfe;
 That fall ye haif, but funyie.

Pardonar.

Qu[h]at kin a woman is thy wyfe?

Sowtar.

A quick diuill, fchir, a fforme of ftryfe,
 A frog that fylis the wind, 1200
 A filland flag, a flyrie fuff,
 At ilka pant fcho lattis a pwff,
 And hes no ho behind.

All the lang day fcho me difpyttis,
 And all the nicht fcho flingis and flyttis, 1205
 Thus fleip I nevir a wink;
 That cokatrice, that commoun heure,
 The mekle Divill ma not indeure
 Hir ftuburnes and ftink.

Sowtaris Wyfe.

Theif cairle, thy wordis I hard full weill, 1210
 In faith my freindfchip thow falt feill,
 And I the fang.

Sowtar.

Gif I faid ocht, deme, by the rude,
 Except ye war baith fair and gude,
 God, nor I hang. 1215

Pardonar.

Fair dame, gif ye wald be a wowar,
 To pairt yow twa I haif a powar;
 Tell on, ar ye content?

Sowtaris Wyf.

Ye, that I am, with all my hairt,
 Fra that fals hurfone to depairt, 1220
 Sa that theif will confent.
 Cawfis to pairte I haif anew,
 Becaus I get na chalmer glew,
 I tell yow verralie;
 I marvell not, fa mot I thryve, 1225
 Suppois that fwngour nevir fwyve,
 He is baith cawld and dry.

Pardonar.

Quhat wilt thow gif me for thy pairte?

Sowtaris Wyf.

A cuppill of farkis, with all my hairt,
The best claith in this land. 1230

Pardonar.

Fol. 180, b.

To pairt fen ye ar baith content,
I fall pairt yow incontinent,
Bot ye mon do command.
My decreit and my finall sentence is,
Ilk ane of yow vthiris erffis kifs: 1235
Slip down thyne hoifs, me think the cairle is glaikit,
Sett thow not by, howbeid scho kift and flaikkkit.

Heir fall scho kifs his erfs.

Lift vp hir clayis, kifs hir hoill with thy hairt.

Sowttar.

I pray yow, fir, forbid hir for to fart.

Heir the Sowtar fall do the lyk.

Pardonar.

Dame, pas ye to the eist end of the toun; 1240
And pafs ye waft, evin lyk a cukald loun;
Go hence ye baith, with Baliallis braid blissing.
Schirris, faw ye evir mair forrowles departing?

*Heir fall his boy Wilkin cry of
the hill and fay:*

How, maister, quhair ar ye now?

Pardonar.

I am heir, Wilkyn widdifow. 1245

Wilkin.

Schir, I haif done your bidding,

For I haif fund a grit horfs bane,
Ane farar faw ye nevir nane,
Vpoun Thome flefchouris midding.

Schir, ye may gar the wyffis trow 1230
It is ane bane of Sanct Brydis cow,
Gude for the fevir tartane:

Schir, will ye rewill this rilik weill,
All haill the wyvis will kifs and kneill,
Betuix this and Dumbartane. 1255

Pardonar.

Quhat say thay of me in the toun?

Wilkyn.

Sum fayis ye ar a verry loun,
Sum fayis legatus natus,
Sum fayis ane fals farifranc,
And sum fayis ye ar for certane
Diabulus incarnatus.

But keip yow fra subiectioun
Of that curst king Correctioun;
For be ye with him fangit,

Becaus ye ar ane Rome rakar,
A commoun publick calfay paikar,
But dowl ye wilbe hangit.

Pardonar.

Quhair fall I luge in to the toun?

Wilkyn.

With gud kynd Chriftane Andirfoun,
 Quhair ye wilbe weill treittit; 1270
 Gife ony lymmar yow demandis,
 Scho will defend yow with hir handis,
 And womanly debaittit.

Bawburde fayis, be the Trinitie,
 That scho fall beir yow cumpany, 1275
 Quhowbeid ye byid all yeir.

Pardonar.

Thow hes done weill, be Goddis moder,
 Tak thow the anc and I the vder,
 So fall we mak gud cheir.

Wilkyn.

I pray yow fpeid yow heir, 1280
 And mak na langar tarye;
 Byd ye lang thair but weir,
 I dreid your werd ye wary.

Heir fall the begger ryifs and rax him and fay:

[*Peurman.*]

Quhat thing was yone, that I hard crak and cry?
 I haif bene dronand and dremand on my ky; 1285
 With my richt hand my haill body I fane,
 Sanct Bryd, Sanct Bryd, fend me my ky agane.
 I fe standand yondar ane haly man,
 To mak me help lat me fe gif ye can.
 Haly maister, God fpeid yow, and gud morne. 1290

Pardonar.

Wylcum to me, thocht thow wer at the horne;
 Cum win the pardoun, and fyne I fall the fane.

Peurman.

Will that pardoun get me my kye agane?

Pardonar.

Cairle, of thy kye I haif no thing ado;

Cum win my pardoun and kifs my rillikis to. 1295

Heir fall the pardonar fane him with his rillikis.

Now lowifs thy purfs and lay down thy offrand, Fol. 181. b.
And thow fall haif my pardoun evin fra hand.
With raipis and rillikis I fall the fane agane,
Gravell nor gut thow fall nevir haif but pane;
Now win the pardoun, lymmar, or thow art lost. 1300

Peurman.

Now, haly maister, quhat fall that pardoun cost?

Pardonar.

Lat fee quhat money thow beiris in thy bag.

Peurman.

I haif ane groit heir bundin in ane rag.

Pardonar.

Hes thow nane vthir filuer bot ane grote?

Peurman.

Gif I haif mair, fir, cum and ryp my cote. 1305

Pardonar.

Gif me that grote, man, gif thow hes no mair.

Peurman.

With all my hairt, maister, lo, tak it thair;
Now latt me fee your pardoun, with your leif.

Pardonar.

A thowfand yeir of pardone I the gife.

Pcurman.

A thowfand yeir, I will not leif fa lang; 1310
 Delyver me it, maister, fyne lat me gang.

Pardonar.

A thowfand yeir I lay vpoun thyne heid,
 With totiens quotiens; now mak me no moir pleid,
 Thow hes reffaut my pardoun now all reddy.

Pcurman.

Bot I can fe nothing, fchir, be our Leddy; 1315
 Forfwth, maister, I trow I be not wyifs,
 To pay or I haif fene my merchandyifs.
 That ye haif gottin my grote full fair I rew;
 Schir, quhiddel is your pardone blak or blew?
 Maister, sen ye haif tane fra me my cunyie, 1320
 My merchandyce schaw me withowttin fennyie,
 Or to the bishop I fall pafs and planyie,
 In Sanctandrus, and summond yow to thair fenyie.

Pardonar.

Quhat cravis thow, cairle, methink thow art not wyifs?

Pcurman.

I crave my grote or ellis my merchandyifs. 1325

Pardonar.

Fol. 182. a.

I gaif the pardoun for a thowfand yeir.

Pcurman.

Quhan fall I gett that pardoun, latt me heir?

Pardonar.

Stand still and I fall tell the all the story:
 Quhen thow art deid and gois to Purgatory,

Beand condampnit to pane ane thowfand yeir, 1330
 Than fall thy pardoun the releif but weir.
 Now be content, thow art a mervellus man.

Peurman.

Sall I get nathing for my grote quhill than?

Pardonar.

That fall thow not, I mak it to the plane.

Peurman.

Na than, maister, gif me my grote agane. 1335
 Quhat fay ye, maisteris? call ye this a gud reffoun,
 That he fowld prommeifs me ane gud pardoun,
 And heir reffais my money in this steid,
 Syne mak me na payment till I be deid?
 Quhen I am deid, I wait full sickerly, 1340
 My filly sawle fall pafs to Purgatory;
 Declair me that, now God nor Bialiall bind the,
 Quhen I am thair, curst cairle, quhair fall I find the?
 Nocht in to Hevin bot rader in to Hell;
 Quhan thow art thair, thow can not help thy fell. 1345
 Quhen wilt thow cum my bailis for to beit?
 Or I the find, my hippis will get a heit.
 Trowis thow, bowchour, that I will by blind lammis?
 Gife me my grote, the Diuill dryte on thy gammis.

Pardonar.

Swyth, stand abak; I trow this man be mangit; 1350
 Thow gettis not this grote, thocht thow fowld be hangit.

Peurman.

Gife me my grote, weill bund in to my clowt.

Or, be Goddis breid, Robene fall beir a rowt.

*Heir fall thay fecht togedder,
and the peurman fall cast down
the burd and cast the rillikis in the
watter.*

*Heir endis this Interlud and followis ane
vthir Interlud of the samyne Play.*

Heir enteris Folly.

Fol. 182. b.

[*Folly.*]

Gude day, my lordis, and God fane;
Will na man bid guday agane? 1355
Quhan fulis ar fow than ar thay fane;
Ken ye not me?
Quhow call thay me, can ye not tell?
Now, be him that herryit Hell,
I wat not how thay call my fell, 1360
Bot gif I lowd lie.

Diligence.

Quhat brybour is yone, that makis sic beiris?

Foly.

The Feind reffaif that mowth that speiris;
Gudman, ga play yow amang your feiris,
With mvk vpoun your mow. 1365

Diligence.

Found fwle, quhair hes thow bene so lait?

Foly.

Mary, cumand down thruch the bony gait;
Bot thair hes bene ane grit debait,
Betuix me and ane fow.

The fow cryid guff, and I to gay, 1370
 Throw speid of fut I gatt away,
 Bot in the middis of the cawfay,

I fell in to ane midding;
 Scho lap vpoun me with a bend.
 Quha evir tha middingis fowld ammend, 1375
 God fend thame ane mischevous end,

For that is Goddis bidding.
 As I was pudlid thair, God wait,
 Bot with my club I maid debait;
 I fall nevir cum agane that gait, 1380
 Schir, be Allhallowis.

I wald the officiaris of the toun,
 That sufferis sic confusioun,
 That thay war harbrait with Mahoun,
 Or hangit on the gallowis. 1385

Fy, that fa fair a cuntre
 Sowld stand fa lang but pollecie;
 I gif thame to the Diuill hairtlie,
 That hes the wyte.

I wald the provest wald tak in heid, 1390
 Of yone middingis to mak remeid,
 Quhilk patt me and the fow at feid.
 Quhat ma I do bot flyte?

King.

Pafs on, my schirwand Diligence,
 And bring yone fule to our prefence. 1395

Diligence.

Fol. 183. a.

It falbe done but tarcing;
 Foly, thow mon go to the King.

Foly.

The King, quhat kynd a thing is that?

Is yone hie with the goldin hat?

Diligence.

Yone fame is he; cum on thy way.

1400

Foly.

Gif ye be King, God gif yow gud day,
I haif ane plent to mak to yow.

King.

Qu[h]ome on, Foly?

Foly.

Mary, of ane sow:

Schir, scho hes fworn that scho fall flay me,
Or ellis byt baith the bagstanis fra me.
Gif ye be King, schir, be Sanct Anne,
Ye fowld do justyce to ilk man;
Had I nocht kepit me with my club,
That fow had drownd me in ane dub.
I heifay thair is cum to the toun
Ane king callit Correctioun;
I pray you tell me quhilk is he.

1405

1410

Diligence.

Yone with the wingis; ma thow not fe?

Foly.

Now wally faw that weifard mow;
Schir, I pray yow correct yone fow,
Quhilk, with hir teith, but sverd or knyfe,
Had maist have reft me of my lyf.
Gif ye will not mak correctioun,
Than gif me your protectioun,
Of all swyne to be skaithles,
Betuix this toun and Inuernes.

1415

1420

Diligence.

Hes thow, Foly, ane wyf at hame?

Foly.

Ye, that I have, God fend hir schame.
 I trow be this fcho is neir deid, 1425
 I left ane wyf bindand hir heid;
 To schaw hir feiknes I think grit schame; Fol. 183. b.
 Scho hes sic rumling in hir wame,
 That all the nycht my hairt ourcastis,
 With bokking and with hinder blaftis. 1430

Diligence.

Peraventure fcho be with bairne.

Foly.

Allace, I trow fcho be forfarne;
 Scho fobbit and fcho fell in foun,
 And than thay rowit hir vp and down;
 Scho riftit, ruckit and maid sic stendis, 1435
 Scho yeild and yet at baith the endis,
 Till fcho had cassin a cuppill of quartis,
 Syne all turnd till a rak of fartis.
 Scho blubbirt, bokkit and braikit still,
 Hir ers gaid evin lyk ane wind mill; 1440
 Scho puft and yiskit with sic riftis,
 That verry dirt come furth with driftis;
 Sic dry smell droggis fra hir fcho fchot,
 Quhill fcho maid all the flure on flot;
 Of hir hurdeis fcho had na hawld, 1445
 Quhill fcho had temid hir monyfawld.

Diligence.

Bettir bring hir to the leichis heir.

Foly.

Trittill trattill, fcho ma not steir,

Hir verry buttokkis makis sic beir,

It fkaris baith foill and filly;

1450

Scho bokkis sic baggage fra hir breift,

Thay want na bubbilis that fittis hir neist,

With ilk a quhilly lilly.

Diligence.

Recoverit not fcho at the laſt?

Foly.

Ye, bot wat ye weill fcho farttit fast,

1455

Yit quhen fcho fchis my hairt is fairy.

Diligence.

Will fcho nocht drink?

Folly.

Ye, be Sanct Mary,

Anc quart attanis it will not tary,

And leif the diuill a drop.

1460

Than sic flobbage scho layis fra hir,

Abowt the wallis, God wait sic wair;

Quhen all is drunken, I get to the¹ skair

Fol. 184. a.

The likkyngis of the cop.

Diligence.

Quhat is in that creill, I pray the tell?

1465

Foly.

Mary, I haif foly hattis to fell.

Diligence.

I pray the, fell me ane or tway.

¹ *The* has possibly been deleted.

Foly.

Na, tary quhill the market day.
 I will fit doun heir, be Sanct Clune,
 And gif my babbeis thair difone; 1470
 Cum heir gud Gukkis, my dochter deir,
 Thow falbe maryit within ane yeir,
 Vpoun ane freir of Tullilum;
 Na, thow art nowder deif nor dum.
 Cum heir, Stulty, my fone and air, 1475
 My jo, thow art baith gude and fair;
 Now fall I feid yow as I mae,
 Cry lyke the gorbettis of ane kae.

Diligence.

Get vp, Folly, but tareing,
 And speid yow haiftelly to the King; 1480
 Gett vp, me think the carle is dum.

Foly.

Now bumbalary, bum, bum.

Diligence.

I trow the truccour lyis in ane tranfs;
 Get vp, man, with a mirry mischanfs,
 Or be Sanct Dynneifs of Franfs, 1485
 Thow fall want thy wallat.
 Its schame, man, to fe how thow lyis.

Foly.

Wa, yit agane, now this is thryifs;
 The Divill wirry me, and I ryifs,
 Bot I fall brek thy pallat. 1490
 Me think my pillok will not ly doun;
 Hald doun your heid, ye ladroun loun,

Yone fair lafs with the fating gown
 Garris yow this bek and bend.
 Tak thair a neidill for your cace, 1495
 Now for all the hyding of your face, Fol. 184. b.
 Had ye it in till a quiet place,
 Ye wald not wane to flend.
 Thir bony anis that ar cled in filk,
 Thay ar als wantoun as ane wilk; 1500
 I wald forbeir baith breid and milk,
 To kifs thy bony lippis.
 Suppois ye luik as ye war wreth,
 War we at quiet behind a claith,
 Ye wald nocht spair to preve my graith, 1505
 With hobbing of your hippis.
 Be God, I ken yow weill annewch,
 Ye ar fane thocht ye mak it twich;
 Think ye not on into the fewch,
 Befyd the quarrell hoillis? 1510
 Ye wan fra me baith hoifs and schone,
 And gart me mak mowis to the mone,
 And ay lap on your courfs abone.

Diligence.

Thow mon be dung with poillis;
 Swyth, harlot, haift the to the King, 1515
 And lat allane thy tratling.
 Lo, heir is Folly, schir, all reddy,
 A richt fweir fwyngour, be our Leddy.

Foly.

Thow art nocht half fo fweir thy fell;
 Quhat menis this pulpet, I pray the tell? 1520

Diligence.

Our new bifchoppis hes maid a preiching,

Bot thow hard nevir fa plefand teiching;
Yone bifchop will preiche thruche all the coft.

Foly.

Than ftryk ane hag in to the poft,
For I hard nevir in all my lyfe, 1525
A bifchop cum to preiche in Fyfe.
Gife bifchopis to be preichouris leiris,
Walloway, quhat fall word of freiris?
And prellattis preiche in bruch and land,
The filly freiris, I vndirftand, 1530
Thay will get na mair meill nor malt;
So I dreid freiris fall dee for falt.
Sen fwa is that, yone nobill king
Will mak men bifchoppis for preiching.
Quhat fay ye, fchir, hald ye not beft, 1535
That I ga preiche amang the reft? Fol. 185. a.
Quhen I haif preichit on my beft wyifs,
Than will I fell my merchandyifs,
To my bredir and tendir maitis,
That dwellis amang the Thre Eftaitis; 1540
For I haif heir gud chaffray,
Till ony fwle that liftis to by.

Heir fall Folly hing vp his hattis vpon the pulpet.

God fen I had ane doctouris hude.

King.

Quhy, Foly, wald thow mak ane preiching?

Foly.

Ye, that I wald, fchir, be the rude, 1545
But owder flattry or fleiching.

King.

Now, bruder, lat ws heir yone teiching,
To pafs our tyme and heir him raiff.

Diligence.

He war far meitar in the ketching,
Amang the pottis, fa Chryft me faiff. 1550
Fond Foly, I will be thy clark,
And anfchir ay with amene.

Foly.

Now, att the begynnyng of my wark,
The Feind refsaive that gracles gane.

Heir fall Folly begin his fermon:

Text.

Stultorum numerus infinitus.

Salamone, the moift fapient king, 1555
In Ifraell quben he did ring,
Thir wordis in effect he did wryte,
The number of fulis ar infynyte.
I think no fchame, fa Chryft me faive,
To be ane fule amang the laive; 1500
Howbeid ane hundreth ftandis heirby,
Peranter ar als gukkit fulis as I.

Stultorum numerus infinitus.

I haif of my genology,
Dwelland in every cuntry,
Erlis, duckis, kingis and empriouris, 1565
With mony gukkit conquerouris;
Fol. 185, b.

Quhilk dois in foly perfeveir,
 And hes done fo this mony a yeir;
 Sum feikis in warldly digniteis,
 And sum in fenfuall vaniteis. 1570
 Quhat vailis all thir vane honouris,
 Nocht beand feur to leve twa houris?
 Sum gredy fule dois fill the box,
 Ane vthir fule cumis and brekis the lokkis,
 And spendis that vthir fulis hes fpaired, 1575
 Quha nevir thocht on thame to waird;
 Sum dois as thay fowld nevir dee.
 Is not this foly, quhat fay yie?

Sapientia huius mundi est stultia apud Deu[m].

Becaus thair is fa mony fulis,
 Rydand on horfs, and sum on mulis, 1580
 Heir I haif brocht gud chaffry
 Till ony fule that lykis to by;
 And specialy for the Thre Staitis,
 Quhair I haif mony tendir maitis;
 Quhilk gart thame gang, as ye ma fe, 1585
 Bakwart thruche all the cuntre.
 With my cramery gif ye list mell,
 Heir I haif foly hattis to fell:
 Quhomefor is this hat, wald ye ken?
 Mary, for infaciable merchand men, 1590
 Quhen God hes fend thame haboundance,
 Ar nocht content with sufficance,
 Bot failis in to the stormy blastis,
 In wintter to get grittar castis,
 In mony terrible grit torment, 1595
 Aganis the actis of parliament;
 Sum tynis thair geir, and sum ar dround:
 With this sic merchandis fowld be cround.

Diligence.

Quhometo myndis thow to fell that hude?
I trow, to sum grit man of gude.

1600

Foly.

This hude, to fell richt fane I wald,
To him that is baith awld and cald,
Reddy to pafs till Hell or Hevin,
And hes fair bairnis fax or fevin;
And is of aige fourfcoir of yeir,
And takkis a las to be his peir,
Quhilk is not fourtene yeiris of aige,
And bindis with hir in mariage,
Gifand hir treft that scho not wald
Richt haiftelly mak him cukcald.
Quho mareis beand so neir deid,
Sett on this hatt vpoun his heid.

Fol. 186. a.

1605

1610

Diligence.

Quhat hwde is that, tell me, I pray the?

Foly.

This is ane haly hude, I fay the;
This hude is ordanit, I the affeure,
For sprituall fulis, that takkis in cure
The fawlis of grit dyoceis,
And regiment of grit abbaseis;
For gredines of wardly pelf,
That can not justly gyd thamefelf;
Vthir fawlis to faive, it fettis thame weill,
Syne fendis thair awin fawle to the Deill.
Quho evir dois fo, this I conclude,
Vpoun his heid sett on this hude.

1615

1620

Diligence.

Foly, is thair ony sic men, 1625
 Now in the kirk, that thow can ken?
 How fall I ken thame?

Foly.

Na, keip that clofs.
 Ex fructibus eorum cognoscetis eos;
 And fulis speik of the prellacie, 1630
 It will be haldin herefie.

King.

Speik on, Foly, I gif the leif.

Foly.

Than haive I remissioun in my fleif,
 Will ye leif me to speik of kingis?

King.

Ye, hardelly speik of all kin thingis. 1635

Foly.

Conformand to my first narratioun,
 Ye ar all fulis, be Goddis passioun. Fol. 186. b.

Diligence.

Thow leis; I trow the fulc be mangit.

Foly.

Gif I lie, God, nor thow be hangit;
 For I haif heir, I to the tell, 1640
 Ane nobill kaip imperiell,
 Quhillk is not ordanit for dringis,
 Bot for duikis, empriouris and kingis,
 For princely and imperiall fulis.

Thay fowld have luggis als lang as mvlis;	1645
The pryd of princis, withowttin fail,	
Garris all the warld rin top our tail;	
To win thame warldly gloir and gude,	
Thay cure not schedding of Cristin blude.	
Quhat cummer haif we had in Scotland,	1650
Be our awld ennemeis of Ingland;	
Had not bene the support of France,	
We had bene brocht to grit mischance.	
Now I heir fay, the empriour	
Schaipis for to be ane conquerour,	1655
And is movand his ordinance,	
Aganis the nobill king of France;	
Bot I knaw not his just querrell,	
That he hes for to mak battell.	
All the princis of Allmanyie,	1660
Spanyie, Flanderis and Italie,	
This present yeir ar all on flocht;	
Sum will thair waxis find deir bocht.	
The Paip, with bumbard, speir and scheild,	
Hes fend his army to the feild;	1665
Sanct Petir, Sanct Pawle, nor Sanctandrow,	
Rafit nevir sic ane oift, I trow.	
Is this fraternall cheritie,	
Or furius foly, quhat fay yie?	
Thay leird not this at Chryftis sculis,	1670
Thairfoir I think thame verry fulis;	
I think it folly, be Goddis moder,	
Ilk Cristin prince to ding down vder.	
Becaufs that this hatt fowld belang thame,	
Ga thow and pairte it richt amang thame.	1675
The profesy, withowttin weir,	
Off Marling beis compleit this yeir;	
For my guddame, the gyrecarling,	
Leird me this prophecy of Marling,	Fol. 187. a.

Quhair of I fall schaw the sentence, 1680
 Gif ye will gif me awdience.

Flan, Fran refurgent, simul Ifpan viribus vrgent,
 Dani vastabunt, Valances bella parabunt.
 Sic tibi nomen in a
 Mulier caccaut in olla: 1685
 Hoc epulum comedes.

Diligence.

Mary, that is ane evill faird mefs.

Foly.

So, be this prophecy, planely it appeiris,
 That mortall weir falbe amang the freiris;
 That thay fall not weill knaw in to thair cloisteris, 1690
 To quhome that thay fall say thair pater nofteris;
 Wald thay fall to, and fecht with speir and scheild,
 The Divill mak cair quhilk of thame tynt the feild.
 Now of my fermond I have maid ane end,
 To Gilly Mowband I yow recommend; 1695
 And als I yow befeik richt hertfully,
 Pray for the fawle of gud Kae Cappetic,
 Quha laitly drownd him self in to Lochlevin.
 That his sweit fawle may be aboif in hevin.

Finis of this Interlude.

Ane uthir Interlude.

*Heir entiris Flattery new landit owit of France
 and flormestled at the May.*

[*Flattery.*]

Mak roum, frir, how, that I may rin; 1700
 Lo, fe how I am new cum in,
 Begareit all in findry hewis:

Lat be your din till I begin,
 And I fall tell yow of my newis.
 Throw all realmes cristnit I haif past, 1705
 And am cum heir now at the last;
 Stormested be sie, ay, fen Yule day,
 That we war fane till hew our maft,
 Not half a myle beyond the May.
 Bot now amang yow I will remane, 1710
 I purpoifs nevir to faill agane, Fol. 187. b.
 To put my self in chance of watter.
 Was nevir sene sic wind and rane,
 Nor of schipmen sic clittir clatter;
 Sum bad haill, sum bad stand by, 1715
 On steirburde, how, alluff, fy, fy,
 Quhill all the raipis began to rattill;
 Was nevir wy fa fleid as I,
 Quhen all the failis plaid brittill brattill.
 To se the wawis it was a woundir, 1720
 And wound that raif the failis in schunder;
 Bot I lay braikand lyk a brok,
 And schot fa fast, abone and vnder,
 The Divill durst not cum neir my dok.
 Now am I chaipit fra that fray, 1725
 Quhat fay ye, schir, am I not gay?
 Ken ye not Flattry your awin fule,
 That yeid to mak this new array;
 Was I not heir with yow at Yule?
 Yis, be my faith, I think on weill. 1730
 Quhair ar my fallowis that wald I feill?
 We fowld haif cumin heir for a kast:
 How, Falfatt, how.

Falfatt.

 Wa, ferve the Diuill,
 Quhais that cryis for me fa fast? 1735

Flattery.

Quhy, bruder Falfat, knawis thow not me?
I am thy bruder, Flattre.

Falsat.

Now, welcum, be the Trinitie,
 This meting cumis for gude.
 Now lat me braifs the in myne armes;
 Quhen freindis meitis, hairtis warmes,
 Quod Johine, that frely fude.
 How hapnit thow in to this place?

Flattery.

Now, be my sawle, bot evin be cace,
I come in fleipand at the port,
Or evir I wift, amang this fort. 1745
Quhair is Diffait, that hymmar loun?

Falsat.

I left him drinkand in the toun;
He will be heir incontinent.

Fol. 188.a.

Flattery.

Now, be the haly sacrament, 1750
 Tha tydanis confortis all my hairt;
 I wat Diffait will tak ane pairte;
 He is richt crafty as ye ken,
 And counfalour to the merchand men.
 Lat ws ly still baith heir, and spy 1755
 Gife we perfaif him rynnand by.

Heir fall Dissait entir.

[*Diffait*].

Bongour, breidir, with all myne hairt,
Heir am I cum to tak your pairte,
Baith in to gude and evill.

I met Gud Counfale be the way, 1760
 Quha pot me in ane fellone fray,
 I gife him to the Divill.

Falfett.

How chaippit thow, I pray the tell?

Diffait.

I flippit in ane fowll bordell,
 And hid me in ane bawburdis bed; 1765
 Bot suddanly hir schankis I sched,
 With hochurhudy amang hir howis;
 God wait gif we maid mony mowis.
 How come ye heir, I pray yow tell me?

Falfat.

Mary, feikand King Humanitie. 1770

Diffait.

Now be the gud lady that did me beir,
 That famyn horfs is my awin meir:
 Now till our purpoifs lat ws ga,
 Quhat is your counfale, I pray yow fa? 1775
 Sen we thre feikis yone nobill king,
 Lat ws devyifs sum subtell thing;
 And als I pray yow as your bruder,
 That we be ilk ane trew till vder.
 I mak ane wov, with all my hairt,
 In evill and gude to tak your pairte; 1780
 I pray to God, nor I be hangit,
 Bot I fall dy or ye be wrangit.

Falfet.

Quhat is your counfale that we do?

Diffait.

Fol. 188. b.

Mary, this is my counfale, lo;
 Till tak our tyme quhill we ma get it, 1785
 For now thair is no man to let it.
 Fra tyme the king begin to steir him,
 Gud Counfale than I dreid cum neir him;
 And be we knawin with Correctioun,
 It will be our confusioun. 1790
 Thairfoir now, brethir, devyifs
 To find sum toy of the new gyifs.

Flattry.

Mary, I fall fynd ane thowfand wylis;
 We mon turne our claithis and chainge our stylis.
 And diffagyifs ws that na man ken ws. 1795
 Hes na man clerkis clething to len ws?
 And lat ws keip grave countenance,
 As we war new cumin owt of France.

Diffait.

Be my fawle, that is weill devyfit;
 Ye fall see me fone diffagyfit. 1800

Falset.

So fall I be, man, be the Rude;
 Now sum gud fallow len me ane hude.

Heir fall Flattry help his twa marrowis.

Diffait.

Now am I buskit, quha can spy?
 The Diuill stik me gif this be I;
 Is this I, or nocht I, can ye not fay, 1805
 Or hes the Feind. or fairfolk, borne me away?

Falfet.

And war my hair vp in ane how,
 The feind a man wald ken me now.
 Quhat fayis thow of my gay garmoun?

Diffait.

I fay thow lukis evin lyk a loun. 1810
 Now, bruder Flattry, quhat do ye?
 Quhat kynd a man schaip ye to be?

Flattry.

Now, be my faith, my bruder deir,
 I will ga counterfute the freir.

Diffait.

A freir, quhairto, thow can not preiche? 1815

Flattry.

Quhattrak, bot I can flattir and fleiche;
 Peraventur cum to that honour, Fol. 189.a.
 To be the kingis confeffour.
 Peur freiris ar fre at every feft,
 And merchellit ay amang the beft; 1820
 Als God hes lent to thame sic grasis,
 That bifchoppis puttis thame in thair placis,
 Owtthrwch thair dyoceis to preiche,
 Bot farly not howbeid thay fleiche,
 For fchaw thay all the veretie, 1825
 Thaill want the bifchoppis cheretie.
 Vit thocht the corne be nevir fo scant,
 Gud wyvis will nevir lat freiris want;
 For quhy? thay ar thair confeffouris,
 Thair prudent hevinly counfalouris; 1830
 Thairfoir wyvis planely takkis thair pairtis,
 And fchawis the secreitis of thair hairtis

To freiris, with bettir will, I trow,
Nor thay do to thair bedfallow.

Diffate.

And I reft anis a freiris cowl,
Betuix Sanct Johinftoun and Kynnowl;
I fall ga fetche it, gif thow wilt tary. 1835

Flattry.

Now play me that of cumpanary;
Ye faw him nocht this hundreth yeir,
That bettir can counterfet the freir. 1840

Diffait.

Heir is thy ganenying all and sum,
This is the cowl of Tullylum.

Flattry.

Quha hes ane porteris to len me?
The feind a fawll, I trow, will ken me.

Falfet.

Bruder, pafs on quhair evir thow will,
Thow may be fallow to freir Gill;
Bot with Correſtioun and we be kend,
I dreid we mak a ſchamefull end. 1845

Flattry.

For that mater I dreid na thing,
Freiris ar exemit fra the King;
For freiris will reddy entreſs gett,
Quhen lordis ar haldin at the yett. 1850
Fol. 189, b.

Falfat.

We mon do mair yit, be Sanct James,
3 X

For we mon change all thre our names;
 Cristin me, and I fall bapteifs the.

1855

Diffait.

Be God, and thairabowt mot it be;
 How will thow call me, I pray the tell?

Falset.

Mary, I wat not how to call my fell.

Diffait.

Bot yit anis name the bairnis name.

Falset.

Discretioun, Discretioun, a Goddis name.

1860

Diffait.

I neid not now to cair for thrift,
 Bot quhat falbe my godbairne gift?

Falset.

I gif the all the divillis of Hell.

Diffait.

Na, bruder, hald that to thy fell;
 Now fit down, lat me bapteifs the,
 Bot yit I wat not quhat to call the.

1865

Falset.

I pray the, name the bairnis name.

Diffait.

Sapience, Sapience, a Goddis name.

Flattry.

Bruder Diffait, cum bapteifs me.

Diffait.

Than fit doun lawly on thy kne.

1870

Flattry.

Now, bruder, name the bairnis name.

Diffait.

Devotioun, in the Diuillis name.

Flattry.

The Diuill reffaiſ the, laidroun loun,
Thow hes wat all my new ſchevin croun.

Diffait.

Devotioun, Sapience, and Diſcretioun,
We thre may rewl a haill regioun;
We fall fynd mony crafty thingis,
For to begyle ane hundreth kingis;
For thow fall crak, and thow fall clattir,
And I fall fenyeie, and thow fall flattir.

1875

1880

Flattry.

Bot I wald haif, or we depairtit,
A drink to mak ws bettir hairtit.

Fol. 190.a.

Diffait.

Weill faid, be him that herreit Hell,
I was evin thinkand that my fell.

*Heir fall thay drink, and the King fall cum
furth of his chalmer, and call for Wantones.*

Now till we get the kingis prefence,
We will ſit doun and keip ſylence;
I ſe ane yonder, quhatevir he be,
I trow ful weill yone ſame is hie.

1885

Steir nocht, bruder, bot hald ws still,
Till we haif hard quhat be his will.

1890

*Hcir the King hes bene with his concubyne, and
thaireftir returns to his yung company.*

King.

Now quhair is Placebo and Solace?
Quhair is my mynyecoun Wantones?
Wantones, how, cum to me sone.

Wantones.

Quhy cryid ye, fchir, till I had done?

King.

Qu[h]at was thow doand, tell me that?

1895

Wantones.

Mary, leirand how my fader me gat.
I wait not how it standis, but dowl,
Methink the warld rynniss round abowt.

King.

And so think I, man, be my thrift,
I fe fyiftenc monis in the lift.

190

Wantones.

Lat Hamelines, my lafs, allane,
Scho bendit vp ay twa for ane.

Hamelines.

Howbeid, ye gat that ye defyrit,
Or I was temprit ye was tyrit.

Denger.

And als for Placebo and Sollace, 1905
 I held thame baith in mirrenes;
 Howbeid I maid it funthing tewch,
 I fand thame chalmer glew annewch.

Sollace.

Mary, thow wald gar ane hundreth tyre;
 Thow hes ane cunt lyk ane quaw myre. 1910

Danger.

Fol. 190. b.

Now, fowll fall yow, it is na bourdis,
 Befoir ane king to speik fowll wourdis;
 Or evir ye cum that gait agane,
 To kifs my cloff ye falbe fane.

Sollace.

Now schaw me, schir, I yow exhort, 1915
 How ar ye of your luve content;
 Think ye not this ane mirry sport?

King.

Ye, that I do, in verement.
 Quhat bernis ar yone vpoun the bent?
 I did not fe thame all this day. 1920

Wantones.

Thay will be heir incontinent;
 Stand still and heir quhat thay will fay.
*Heir fall the thre Vycis cum and mak thair
 salutatioun to the King, and fay:*

[Thre Vycis.]

Lawd, honor, gloir, trivmphand victorie,
 Be to your moift excellent maiestie.

King.

Ye ar wylcum, gud freindis, be the Rude; 1925
 Apperendly ye feme grit men of gud.
 Quhat ar your names, tell me, withowt dellay?

Diffait.

Difcretioun, fchir, that is my name perfay.

King.

Quhat is your name, fchir, with the clippit croun?

Flattry.

But dowt my name is callit Devotioun. 1930

King.

Wylcum Devotioun, by Sanct Jame.
 Now, firray, tell quhat is your name.

Falset.

Mary, thay call me, quhat call thay me?
 I wat not weill bot gif I lie.¹

King.

Can thow not tell quhat is thy name? 1935

Falset.

I kend it or I com fra hame.

King.

Quhat aillis the can not schaw it now?

Falset.

Mary, thay call me Thyn Drink, I trow.

King.

Thyn Drink; quhat kin a name is that?

¹ This line has been written on the margin, possibly by another hand.

Diffait.

Sapience, thow fervis to beir a plat;
Me think thow schawis the not weill wittit. 1040

Falset.

Fol. 191. a.

Sypyns, schir, Sypynis, mary, thair ye hittit.

Flattry.

Sir, gif ye pleifs to lat me fa,
Forfuth his name is Sapientia.

Falset.

That fame is it, be Sanct Michael. 1045

King.

Quhy cowlde thow not tell thy name thy fell?

Falset.

I pray your grace to pardone me,
And I fall schaw the verritie.
I am fa full of sapience,
That sumtyme I will tak a trance;
My spreit was reft fra my body, 1050
Now heich abone the Trinitie.

King.

Sapience fowld be ane man of gude.

Falset.

Sir, ye may know that be my hude.

King.

Now haive I Sapience and Discretioun,
How can I fail to rewill this regioun? 1055

And Devotioun to be my confessor;
 I trow thir thre come in a happy hour.
 Heir I mak the my secretar,
 And thow fall be my thefawarar, 1960
 And thow falt be my counfallour,
 In sprituall thingis to be confessor.

Flattry.

Soverane, I fweir yow, be Sanct An,
 Ye mett nevir with ane wyfar man;
 Mony a craft, fchir, I can, 1965
 War thay weill knawin.
 I haif na feill of flattry,
 Bot fosterit with filosofie,
 A strange man in astronomy,
 Quhilk falbe sone schawin. 1970

Falsat.

And I haif grit intelligence,
 In quelling of the quyntacence;
 Bot to preve my experience,
 Sir, len me fourty crownis,
 To mak mvltiplicatioun, 1975
 And tak my obligatioun;
 Gif we mak fals narratioun,
 Hald ws for verry lownis.

Diffait.

Fol. 191. b.

Schir, I ken be your phisnomye,
 Ye fall conquereis, or ellis I lye, 1980
 Danskyn, Denmark and all Almane,
 Spittelfield and the realme of Spaine;
 Ye fall haive at your govynance,
 Remfrew and the realme of France,

Ye Rugling and the toun of Rome, 1985
 Corstorphyne and all Cristindome;
 Quhairto, fchir, be the Trinitie,
 Ye ar anc verry aperfee.

Flattry.

Schir, quhen I dwelt in Italy,
 I leirit the craft of palmestry; 1990
 Schaw me the luffe, fchir, of your hand,
 And I fall gar yow vndirstand,
 Gif your grace be infortunat,
 Or gife ye be predestinat.
 I fee ye will have fyiftene quenis, 1995
 And fyiftene scoir of concubenis.
 Now, the Virgin Mary fave your grace,
 Saw evir man fa quyt a face,
 Swa grit ane arme, fa fair ane hand,
 Thair is not sic a leg in all this land. 2000
 War ye in harnes, I think na wounder,
 Howbeid ye dang doun twenty hunder.

Diffait.

Be my fawle, that is trew thow fais,
 Was nevir man fett fa weill his clais;
 Thair is na man in Cristianitie, 2005
 So meit to be ane king as ye.

Falset.

Schir, thank the haly Trinitie,
 That fend ws to your company;
 For, God, nor I gaip in ane gallowis,
 Gif evir ye fand thre bettir fallowis. 2010

King.

Ye ar all wylcum, be the rude;
Ye feme to be thre men of gude.

*Finis of this Interlude, and pairt of Play.
Heireftir fall Gud Counsale appeir, and
falbe boflit away, and Lady Cheftletie and
Verretie fall be put in ftokis, and Sensualite
fall gyd the yung king for a tyme.*

[*King.*]

Bot quhae is yone that standis fa still?
Go fpy, and fpeir quhat is his will;
And gif he yairnis my prefence,
Bring him to me with diligence.

Fol. 192. a.

2015

Diffait.

That falbe done, be Godis breid,
We fall him bring owdir quick or deid.

Flattry.

I dreid full foir, be God him fell,
That yone awld carle be Gud Counfall;
Get he anis to the kingis prefence,
We thre will get na audience.

2020

Diffait.

That mater fall I tak in hand,
And fay it is the kingis command,
That he annone devoyd this place,
And cum not neir the kingis grace,
And that vndir the pane of treffone.

2025

Flattry.

Bruder, I think that counsale reffone;¹

¹ MS. has *reffome*.

Now lat ws heir quhat he will fay.
Awld berdit mowth, gude day, gud day.

2030

Gude Counfall.

Gud day, agane, fchiris, be the Rude,
I pray God mak yow men of gude.

Diffait.

Pray not for that to lord nor leddy,
For we ar men of gude all reddy;
Sir, fchaw till ws quhat is your name.

2035

Gud Counfall.

Gude Counfale thay call me at hame.

Falschit.

Quhat fayis thow, cairle, art thow Gud Counfale?
Swyth, pafs the hence, vnhappy vnfale.

Gud Counfale.

I pray yow, fchiris, gife me licence,
To cum anis to the kingis prefence,
To speik bot thre wordis with his grace.

2040

Flattry.

Swyth, hurfone cairle, devoyd this place.

Gud Counfale.

Fol. 192. b.

Bruder, I ken yow weill annewch,
Howbeid ye mak it nevir fa tewch;
Flattry, Diffait and Fals Report,
Thay will not suffer to refort
Gude Counfale to the kingis prefence.

2045

Diffait.

Swyth, hurfone karle, ga pak the hence.

Heir fall thay hurle away Gud Counfale.

[Gud Counfale.]

Sen at this tyme I can gett na prefence,

Is no remeid bot tak in pacience;

2050

Howbeid Gud Counfale heftaly be not hard

With yung princis, yit fowld thay not be skard;

Bot quhen yowtheid hes blawin his wantoun blast,

Than fall Gude Counfale rewill him at the laft.

Heir fall the Thre Vycis pafs to ane counfale.

Flattry.

Now quhill Gud Counfale is absent,

2055

Bredir, we mon be diligent,

And mak betuix ws fover bandis,

Quhen vacanis fallis in ony landis,

That every man fall help his fallow.

Diffait.

I hald, deir bruder, be Allhallow,

2060

So thow fische not within our boundis.

Flattry.

That fall I not, be cokkis woundis,

Bot I fall planely tak your pairtis.

Falset.

So fall we thyne, with all our hairtis;

Bot haift ws quhill the king is yung,

2065

And lat ilk man keip weill a tung,

And in ilk quartir have a spy,

Ws till aduerteifs haiftely,

Quhen ony cawfualiteis

Sall happin in our cuntreis; 2070
 And lat ws mak provisioun,
 Or he cum to discretioun.
 No moir he wat now, nor ane fanct,
 Quhat thing it is to haive of want;
 Or he cum to his perfyte aige, 2075
 We falbe ficker of our waige, Fol. 193. a.
 And than, lat ilk ane cairle craves vthir.

Diffait.

That mowth speik mair, my awin deir bruthir.
Heir fall Veritie entir and pafs to hir place,
quhair Flattrie fall spy hir with feir.

[*Veritie.*]

Gif men of me wald haif intelligence,
 Or knaw my name, thay call me Veritie; 2080
 Off Chrystis law I haif experience,
 And hes ourfaltit mony stormy sic.
 Now am I feikand king Humanitie,
 For of his grace I have gud esperance;
 Fra tyme that he acquaintit be with me, 2085
 His heich honour and gloir I fall avance.

Diffait.

Sancte Pater, quhair haif ye bene?
 Declair to ws of your novellis.

Flattrie.

Thair is new lichtit on the grene,
 Dame Veritie, be bukis and bellis; 2090
 Bot cum scho to the kingis prefence,
 Thair is na bute for ws to byde;
 Thairfoir, I rid ws all go hence.

Falset.

That will we not yit, be Sanct Bryd,
 Bot we fall owdir gang or ryd 2095
 To lordis of Spritualitie,
 And gar thame trow, yone bag of pryd
 Hes spokin manifest herefie.

*Heir the Vycis gais to the Sprituall Eflait, and
 lyis vpoun Veretie, desiring hir to be put in
 captiuitie, quhilk is done with diligence.*

Flattry.

Quhat buk is that, harlat, in to thy hand?
 Owt, walloway, this is the New Testment, 2100
 In Inglis tung, and prentit in England:
 Herefy, herefy, fy, fyre incontinent.

Veretie.

Forfwth freind, ye haive ane wrang jugment,
 For in that buike thair is no herefie,
 Bot Chryftis word richt dulce and redolent, 2105 Fol. 193. b.
 Ane¹ springand well of sinceir veretie.

Diffait.

Cum on your way, for all your yallow lokkis,
 Your wantone wordis, but dowt ye fall repent;
 This nicht ye fall bedryt ane pair of stokkis,
 And fyne the morne be brocht to jugement. 2110

Veretie.

For Chryftis saik I am richt weill content,
 To suffer all thing that fall pleifs his grace;
 Howbeid ye put a thowfand to torment,
 A hundreth thowfand fall ryfs in thair place.

Heir fall Veretie sit down on hir kneis and say:

¹ MS. has *And*.

Gett vp, thow fleipis all to lang, O Lord, 2115
 And mak ane reffonable reformatioun,
 On thame quhilk dois tramp doun thyne hevinly word,
 And hes ane deidly indignatioun,
 At thame quhilk makis trew narratioun.
 Suffer thame not no moir to be mollest; 2120
 O Lord, I mak the fupplicatioun,
 With thyne vnfreindis lat me not be opprest.
 I haif no moir to fay.

Flattry.

Sit doun, and tak yow reft,
 All nicht till it be day. 2125

Diffait.

My lordis, we have, with diligence,
 Bucklit weill vp yone bladdrand baird.

Spritualitie.

I think ye farve fum recompence;
 Tak thair ten crownis for your rewaird.

*Heir fall entir Chaiſtetie and fay:**[Chaiſtetie.]*

How lang fall this inconstant warld endure, 2130
 That I fowld baneift be fa lang, allace?
 Few crateuris, or none, takis of me ceure,
 Quhillkis garris me mony nichtis ly harbreles;
 Thocht I have paft all nicht fra place to place,
 Amang the Temporall and Sprituall Estaitis; 2135
 Nor amang princis I can gett na grace,
 Bot bufteoufly ar haldin at thair yaittis.

Dilligence.

Fol. 194. a.

Lady, I pray yow schaw to me your name,
It dois me noy your lamentatioun.

Chaiſtetic.

My freind, thair of I neid not think na ſchame; 2140
Dame Cheſtetie, baneift frome toun to toun.

Dilligence.

Than paſs to ladeis of religioun,
Quha makkis thair vow to obſerve cheſtetie;
Lo, quhair thair fittis ane priores of renown,
Amang the reſt of Spritualitie. 2145

*Heir fall ſcho paſs to the hail Sprituall Eſtait,
and ſcho fall not be reſſauit, bot put away.*

Dilligence.

Madame, quhat garris yow gang fa lait?
Tell me how ye haif done debait,
With the Temporall and Sprituall Stait;
Quha did yow moiſt kyndnes?

Cheſtetie.

In faith, I fand bot ill and war, 2150
That gart me ſtand frome thame afar,
Evin lyk a beggar at the bar,
And flemit me moir and leſs.

Dilligence.

I counſale yow, but tareing,
Paſs till Humanitie the king, 2155
Perchance he of his grace benyng,
Will mak to yow ſupport.

Chaifletie.

Off your counsale I am content,
 To pafs to him incontinent,
 And my fcheruice till him prefent, 2160
 In howp of fum confort.

Sollace.

Soveraune, get vp and fie ane hevinly ficht,
 Ane fair lady in quhyt abilyement;
 Scho may be peir to ony king or knycht,
 Moift lyk ane angell, be my jugement. 2165

Sensualitie.

Now, lat me fe quhat this mater ma mene,
 Perchance that I may knaw hir be hir face;
 But dowt this is dame Cheftetie, I wene.
 Sir, fcho and I ma not byd in a place, Fol. 194. b.
 Bot, gif it be the plefour of your grace, 2170
 That I remane in to your cumpany,
 Than this woman richt haiftelly gar chace,
 That fcho be not no moir fene in this cuntre.

King.

As evir ye pleifs, fweithairt, fo fall it be;
 Difpone hir as ye think expedient; 2175
 Evin as ye lift to latt hir leif or de,
 I will refer to yow that jugement.

Sensualitie.

Pafs on than, Sapience and Difcretioun,
 And bancifs hir owt of the kingis prefence.

Diffait.

That fall we do, madame, be Goddis paffioun, 2180
 We fall do your command with diligence,

And at your hand serve gudly recompence.
 Dame Chestetie, cum on, be nocht agaft;
 We fall richt sone, vpoun your awin expence,
 In to the stokkis your bony feit mak fast. 2185

*Heir fall thay harle Chestetie to the stokkis,
 and scho fall say:*

[*Chestetie.*]

I pray yow, fchiris, be patient,
 For I falbe obedient
 Till do quhat ye command;
 Sen I fe thair is no remeid,
 Howbeid it war to suffer deid, 2190
 Or flemd fourth of the land.
 I wyt the empriour Constantyne,
 That I am put to sic rewyne,
 And baneist frome the kirk;
 For, sen he maid the Paip a king, 2195
 In Rome I cowlde get na lugeing,
 Bot hyd me in the mirke.
 Bot lady Senfualitie
 Senfyne hes gydit that cuntre,
 And mekle of the rest; 2200
 And now scho rewlis all this land,
 And hes directit hir command,
 That I fowld be opprest.
 Bot all cumis for the best
 To thame that lovis the Lord; 2205
 Thocht I be now opprest,
 I trest to be restord.

*Heir fall thay put hir in the stokkis, and scho fall
 say [to Verete:¹]* Fol. 195.a.

Sifter, allace, this is a cairfull caice,
 That we with princis fowld fa be abhord.

¹ Inserted by a different hand.

Veretc.

Be blyth, sifter, I treft, within fchort fpace, 2210
 That we falbe richt honorablie reftord,
 And with the king we falbe at concord;
 For I heir tell Devyne Correctioun,
 Is new landit, thankit be God our Lord;
 I wat he will be our proteftioun. 2215

Finis of this Interlude.

*Ane Proclamatioun to be tane in eftirwart of the
 Pa[r]liament.¹*

*Heir fall meffinger Dilligence fay:**[Dilligence.]*

At the command of king Humanitie,
 I warne and chairge all memberis of parliament,
 Baith Sprituall Stait and Temporalitie,
 That to his grace thay be obedient,
 And fpeid thame to the court incontinent, 2220
 In gud ordour arrayit ryally.
 Quho beis absent ar inobedient,
 The kingis difplefour thay fall vndirly.

And als I mak yow exortatioun,
 Sen ye haif hard the first pairt of our play, 2225
 Ga tak ane drink and mak collatioun;
 Ilk man drink to his marrow, I yow pray.
 Tary nocht lang, it is lait of the day;
 Lat fum drink aill and fum the cleret wyne;
 Be grit doctouris of phevik I heir fay, 2230
 That mighty drink confortis a dull ingyne.

This verfs cikit [quhilk is in the first proclamatioun:]

Prudent pepill, I pray yow all,

¹ Inferted afterwards, but probably by the fame hand as the MS.

Tak no man greif in speciall,
 For we fall speik in generall,
 For pastyme be my fay.¹ 2235

Thairfoir till our rymes be rung,
 And our mistonit fangis be fung,
 Lat every man keip weill a tung,
 And every woman tway.

And ye ladeis that lift to pische, 2240
 Lift vp your taill, steill in a dische,
 And gife your quhislecaw cry quhiche,
 Stop in ane wisp of stray.

Latt not your bleddir birft, I pray yow, Fol. 195. b.
 For that is evin annewch till flay yow, 2245
 Becaus thair is to cum, a fay yow,
 The best pairte of our play.

*Heir fall entir Correctionis Varlet, for reformation,
 and fay:*

[*Correctionis Varlet.*]

Schiris, stand a bak and hald yow coy,
 I am the king Correctionis boy
 Cum heir to drefs his place. 2250

Se that ye mak obedience
 Vnto his nobill excellence,
 Fra tyme ye se his face;

For he makis reformationis,
 Owtthrwch all Cristin nationis, 2255
 Quhair he findis grit debaitis;

And, sa far as I vnderstand,
 He fall reforme in to this land
 All the Thre Estaitis.

God furth of Hevin he hes him fend, 2260
 To punneifs all that dois offend
 Vnto his maiestie;

As evir him lift to tak vengeance,

¹ This line was first written *For pastyme and play.*

Sum tyme with fwerd and pestilence,
 With derth and povertie. 2265
 Bot quhen the pepill dois repent,
 And beis to God obedient,
 Than will he geif thame grace;
 Bot thay that will not be correctit,
 Richt suddanly will be derectit, 2270
 And flemid far frome his face.
 For scyence I proteft,
 Of lord, laird and ledy;
 Now will I rin, but rest,
 And tell that all is redy. 2275

Diffait.

Bruder, hard ye yone proclamatioun?
 I dreid full fair for reformatioun
 Yone meffage makkis me mangit.
 Quhat is your counsale, to me tell?
 Remane we heir, be God him fell, 2280
 We will all thre be hangit.

Flattry.

I will ga to Spritualitie,
 And preiche owt thruche his dyocie,
 Quhair I wilbe vnknawin;
 Or keip me cloifs in to sum closter, 2285
 With mony peteous pater nofter,
 Till all the boift be blawfn.

Diffait.

Fol. 196. a.

I will be treittit, as ye ken,
 With my maisteris, the merchandmen,
 Quhilk can mak small debait; 2290

It may weill mak ws landward lairdis; 2315
Now latt ws caft away thir clais,
In dreid fum follow on the chace.

Falfat.

Richt weill devyfit, be Sanct Blaifs;
Wald God we war owt of this place.
Heir fall thay caft away thair conterfit clais.

Diffait.

Now, fen thair is no man to wrang ws, 2320
I pray yow, bruder, with all myne hairt,
Latt ws now pairt this pelf amang ws;
Syne hestelly latt ws depairt.

Falfat.

Fol. 190. b.

Trowis thow to get als mekle as I?
That fall thow not; I ftall the box; 2325
Thow did na thing bot luikit by,
And lurkit lyk a wyly fox.

Diffait.

Thy heid fall beir a cuppill of knokkis,
Pelour, withowt I get my pairt.
Swyth, hurfone fmaik, ryve vp the lokkis, 2330
Or I fall ftik the thruch the hairt.
Heir fall thay fecht, with fylence.

Falfat.

Allace, for evir myne ec is owt;
Walloway, will no man red the men?

Diffait.

Vpoun thy clof tak thair a clowt,
To be cowrtace I fall the ken. 2335

Thay play bokeik, evin as I war a fkar. 2360
 Thair come thre knavis in clething conterfait,
 And fra the king thay gart me stand a far,
 Quhois names war Falfat, Flattry and Diffait;
 Bot, quhen thay knavis hard tell of your cuming,
 Thay stall away, ilk ane a findry gait, 2365
 And keft fra thame thair conterfait clething.
 For thair leving full weill thay can debait;
 The merchandmen thay haive reffet Diffait,
 And for Falfat, full weill, my lord, I ken,
 He will be richt weill treitit air and lait, 2370
 Amang the maist pairt of the craftifmen.
 Flattry hes tane the habeit of a freir,
 Purposing to begyle the Sprituall Estait.

Correclioun.

But dowt, my freindis, and I leive half a yeir,
 I fall ferche owt thair iniquitie. 2375
 Quhair lyis yone ladyis in captiuitie?
 How now, sifteris, quho hes yow so disgyfit?

Veretie.

Vnmercifull memberis of iniquitie
 Dispytfully hes ws, my lord, suppryfit.

Correclioun.

Ga, put yone ladyis to thair libertie 2380
 Incontinent, and brek doun all the stokkis;
 But dowt thay ar full deir wylcum to me.
 Mak diligence; methink ye do bot mokkis;
 Speid hand, and spair not for to brek the lokkis,
 And tendirly tak thame vp be the hand. 2385
 Had I thame heir, thay knavis fowld ken my knokkis,
 That thame opprest and bancift of this land.

*Heir fall thay be tane owt of the stokkis, and
 thay fall fay:*

[*Gude Counsaile, Veretie, Chestetie.*]

We thank yow, schir, of your benigntie;
 Bot, I befeik your maiestie royall,
 That ye wald pafs to king Humanitie, 2390
 And fleme fra him yone lady Sensuall,
 And entir in his scheruice Gude Counfall,
 For ye will find him verry counsalable. Fol. 197.b.

Correc̃tioun.

Cum on, sifteris, as ye haif said I fall,
 And gar him stand at yow thre, firme and stable. 2395

*Heir fall Gud Counsaile, Verete and Chestetie,
 cum to the king with Correc̃tioun.*

Correc̃tioun.¹

Get vp, schir king, ye haif slepit annewch.
 In to the armes of lady Sensuall;
 Be feure that moir belangis to the plewch,
 As eftirward perchance reherfs I fall.
 Remembir fow the king Sardanapall 2400
 Among fair ladyis tuk his lust fa lang,
 So that the moist pairt of his liegis all
 Rebeld, and fyne him dulfully doun thrang.

Remembir how in to the tyme of Noy,
 For the fowle stinkand fyn of lichery, 2405
 God, be my wand, did all the world distroy;
 Sodome and Gomer richt so full rigourusly,
 For that self fyn war brint rycht crewally.
 Thairfoir I the command incontinent
 Banneifs frome the that huir Sensualitie, 2410
 Or ellis but dowt rudly thow falt repent.

King.

Be quhome haif ye so grit awtoritie,
 Quhilk dois presome for till correct a king?

¹ So in MS.

Knaw ye nocht me, the king Humanitie,
That in my regioun royally did ring? 2415

Correclioun.

I haif power grit princis to doun thring,
That leivis contrar the maiestie devyne;
Agane the trewth quhilk planely dois maling,
But thay repent, I put thame to rewyne.
I wilbegin at the, quhilk is the heid, 2420
And mak on the first reformatioun;
Thy liegis than will follow the but pleid.
Swyth, harlot, hens the withowt dillatioun.

Senfualitie.

My lord, I mak yow supplicatioun,
Gif me licence to pafs agane to Rome; 2425
Among the princis of that natioun,
I lat yow wit my bewty thair will blome.
Heir fall Senfualitie depairt fra the king. Fol. 198. a.

Correclioun.

My lord, fen ye ar quyt of Senfualitie,
Reffaif in to your scheruice Gud Counfale,
And richt so this fair lady Chestetie, 2430
Till ye mary sum quene of blude royall;
Observe than chestetie matrimoniall.
Richt so reffaif heir Veretie be the hand;
Vfe thair counfale, your fame fall nevir fall,
Thairfoir with thame mak ane perpetuall band. 2435
Heir fall the king reffaif the Thre Vertewis.

[*King.*]

I am content your counfale till inclyne,
Ye beand of so gud conditioun.
At your command fall be all that is myne,
And heir I gif yow full commissioun,

To pyneifs faltis and gif remissioun; 2440
 To all vertew I falbe consonable;
 With yow I fall confirme ane vnioun,
 And, at your counsale, stand ay firme and stable.

Correctionn.

I counsale yow incontinent,
Agane proclame the parliament,
Of all the Thre Estaitis;
That thay be heir with diligence,
To mak to yow obedience,
And fone drefs all debaitis.

King.

That fall be done, but mair demand. 2450
How, Diligence, cum heir fra hand,
And tak your informatioun;
Go, warne the Spritualitie,
Richt so the Temporalitie,
To gif ws thair counfaislis. 2455
Quho so beis absent to thame schaw,
That thay fall vndirly our law,
And puneift be that failis.

Diligence.

Schir, I fall, baith in bruch and land,
With diligence do your command,
Vpoun my awin expens.
Schir, I haif secheruit all this yeir,
Bot I gat nevir ane dynneir
Yit, for my recompence.

King.

Pafs on, for thow falbe regairdit, 2465
And for thy fcheruice weill rewairdit ;
For quhy? with my consent,

Thow fall haif yeirly for thy hyre,
 The teind myffillis of the ferry myre,
 Confirmd in parliament. 2470

Dilligence.

I will get riches with that rent,
 Eftir the day of dome,
 Quhen, in the coillpottis of Trannent,
 Buttir will grow on brome.
 All nicht I had fa mekle drowth 2475
 I nicht not sleip a wink;
 Or I proclame ocht with my mowth,
 But dowt I mon haif drink.

Correc̃tioun.

Cum heir Placebo and Solace,
 With your companycoun Wantones, 2480
 I ken weill your conditioun.
 For tyfting of Humanitie,
 To reffaif Sensualitie,
 Ye mon suffir pvnitioun.

Wantonefs.

We grant, my lord, we haif done ill, 2485
 Thairfoir we put ws in your will;
 Bot we haif bene abusit,
 For in gudfaith, fchir, we belevit,
 That lichery fowld no man haif grevit,
 Becaufs it is fo vfit. 2490
 Schir, we fall mend our conditioun,
 So ye gif ws anc fre remiffioun;
 Bot gif ws leif to fing,
 To dance, and play at ches and tabillis,
 To reid storyis and mirry fabillis, 2495
 For plesour of the king.

Correclioun.

So that ye do non vthir cryme,
 Ye fall be pardond at this tyme;
 For quhy? as I suppois,
 Princes sumtyme mon feik follace, 2500
 With mirth and lefull mirrenefs,
 Thair spreitis to reioifs.

King.

Fol. 199.a.

Quhair is Sapience and Discretioun?
 And quhy cumis not Devotioun nar?

Veretie.

Sapience, schir, was ane verry loun, 2505
 And Discretioun was nyne tymes war.
 The fwth, schir, gif I wald report,
 Thay did begyle your excellence,
 And wald not suffer to refort
 Non of ws thre to your prefence. 2510

Chaisletie.

Thay thre was Flattry and Dissait,
 And Falsat, that vnhappy loun,
 Aganis ws thre quhilk maid debait,
 And baneist ws frome toun to toun;
 Thay gart ws tway fall in to foun, 2515
 Quhen thay ws lokkit in the stokkis;
 That dastard quhilk ye call Discretioun,
 Full thiftoufly he stall your box.

King.

The Divill tak thame, fen thay ar gane,
 Me thocht thame ay thre verry fmaikis; 2520
 I mak ane vow to sweit Sanct Fillane,
 Get I thame thay fall beir thair paikis;

I fe thay playd with me the glaikkis.
 Gud Counfale, now schaw me the best;
 Sen I fix on yow thre my staikis, 2525
 How fall I keip my realme in rest?

*Heir fall the Thre Eflaitis compeir to the
 parliament, and the king fall say:*

My prudent lordis of the Thre Estaitis,
 It is our will, aboif all vthir thing,
 For to reforme all thay that makis debaitis
 Contrair the richt, quhilk daylie dois maling. 2530
 And thay that dois the commoun weill doun thring,
 With help and counfale of king Correccioun,
 It is our will for to mak puniffing,
 And plane oppreffouris put to subiectioun.

Dilligence.

Fol. 199. b.

All mener of men I warne, that bene opprest,
 Cum and complene, and thay fall be redrest; 2535
 For quhy? it is yone nobill princis willis,
 That all complenaris fall gif in thair billis.

Foline the Commoun weill.

Owt of my gait, for Goddis faik lat me gae;
 Tell me agane, gudmaister, quhat ye fac. 2540

Dilligence.

I warne all that bene wrangusly offendit,
 Cum and complene, and thay fall be amendit.

Commoun weill.

Thankit be Chryft, that ware the croun of thorne,
 For I was nevir fa blyth fen I was borne.

Dilligence.

Quhat is thy name, fallow, that wald I feill? 2545

Johine.

Forfwth, thay call me Johine the Commoun weill.
 Gud maister, I wald speir at yow ane thing;
 Quhair trest ye fall I find yone new maid king?

Dilligence.

Cum our, and I fall schaw the till his grace.

Johine.

Now Godis braid bennifoun licht vpoun that face; 2550
 Stand by the gait, lat se gif I can lowp,
 I mon rin fast, in dreid I gett a cowp.

*Heir fall Johine ryn to lowp our the water,
 and he fall fall in the middis of it.*

Dilligence.

Speid the away, thow taryis all to lang.

Johine.

Schir, be this day, I nicht not faster gang.
 Gudday, gudday, grit God faive baith your graxis; 2555
 Wally, wally, faw tha twa weill fard facis.

King.

Schaw me thy name, gud man, I the command.

Johine.

Mary, Johine the Commoun weill of fair Scotland.

King.

The Commoun weill hes bene amang his fais.

Johine.

Ye, that, schir, garris the Commoun weill want clais. 2560

Fol. 200. a.

Correclioun.

Johine, quhome vpoun complene ye, or quho makis yow debaitis?

Johine.

Schir, I complene vpoun the King and all the Thre Estaitis;
 As for our reverend faderis of Spritualitie,
 Ar led be Covettyce, and¹ this cairle and Temporalitie;
 And als ye fe Temporalitie hes neid of Correccioun, 2565
 Quhilk hes lang tyme bene led be publiſt oppreſſioun.
 Lo, fee quhair the loun lyis lurkand at his bak;
 Get vp, I think to fe thy craig gar a raip crak.
 How, fenyeit Flattray, the Feind fart on that face,
 Quhen ye war gydar of the court we gat littill grace; 2570
 Ryfs vp Falfat and Diffait, without ony fonyie,
 I pray God nor the Divillis dam dryt on that grunye.
 Behald as the loun luikis evin lyk a theif,
 Mony wicht workmen ye haif brocht to miſcheif.
 My foverane lord Correccioun, I mak yow ſupplicatioun, 2575
 Put thir tryit trucouris frome Cryftis congregatioun.

Correccioun.

As ye haif devyſit, but dowt it falbe done;
 Cum heir annone, my fcherwandis, and do your det fone;
 Put firſt the thre pilouris in to the priſſone ſtrang,
 Howbeid ye hang thame heftelly, yedo thame nowrang. 2580

Firſt Sariand.

Soverane lord, we fall obey all your commandis.
 Bruder, vpoun thay harlottis lay on your handis;
 Ryifs vp, Lowry, ye luik evin lyk a lurdane,
 Your mowth war meit evin to drink owt a jurdane.

Secund Sariand.

Cum heir, goſſep, cum heir, cum heir, 2585
 Your rakles lyf ye fall repent;
 Quhen had ye wont to be ſo ſweir?
 Stand ſtill and be obedient.

4 B

¹ And has perhaps been deleted.

i Sariand.

Thair is not ane in all this toun,
 Bot I wald nocht this taill war tawd, 2590
 Bot I wald hang him for his gown,
 Quhiddir he war lord or lawid.
 I trow this pylour be spurgawd;
 Thow art ane stif knaif I stand ford,
 Howbeid I fe thy skalp fkyr skawd; 2595
 Put in thyne handis in to this cord.

Heir ar they led and put in the flokkis.

Gud Counsale.

Fol. 200. b.

My wirde lordis, sen ye haif on hand
 Sum reformatioun to mak in to this land,
 And als ye knaw it is the kingis mynd,
 Quhilk to the commoun weill hes ay bene kynd, 2600
 Thocht reiff and thift war stanchit weill annewch,
 Yit sum thing moir belangis to the plewch.
 Now in to peice ye fowld provyd for weiris,
 And be feur off how mony thowfand speiris
 The king ma be, quhen he hes ocht ado; 2605
 For quhy? my lordis, this is my reffone, lo,
 The hufbendmen and commouns thay war wount,
 Go in the battell formeft in the brount.
 Bot I haif tynt myne experience,
 Withowt ye mak sum bettir dilligence, 2610
 The commoun weill mon vthir wayis be stylyt,
 Or, be my faith, the realme will be begylit.
 Thir peur commouns, daylie as ye may fe,
 Declynis doun till extreme povertie;
 For sum ar heichtit so in to thair mail, 2615
 Thair wyning will nocht find thame wattir caill.
 How kirkmen heichtis thair teindis, it is weill knawin,
 That hufbendmen no wayis may hald thair awin;
 And now begynis ane plaig vpoun thame new,

That gentillmen thair fteidingis takis in few; 2620
 Thus mon thay pay grit ferme or leif the fteid;
 And fum ar planely hurlit owt be the heid,
 Thay ar diftroyit withowt God on thame rew.

Povertie.

Schir, be Godis breid, that taill is verry trew;
 It is weill kend I had baith nolt and horfs, 2625
 Now all my geir ye fe vpoun my corfs.

Correc̃tioun.

Or I depairt, I think to mak gud ordour.

Commoun weill.

I pray yow, fir, begin than at the bordour;
 For how fowld we defend ws agane Ingland,
 Quhen we can nocht, within our native land, 2630
 Diftroy our awin Scottis commoun trator theivis,
 That to leill labowraris daylie dois mischeivis?
 War I ane king, my lord, be cokkis woundis,
 Quha evir held commoun theivis within thair boundis,
 Quhairthrow that leill men daylie micht be wrangit, 2635
 Withowt remeid thair cheftanis fowld be hangit; Fol. 201. a.
 Quhiddel he war ane knycht, lord or laird,
 The Diuill beir me till Hell and he war fpaired.

Temporalitie.

Quhat vthir ennemyis hes thow, lat ws ken?

Commoun weill.

Schir, I complene vpoun all ydill men, 2640
 For quhy, fchir? it is Goddis awin bidding,
 All Cristiane men to wirk for thair leving;
 Sanct Pawle, the pillar of the kirk,
 Sayis to tha wratchis that will nocht wirk,
 And bene to vertewis labour laith, 2645
 Qui non laborat non menduceth;

This bene in Inglis tounge to treit,
 Quho labouris nocht he fall not eit.
 This bene agane thir strang beggaris,
 2650 Fidlaris, pypparis and pardonaris;
 Thir juglaris, jefouris and ydill henfouris,
 Thir cariowris and thir quynte fenfouris;
 Thir babill beraris and thir bairdis,
 Thir sweir swyngeouris, with lordis and lairdis,
 2655 Mo than thair rentis may fustene,
 Or to thair proffeit neidfull bene;
 Quhilk bene ay blythefte of discordis,
 And deidly feid amang the lordis;
 For than thay trucouris man be treitit,
 2660 Or ellis thair quarrellis ar vndebaitit.
 And munkis, preiftis, channonis and freiris,
 Auguftynis, Carmeleitis and Cordeleiris;
 And vthiris that in cowlis bene cled,
 Quhilk labouris not and bene weill fed.

Correc̃tioun.

Quhome vpoun ma wilt thow complene? 2665

Fohine.

Mary, fchir, ma and mae agane;
 For the peur pepill cryis with cairis
 The grit misfving of justice airis,
 Exercit mair for covettyce,
 2670 Nor for pvniffing of vyce.
 Ane pegrall theif that fteilis a kow
 Is hangit; bot he that fteilis a bow,
 With als mekle geir as he may turfs,
 2675 That theif is hangit be the purfs.
 So pykand pegrall theivis ar hangit,
 Bot he that all the world hes wrangit,
 A crewall tirrand, a strang tranfgreffour,
 Ane commoun publict plane oppreffour,

By buddis will he obtene favouris,
 Off thefawrar and compofitowris; 2680
 Thocht he ferve grit pvnifioun,
 Gettis efy compofitioun.
 And thruche lawis confistoriall,
 Prolixt, corrupt and pertiall,
 The commoun pepill ar put at vnder; 2685
 Thocht thay be peure, it is na wounder.

Correc̃tioun.

Gud Johine, I grant all that is trew.
 Your infortoun full fair I rew;
 Or I pairte of this natioun,
 I fall mak reformatioun. 2690
 And als, my lordis Temporalitie,
 I yow command in tyme, that yie
 Expell oppreffoun of your landis;
 And als I fay to yow merchandis,
 And evir I fynd, be land or fie, 2695
 Diffait in to your cumpanye,
 Quhilk ar to commoun weill contrare,
 I wow to God, I fall not fpair
 To put my sword to executioun,
 And mak on yow extreme pvniffioun. 2700
 Mairattour, my lord Temporalitie,
 In gudly haift I will that yie
 Sett in to few your temporall landis,
 To men that labowris with thair handis,
 Bot nocht to jynkyne gentill man, 2705
 That nowdir will he wirk or can,
 Quhairby that pollecy may increfs.

Temporalitie.

I am content, fchir, be the mcfs,
 Swa that the Spritualitie
 Sett thairis in few als weill as we. 2710

[*Correction.*]

My Sprituall lordis, ar ye content?

Spiritualitie.

Na, we mon tak avysement;
 In sic materis for to conclude
 Our heftelly, I think nocht gude.

Fol. 202.a.

Correc̃tioun.

Conclude ye not with the commoun weill,
 Ye falbe puncift, be fweit Sanct Jeill.

2715

Spiritualitie.

Schir, I can schaw yow exemptioun
 Fra your temporall pvniffioun,
 The quhilk we purpoifs to debait.

Correc̃tioun.

Wa, than ye think to ftryve for stait.
 My lordis, quhat fay ye to this pley?

2720

Temporalitie.

My foverane lord, we will obey,
 And tak your pairte with hairt and hand,
 Quhat evir ye pleifs ws to command.

Heir fall thay fit down and ask grace.

Bot we befeik yow, our foverane,
 Of all our crymes that ar bygane,
 To gif ws twa ane full remiffioun;
 And heir we mak to yow condiffioun,
 The commoun weill for till defend,
 Frome hynefurth till our lyvis end.

2725

2730

Correc̃tioun.

On that conditioun, I am content
 Tell pardoun yow, fen ye repent,

And Commoun weill tak be the hand,
And mak with him perpetuall band.

Heir fall thay imbrace the Commoun weill.

Correctioun.¹

Johine, haif ye ony ma debaitis 2735
Aganis my lordis the Sprituall Estaitis?

Johine.

Na, fchir, we dar not speik a word;
To plene on preiftis it is na bowrd.

Sprituallitie.

Flyt on thy fill, fule, I defy the,
Sa thow schaw bot the verety. 2740

Johine.

Gramercy, than fall I not spair.
Firft to complene on our vicair;
The peur cottar lyand to die,
Havand small bairnis two or thre,
And hes two ky withowttin mo, 2745
The vicar most haif on of tho;
With the gray coit that happis the bed, Fol. 202. b.
Howbeid the wyf be peurlly cled.
And gif the wyf de on the morne,
Thocht all the bairnis fowld be forlorne, 2750
The vthir cow he cleikis away,
With hir peur coit of roploch gray.
Wald God this custome war put down,
Quhilk nevir was foundit be reffoun.

Temporalitie.

- Ar all thay tailis trew, that thow tellis? 2755

¹ So in MS.

Povertie.

Trew, schir, yee, the Diuill stik me ellis;
 For, be the holy Trinitie,
 That fame was practik vpoun me.
 For our vicar, God gif him pyne,
 Hes yit thre tydy ky of myne, 2760
 Ane for my fader, and for my wyf ane vder,
 The thrid cow he tuik for Meg my moder.

Fohine.

Our perfone heir he takis na vder pyne,
 Bot to reffaif his teindis, and spend thame syne;
 Howbeid that he be obleift be reffoun, 2765
 To preiche the evangell to his parichoun;
 And thocht thay want the preiching fevintene yeir,
 Our perfone will not want ane scheif of beir.

Temporalitie.

Forfwth, my lordis, I think we fowld conclude,
 Twiching this kow ye haif ane consvetude; 2770
 We will decerne heir that the kingis grace
 Sall wryt vnto the Poipis halynecs,
 With his consent, be proclamatioun,
 Baith cors present and cow we fall cry doun.

Sprituallity.

To that, my lordis, planely we disconsent; 2775
 Natar thairof I tak ane instrument.

Scryb.

Ye gar me wryt mony findry aēt,
 And to me ye nevir cast in a plack.

Poverty.

Ha, my lordis, for the holy Trinitie,
 Remembir for to reforme the confistory; 2780
 It hes mair neid of reformatioun;
 Nor Plutois court, be cokkis passiouun.

Person.

Fol. 203. a.

Quhat caufs hes thow, pylour, for to plenyie?
 Quhair was thow evir fummond to thair fenyie?

Povertie.

Mary, I lent my goffop my meir to fetche in coilis, 2785
 And he hir drownit in to the quarrell hoilis,
 And I ran to the conftry for to plenyie,
 And thair I hapnit amang ane greidy menyie.
 Thay gaif me first ane thing thay call citandum,
 Within awcht dayis I gat bot libellandum, 2790
 Within ane moneth I gat ad opponendum.
 In half ane yeir I gat interloquendum,
 And syne I gat, quhow call yeid? ad replicandum;
 Bot I cowlde nevir ane word yit vndirstand him.
 And than thay gart me cast owt mony plakkis, 2795
 And gart me pay for four and twenty actis;
 Bot or thay come half gait ad concludendum,
 The feind ane plak was left for to defend him.
 Thus thay postponit me twa yeir with thair trane,
 Syne, hodie ad octo, bad me cum agane, 2800
 And than, thay ruikis, thay rowpit woundir fast,
 For centence silver thay cryit at the last;
 Off pronounciandum thay maid me woundir fane,
 Bot I gat nevir my gud gra meir agane.

Temporalite.

My lordis, we mon reforme thir confistory lawis, 2805
 Quhois grit defame abone the hevin blawis.

I wift ane man, in perfewing ane kow,
 Or he had done he spendit half a bow;
 So that the kingis honor we may advance,
 We will conclud as thay haif done in France; 2810
 Lat sprituall materis pas to Spritualitie,
 And temporall materis to Temporalitie:
 Quho failis in this fall coift thame of thair gude.
 Scrib, mak ane act, for so we will conclude.

Spritualitie.

That act, my lordis, planely I yow declair, 2815
 It is aganis our proffeit singulair.
 Till all your actis planely I difconsent,
 Notar thairof I tak ane instrument.

Heir fall entir Commoun Thift.

[*Common Thift.*]

Ga by the gait, man, lat me gang;
 How diuill come I in to this thrang? 2820
 With forrow I may sing my sang, ~

And I be tane.

I haif run baith nicht and day, Fol. 203. b.
 Throw speid of fute I gat away;
 Bot be I kend heir, walloway, 2825
 I wilbe flane.

Povertie.

Quhat is thy name, man, be thy thrift?

Thift.

Hurfone, thay call me Commoun Thift,
 For I had nevir na vder chift,
 Sen I was borne. 2830
 In Ewifdail was my dwelling place,
 Mony wyfe gart I cry, Allace,
 At my hand thay gat nevir grace,
 Bot ay forlorne.

- Sum fayis ane king is cum amang ws, 2835
 That purposis to heid and hang ws;
 Thair is na grace, and he may fang ws,
 Bot on ane pin.
 Ring he, we theivis will get na gude;
 I pray God and the holy rude, 2840
 Sen he had fmord in till his cude,
 And all his kin.
 Get this curft king me in his grippis,
 My craig will wit quhat weyis my hippis;
 The Divill I gif thair tung and lippis, 2845
 That of me tellis.
 Adew, I dar nocht langar tary,
 For be I kend, thay will me kary.
 And put me in ane fery fary,
 I fee nocht ellis. 2850
 I raif, be him that herreit Hell,
 I had almaiſt foryet my fell;
 Will na gud fallow to me tell,
 Quhare I may fynd
 The Erle of Rothes beſt haiknay? 2855
 That was my erand heir away:
 He is richt ſtark, as I heir fay,
 And ſwift as wind.
 Heir is my brydill and my ſpurris,
 To gar him lanſs our feild and furris, 2860
 Mycht I him gett now Ewis the durris,
 I tak na cure;
 Off that horſs nicht I get ane ſicht,
 I haif na dowl yit or midnicht,
 That he and I ſowld tak the flicht 2865
 Thruche Dyfart mvre.
 Off cumpanary, tell me, bruder, Fol.204.a
 Quhilk is the richt way to the Struder;
 I wald be wylcum to my moder,
 Gif I nicht ſpeid. 2870

Bruder, tak patience in thy pane,
 For I fveir the, be Sanct Fillane, 2900
 We twa fall nevir meit agane,
 In land nor toun.

Thift.

Maifter, will ye not keip conditioun,
 And put me furth of this fuspitioun?

Oppressioun.

Na nevir, quhill I get remiffioun. 2905
 Adew my companyeoun;
 I fall command the to thy dame.

Thift.

Adew than, in the Divillis name;
 For to be fals thinkis thow na schame; Fol. 204. b.
 To leif me in this pane, 2910
 Thow art ane loun, and that ane liddir.

Oppressioun.

Bo, man, I will go to Baquihiddir,
 It fall be Pafche, be Goddis moder,
 Or evir we meit agane.
 Haif I nocht maid ane honest chift, 2915
 That hes betrafit Commoun Thift?
 For thair is nocht vnder the lift,
 A curftar corfs.

I am richt feur that he and I,
 Within this half yeir, craftely 2920
 Hes ftowin ane thowfand fcheip and ky,
 By meiris and horfs.

Wald God, that I war found and haill,
 Now liftit in to Liddifdaill,
 The Merfs fowld fynd me beif and caill, 2925
 Quhattrak of breid.

War I thair liftit with my lyfe,
 The Diuill fowld stik me with a knyfe,
 And evir I come agane in Fyfe,
 Quhill I wor deid. 2930
 Adew, I leif the Divill amang yow,
 That in his fingaris he may fang yow,
 With all leill men that dois belang yow;
 For I may rew,
 That evir I come in to this land. 2935
 For quhy? ye may weill vndirstand,
 I gat na geir to turne myne hand;
 Yit anis adew.

Correclioun.

I counfale yow, schir, now fra hand,
 Gar baneifs yone freir owt of this land, 2940
 And that incontinent.
 Do ye not so, withowttin weir,
 We will mak all this toun on fleir,
 I knaw his fals intent.
 Yone flattrand knavis, withowttin fable, 2945
 I think thay ar nocht profitabile,
 For Chryftis regioun.
 To begin reformatioun,
 Mak of thame deprivation,
 This is my opinioun. 2950

First Sariand.

Schir, pleifs ye that we twa invaid thame,
 And ye fall fe ws fone degraid thame, Fol. 205. a.
 Of cowle and skaiparie.

Correclioun.

Pas on, I am richt weill content;
 Syne baneifs thame incontinent, 2955
 Owt of this cuntrie.

Gud Counsale.

Schir, be the haly Trinitie,
 This fame is fenyeit Flattrye, 2980
 I ken him be his face ;
 Belevand for to get promotioun,
 He said that his name was Devotioun,
 And so begyld your grace.

Firſt Sariand.

Cum on, Schir Flattry, be the mefs, 2985
 We fall leir yow to dance,
 Within ane bony littill fpaice,
 Ane new paven of France.

Flattry.

Now, my lord, for Goddis faik, latt nocht hang me,
 Howbeid thir widdefowis wald wrang me, 2990 Fol. 205, b.
 I can mak no debait,
 To win my meit at plewch or harrowis,
 Bot I fall help to hang my marrowis,
 Baith Falfat and Diffait.

Correc̃tioun.

Than pafs thy way, and graith the gallowis, 2995
 Syne help for to hang vp thy fallowis,
 Thow gettis na vder grace.

Flattry.

Off that office I am content,
 Bot our prellattis I dreid repent,
 Be I flemid frome thair face. 3000

*Heir fall Flattry pafs to the ſlokkis and
 ſit beſyd his marrowis.*

Correclioun.

As thow hes said, it fall be done; 3025
 Swyth, fariandis, hang yone fwyngcouris fone.

Heir fall the fariandis lowifs thame furth Fol. 206. a.
of the flokkis and leid thame to the gallowis.

First Sariand.

Cum heir, schir theif, cum heir, cum heir,
 Quhen war ye wont to be so fweir?
 To hunt cattell ye war ay speidy,
 Thairfoir ye fall waif in a widdy. 3030

Thift.

Man I be hangit, allace, allace?
 Is thair nane heir may get me grace?
 Yit, or I dee, gif me a drink.

First Sariand.

Fy, hurfone cairkle, I feill a stink.

Thift.

Thocht I wald not that it war wittin, 3035
 Schir, in gud faith, I am beschittin,
 To wit the veretie, gif ye pleifs,
 Lowifs doun my hoifs, put in your neifs.

First Sariand.

Thow art ane lymmar, I stand ford,
 Slip in thy heid in to this cord, 3040
 For thow had nevir ane metar tippat.

Thift.

Allace, this is ane fellone rippat;
 The widdefow wardanis tuik my geir,

And left me nowdir horfs nor meir,
 Nor erdly gude that me belangit;
 Now, walloway, I mon be hangit. 3045

Repent your lyvis, all plane oppreßfouris,
 All myrdressaris and strang transgreßfouris,
 Or ellis ga chuse yow gud confeffouris,
 And mak yow ford; 3050

For and ye tary in this land,
 And come vnder Correßtionis band,
 Your grace falbe, I vndirftand,
 Ane gud fcharp cord.

Adew my brethir commoun theivis,
 That helpit me in my mischeivis; 3055

Adew, Großfäris, Nikfonis and Bellis,
 Oft haif we fairne owtthruche the fellis;
 Adew Robfonis, Hawis and Pylis,
 That in our craft hes mony wylis; 3060

Littillis, Trumbillis and Armeßtrangis;
 Adew all theivis that me belangis,
 Tailyeouris, Erewynis and Elwandis,
 Speidy of feit and flicht of handis;
 The Scottis of Eißdaill and the Grames; 3065

I haif na tyme to tell your names.
 With king Correßtioun be ye fangit,
 Beleif richt feur ye will be hangit.

Firß Sarvand.

Speid hand, man, with thy clittir clatter.

Thift.

For Goddis faik, man, latt me mak watter,
 Howbeid I haif bene cattell greidy, 3070
 It is fchame to pißche in a widdy.

Heir fall Flattry hang Thift.

Secound Sariand.

Cum heir, Diffait, my companyeoun;
 Saw evir man lykar ane loun
 To hing vpoun ane gallowis? 3075

Diffait.

This is annewch to mak me mangit;
 Dull fell me, fen I mon be hangit,
 Lat me speik with my fallowis.
 I trow wan fortoun brocht me heir;
 Quhat mekle feind maid me so speidy? 3080
 Sen it was faid it was fevin yeir,
 That I fowld waif in till a widdy:
 I leirit my maisteris to be greidy.
 Adew, for I fe no remeid;
 Se quhat it is to be evill deidy. 3085

Secound Sariand.

Now in this helter put in thyne heid;
 Stand still, me think ye draw abak.

Diffait.

Allace, maister, ye hurt my crag.

Secound Sariand.

It will hurt bettir, I wad ane plak,
 Richt now, quhen ye hing on a knag. 3090

Diffait.

Adew, my maisteris, merchand men,
 I haif yow fcheruit, as ye ken,
 Trewly, baith air and lait.
 I fay to yow for conclusioun,
 I dreid ye gang to confusioun, 3095
 Fra tyme ye want Diffait.
 I leirit yow merchandis mony a wyle,

Vpaallandis wyvis for to begyle,
 Vpoun the mercat day;
 And gart thame trow your stuff was guid, 3100 Fol. 207. a.
 Quhen it was rottin, be the rude,
 And fwer it was not fway.
 I was ay roundand in your cir,
 And leird yow for to ban and fweir,
 Quhat your geir coift in France, 3105
 Howbeid the divill a word was trew.
 Your craftines gif Correctioun knew,
 Wald turne yow to mischance.
 I leird yow wylis monyfald;
 To mix the new wyne with the ald, 3110
 That fassone was na folly:
 To fell richt deir and by gud chaip,
 And mix ry meill amang the faip,
 And fassroun with oyldolly.
 Foryett not ockar, I counfale yow, 3115
 Mair nor the vicar dois the cow,
 Or lordis thair dowbill maill;
 Howbeit your elwand be to scant,
 Or your pund wecht twa vncis want,
 Think that bot lyttill fail. 3120
 Adew, the grit clan Jamefoun,
 The blude rowyall of Cowpar toun,
 I was ay to yow trew;
 Boith Anderfone and Paterfone,
 Abone thame all, Thome Williamfone, 3125
 My absens fair will rew.
 Thome Williamfone, it is your parte,
 To pray for me with all your harte,
 And think vpoun my warkis;
 How I leird yow ane gud leffoun, 3130
 For to begyle, in Edinburcht toun,
 The bifchop and his clerkis.

Ye yung merchandis may cry allace,
 Lucklaw, Welandis, Carruderfs, Dowglace,
 Yon curst king ye may ban; 3135
 Had I leuit bot half ane yeir,
 I fowld haif leird yow craftis perqueir,
 To begyle wyfe and man.
 How, may ye merchandis mak debait,
 Fra ye want me, your man Diffait; 3140
 For yow I mak grit cair.
 Withowt I ryfs fra deid to lyve,
 I wait weill, ye will nevir thryve,
 Fairdar nor the fourt air.

Heir fall Diffait be hangit.

Firſt Sariand.

Fol. 207. b.

Cum heir, Falfet, and menſs this gallowis; 3145
 Ye mon hyng vp amang your fallowis,
 For your cankart conditioun;
 Mony ane wicht man haif ye wrangit,
 Thairfoir, but dowt, ye fall be hangit,
 But mercy or remiffioun. 3150

Falfet.

Allace, mon I be hangit to?
 Quhat mekle diuill is this ado?
 How com I to this cummer?
 My gud maifteris, ye craftifmen,
 Want ye Falfat, full weill I ken, 3155
 Ye will de all for hunger.
 Ye men of craft may cry, Allace,
 Quhen ye want me, ye want your grace;
 Thairfoir put in to wryte
 My leſſonis that I did yow leir, 3160
 Howbeid the commownis ene ye bleir,
 Compt ye not that a myte.

Find me ane wobstar that is leill,
 Or ane walker that will not steill,
 Thair craftines I ken; 3165
 Or ane millar that hes na falt,
 That will steill nowdir meill nor malt;
 Hald thame for hely men.
 At our fleschouris tak ye no greif,
 Thocht that ye blaw lene myttone and beif, 3170
 To gard feme fat and fair,
 Thay think that practik bot a mow,
 Howbeid the divill a thing it dow,
 To thame I leird that lair.
 I leird telyeouris, in every toun, 3175
 To schaip fyve quarteris fra a gown,
 In Angufs and in Fyffe;
 To vpalandis telyeouris I geve gud leve,
 To steill a filly stump or fleve,
 To Kittok his awin wyfe. 3180
 My gud mester, Andro Fortoun,
 Of telyeouris that may weir the croun,
 For me he will be mangit;¹
 Telyeour Beverage, my sone and air,
 I wait for me will rudly rair, 3185
 Fra tyme he fe me hangit.
 The bairfit dekin, Jamy Raff,
 Quha nevyr yit bocht kow nor caff, Fol. 208. a.
 Becaus he can not steill;
 Willy Caidycoch will mak no pleid, 3190
 Howbeit his wyf want beif and breid,
 Get he gud mat and meill.
 To the browstaris of Cowpar toun,
 I leif thame my blak malefoun,
 Als hairtly as I may; 3195
 To mak thin aill thay think na falt,
 Off mekle barne and littill malt,
 Agane the mercat day.

¹ MS. has *hangit*, and repeats it in line 3186.

And thay can mak, withowttin dowl,
 A kynd of aill thay call Harnis owt; 3200
 Wait ye how thay mak that?
 A culroun quene, a laithly lurdane,
 Off strang wefche fcho ill tak a jurdane,
 And fettis in the pylefat;
 Quha drinkis of that aill, man or pege, 3205
 It will gar all thair harnifs rege.
 That jurdane I may rew,
 It gart my heid ryn hiddy giddy.
 Schiris, God, nor I de in ane widdy,
 Gif this taill be not trew. 3210
 Speir at the fowttar, Gordy Selly,
 Frome tyme that he hes fild his belly,
 With this vnhelfum haill;
 Than all the baxtaris will he ban,
 That mixis breid with duft and bran, 3215
 And fyne flour with beir meill.
 Adew, my maisteris, wrychtis and mafonis,
 I neid not leir yow ony leffonis,
 Ye knaw my craft perqueir.
 Adew, blakfmythis and loremeris, 3220
 Adew, the flinkand cordeneris,
 That fellis the fchone our deir.
 Goldfmythis, fair weill, abone thame all
 Remembir my memoriall;
 With mony ane crafty cast; 3225
 To mix fet ye not by twa prenis,
 Fyne ducat gold with hard gudlynis,
 Lyk as I leird yow laft.
 Quhen I was lugit vpaland,
 The fchiphirdis maid to me ane band, 3230
 Richt craftelly to steill;
 Than did I gif a confirmatioun,
 Till all the fchiphirdis of this natioun,
 That thay fowld nevir be leill;

And ilk ane to reffet ane vder. 3235

I knaw fals schiphirdis fifty fuder,
 War all thair cawteillis kend,

How thay mak thair conventionis,
 On montanis far fra ony townis;

 God, lat thame nevir mend. 3240

Amang craftismen it is ane woundir,
 To find ten leill amang ane hundir;

 The trewth I to yow tell.

Adew, I ma na langar tary,
 I mon pafs to the king of Fary, 3245

 Or ellis strecht way till Hell.

*Heir fall he luik vp to his marrowis
 that ar hingand, and fay:*

Wais me for the, gud Commoun Thift,
 Was nevir man¹ maid mair honest chift,

 His leving for to win;

Thair was nocht in all Liddifdaill, 3250

That ky mair craftelley coud stail,

 Quhair thow hingis on that pin.

Sawthan reffaif thy fawle, Diffait,

Thow was to me ane faithfull mait,

 And als my fader bruder. 3255

Duill fell the filly merchand men,

To mak thame fcherwice weill I ken,

 Sall nevir get ane vder.

*Heir fall Flattray fessin the cord abowt his
 neck, and thairstir Falsat fall say:*

Gif ony man list for to be my mait,

Cum follow me, for I am at the gait; 3260

Cum follow me, all cative cuvetous kingis,

Revaris but richt of vthir menis realmes and ringis;

Togidder with all wrangus conquerouris;

And bring with yow all publict oppreffowris,

With Pharo king of the Egiptianis, 3265

4 E

¹ MS. has *mand*.

With him in Hell fall be your recompences;
 All crewall scheddaris of bluid innocent,
 Cum follow me, or ellis ryn and repent.
 [Prelats that hes ma benefeits nor thrie,¹ Fol. 209. a.
 And will not preiche nor teiche the veretie; 3270
 Withowt at God in tyme thay cry for graces,
 In hiddoufs Hell I fall prepair thair places;
 Cum follow me, all fals corruptit juges,
 With Ponte Pylat I fall prepair your lugis;
 All the officialis that pairtis men with thair wyvis, 3275
 Cum follow me, or ellis ga mend your lyvis;
 With all fals ledaris of the constry law,
 With wantone scrybis and clarkis all in ane raw,
 That to the peur makis mony pertiall trane,
 Syne hodie ad octo garis thame cum agane; 3280
 And ye that takis rewaird at both the handis,
 Ye fall with me be bund in Belliallis bandis.

Cum fallow me, all curft vnhappy wyvis,
 That with your gudmen dayly flyttis and ftryvis;
 And quyetly with rebaldis makis repair, 3285
 And takis na ceur to mak ane wrangus air;
 Ye fall in Hell rewardit be, I wene,
 With Jefabell, of Yfraell the quene.
 I haif ane curft vnhappy wyf my fell,
 Wald God scho war befor me in till Hell; 3290
 That bismair, war scho thair, withowttin dowl,
 Owt of the Hell the Divill scho wald ding owt.
 Ye maryit men, evin as ye lvif your lyvis,
 Lat nevir no preiftis be haimly with your wyvis;
 My wyfe with preiftis scho did me grit vnricht, 3295
 And maid me nyne tymes cukald on a nicht.
 Fair weill, for I mon to the widdy wend,
 For quhy? Falfett maid nevir ane bettir end.

*Heir fall Flattry hing him vp, and a
 kae fall be castin vp, as it war his fawll.*

¹ This line has been omitted in the MS.

Flattery.

Haif I nocht chaipit the widdy weill?
 Yee, that I haif, be sweit Sanct Jeill; 3300
 For I had nocht bene wrangit,
 Becauks I fervit, be Alhallowis,
 To haif bene merchellit with my fallowis,
 And heich abone thame hangit.
 I maid far ma faltis nor my maitis; 3305
 I begyld all the Thre Estaitis,
 With my ypocrefie;
 Quhen I had on the freiris hude,
 All men belevit that I was gude;
 Now juge ye gif I lie. 3310
 Tak ane rakles rubiature,
 Ane theif, ane tirrand or ane trature,
 Off every vyce the plant;
 Gif him the habeit of ane freir,
 The wyvis will trow, withowttin weir, 3315
 He be ane verry sanct.
 I know the cowill and skaipлары
 Generis moir heit nor cheretie,
 Thocht thay be blak or blew;
 Quhat halines is thair within 3320
 Ane wolf cled in ane lambis skin?
 Juge ye gif this be trew.
 Sen I haif chaipit this fery fary,
 Adew, I will na langar tary,
 To cummer yow with my clatter; 3325
 Bot I will with ane humill spreit,
 Ga serve the heremeit of Lawreit,
 And leir him for to flatter.

Gude Counsaile.

Or ye depairt, schir, of this regioun,
 Gif Johine the Commoun Weill ane gay garmoun; 3330

Becaufs the commoun weill hes bene ourlukit,
 That is the caufs that Commoun Weill is cruikit;
 With fingular proffeit he hes bene suppryfit,
 That he is naikit, lene and difagyfit.

Correclioun.

As ye haif faid, fader, I am content; 3335
 Sariandis, gif Johine ane new abilyement,
 Off fatyne damefs or of velvet fyne,
 And gif him place in to our parliament fyne.

Commoun Weill.

All vertewis pepill now may be reioyfit,
 Sen Commoun Weill hes gottin ane gay garmoun, 3340
 And ignorantis owt of the kirk depofit;
 Devoit doctouris and clerkis of renoun
 Now in the kirk fall haif dominioun,
 And Gud Counfale, with lady Veretie,
 Ar profest with our kingis maieftie. 3345
 Blift be that realme that hes ane prudent king,
 Quhilk dois delyt to heir the veretie, Fol. 210.a.
 Puniffing thame quhilk planely dois maling,
 Contrair the commoun weill and equitie.
 Thair may na pepill haif prosperite, 3350
 Quhair ignorance hes the dominioun,
 And commoun weill by tirrandis ftrampit down.

Finis.

*Heir I omit the actis maid at this parliament with¹
 the reformation of the Sprituall Eftait, becaufs
 the fame is prolix, and fa paffis to the conclufion.*

Dilligence.

Famows pepill, hairtly I yow requair
 This littill fport to tak in patience;

¹ *With* repeated in MS.

We treft in God, leif we ane vder yeir, 3355
 Quhair we haif falit we fall do diligence,
 With moir plesour mak yow gude recompence:
 Becaus we haif bene fumparte tedioufs,
 With mater rude, denude of eloquence,
 And als, perchance, to sum men odioufs. 3360

Adew, we will mak no langar tary,
 Prayand to Jefu Chryft, oure Saluour,
 That, be the requeift of his moder Mary,
 He do preferve this famous awditour.
 Withowt that grittar materis do incur, 3365
 For your plesour we fall devyfe and fport,
 Plesand till every gentill creatour,
 To raifs your fpreitis to plesour and confort.

Now lat ilk man his way awance,
 Lat sum go drink and sum ga dance; 3370
 Menstrallis blaw vp ane brawll of France,
 Lat fee quha hobbillis beft;
 For I will rin incontinent,
 To the taverne or evir I stent;
 I pray to God omnipotent, 3375
 To fend yow all gud rest.

*Heir endis the fchort interludis of Schir Dauid Lyndfayis play
 maid in the Grenfyd befyd Edinburcht in anno 155 yeiris.*

NOTE.—On folio 210b., originally blank in the MS., a later hand has inferted two pieces. *Dantie and dorthy to all manis eyes*, two stanzas of 4 lines; *Now, Goffo, I must needs be gon*, 25 lines; and 10 lines of a third, *My Miftres is in Musyk passing skilfull*, the continuation (12 lines) being written in at the foot of folio 211a, and (8 lines) at the top of 211b—in all, 5 stanzas of 6 lines. A “Sonet,” *Lyke as the littill Emmet haith hir gall*, of 14 lines, is written in at the foot of 211b. These four pieces will be found in the Appendix.

HEIRE ENDIS THE BUIK OF MIRRY BALLETTIS,
SET FURTII BE DIUERS NEW AND ANCIENT POETTIS.

Fol.211.a.

HEIR FOLLOWIS BALLATIS OF LUVE

DEVYDIT IN FOUR PAIRTIS.

THE FIRST AR SONGIS OF LUVE;

THE SECOUND AR CONTEMPTIS OF LUVE

AND EVILL WEMEN;

THE THRID AR CONTEMPIS OF EVILL

FALS VICIUS MEN; AND THE FOURT AR

BALLATTIS DETESTING OF LUVE

AND LICHERY.

THE FOURT PAIRT OF THIS BUIK.

To the Reidar.

Fol. 211. b.

H EIR haif ye luvaris ballattis at your will,
 How evir your natur directit is vntill;
 Bot wald ye luve eftir my counfalling,
 Luve first your God aboif all vder thing;
 Nixt as your felf, your nichtbur beir gud will.

Ballattis of Lufe.

Fol. 212. a.

CLXXXI.

[O, foly Hairt, fetterit in Fantesye.]

Disputatio.

O, FOLY hairt, fetterit in fantesye,
 Wincuft with werry wardly wane plesance,
 Compone thy felf and lat thi fychin be,
 Think that this warld is all bot variance.
 Tak nevir no thing in to remembrance, 5
 That may displeifs thi makar immortail;
 Think quhat he sufferit and keip thyne obfervance,
 Remembir als that thow man die but fail.

Syche for no forrow bot for thi fyn allane,
 Greit for thi gilt thow ma get forgifnaifs; 10
 Sen of thy deid the day is incertane,
 Keip the ay clene fra cryme in every caifs.
 Thow hes no caufs to tak sic havinefs,
 Thairfoir be blyth or thow fall beir the blame;
 Thow fychis fo fair with pane in every plaifs, 15
 That fickerly thow garris me think grit fchame.

Respontio Cordis.

I may nocht feifs bot fychie, I am fa fair,
 Thairfoir get vp, and tak ane pen, and wryt,
 And all the caifs I fall to the declair,
 Off my peteous and peroles pane perfyt. 20
 I dreid me foir that thow be fund the wyt,
 Corpus. Than in a greif I grathit me to ryfs,
 Quhen I fat down and drefset me to dyt,
 Sychand full foir, my hairt faid on this wyfs.

Cor. Fair weill all joy, and walcum steidfastnefs, 25
 Evir mair with me for to be mancipait;
 My hoip, my haill, is turnit in hawynefs;
 Thair is no mirth my mynd may recetait,
 Sen that my lufe hes left me defolait,
 Quhilk I luvit best attour all erdly thing; 30
 Thair is nocht wycht in to this world I wait,
 That hes moir caufs to fyche quhen he fuld fing.

That lady leill of wirchep wes the well,
 To quhome wes lent sic liberalitie,
 That now my wit exceidis for to tell; 35
 Amang all vthir scho wes ane a per se,
 Curtafs and kynd, full of humilitie,
 Bayth gyd and grund of all gud gouernance.
 Corpus. Quhen I hard this, I faid, Alace, lat be,
 Cast out of mynd sic wardlie wane plesance. 40

Cair nocht for hir, scho wes ay wnkynd,
 Penfyt and prowde, rycht fenyeit and frawdolent;
 Cor. Allacce, lat be, I wait I knaw hir mynd;
 The for to pleifs scho wes ay deligent,
 And fickerlie scho fet all hir intent, 45 Fol. 212. b.
 To lufe the best abouf all creatur;
 Thairfoir me think that thow fuld nocht repent,
 That chosin hes so trew a paramour.

Corpus. To lufe I wet it is bot naturall
 Till all mankynd, in youtheid specialie; 50
 Bot sen that thow art cheif and principall,
 Grantit be God to gowirne thy bodie,
 Thow fuld the fet to fcherwe him idently,
 And luf him best that bocht the with his blud;
 My hart, remembir how deir he cowth by, 55
 Quhen he for the wes rent vpoun the rud.

Cor. Thy langege is to me intollerabill,
 Thairfoir I will thow fobir the and heir;
 I lat the wit I am nocht variabill,
 Na nevir fall vnto my lady deir.
 I will hir luve quhill I be brocht on beir,
 And mak hir fcherwice futhlie incertane;
 Reproif me nocht, for I warne the but weir,
 War fcho to luve I wald hir luve agane.

60

Corpus. Quhen of my hairt, I hard the fynall end,
 That fchort wald fcherwe this foirfaid lady fre;
 I did wrang, me thocht, for to contend,
 Bot I befocht to lat sic fyching be;
 Syne to my hairt I haill confermit me;
 For quhy? I luve that lady in a pairt,
 The quhilk wes flour of all faminitie,
 And thus endit my body with my hairt.

65

70

Finis.

CLXXXII.

[*Be ye ane Luvar, think ye nocht ye fuld.*]

BE ye ane luvar, think ye nocht ye fuld
 Be weill adwyfit in your gouerning?
 Be ye nocht fa, it will on yow be tauld;
 Bewar thairwith for dreid of misdemyng.
 Be nocht a wreche, nor fkerche in your fpending,
 Be layth alway to do amifs or fchame;
 Be rewlit rycht and keip this doctring,
 Be fecreit, trew, increffing of your name.

5

Be ye ane lear, that is werst of all,
 Be ye ane tratlar, that I hald als ewill; 10
 Be ye ane janglar, and ye fra vertew fall,
 Be nevir mair on to thir viciis thrall;
 Be now and ay the maisttir of your will,
 Be nevir he that lesing fall proclame;
 Be nocht of langage quhair ye fuld be ftill, 15
 Be secreit, trew, increffing of your name.

Be nocht abasit for no wicket tung,
 Be nocht fa fet as I haif faid yow heir;
 Be nocht fa lerge vnto thir sawis fung,
 Be nocht our prowde, thinkand ye haif no peir; 20
 Be ye so wyifs that vderis at yow leir,
 Be nevir he to sklander nor defame;
 Be of your lufe nor prechour as a freir,
 Be secreit, trew, increffing of your name.

Finis quod Dumbar.

CLXXXIII.

[*Off Luve quhay lyikis to haif Joy.*]

OFF luve quhay lyikis to haif joy or confort, Fol. 213, a
 Ye man begin and leir this A B C
 Heireftir writtin; quha will it rycht repoir?
 First to be courtes, wyifs, gentill and fre,
 Lairge, honest, gentill, bayth secreit and preve, 5
 And of him self na vantour, as I wene.
 Be fobir, trew, and every day luste,
 And quhair thow luvis se thow be fenedill sene.

Be nocht our hamely in to prefens,
 Nor yit our wandand in to secreit wifs; 10
 Se all thy deidis be mixt with plesance,
 And quhen thow maj prophir hir thy scherwifs.
 Paynit nocht thy wirdis, fe that thow be nocht nifs,
 Speik nocht in termis of clergy;
 Vfe the to rewlis that may the weill suffis, 15
 And, as I treft, thair fall the few denny.

My sone, quhill thow of yowthed hes the flour,
 Yarnand to be of luvis obfcherwans,
 Alfwa cheifs the a lufky paramour,
 Fulfillit of gudly gournance. 20
 Thow yarnand of hir to haif plesans,
 Wirk by this counfale that I the gif,
 Tak tent to this lair, be ay leill¹ to thi luf.

Gif that I fall the wifs the narrest way,
 Be nocht lang out of hir prefens; 25
 Certis it is futh, I hard men fay,
 Is no thing hinderand moir than lang abfens.
 Be nocht of wirdis our grit perfluens,
 Nor yit of langage aw thair left,
 In myddill way, thi tung be ay nureft. 30

Se for na thing that thow abafid be,
 In the begynnyng thocht fcho wer nevir fo nyfs;
 On the first day, and the kepar be fle,
 Ane castell is nocht ay win be geperdyfs;
 Clayth is nocht haldin at the first pryfs. 35
 I fay for me, lat ilk man fay quhat thai list,
 Quhay weill abidis is abill to fpeid best.

Gif mony luvaris thi lady will perfew,
 Swa at thow leif nocht in jolefy;
 Scho is the bettir fwa that fcho be trew, 40

¹ MS. has *leill and trew*, the two latter words being partially erased.

Non wald hir luve war scho nocht womanly.
Repair nocht till hir ay oppinly,
Bot in all tyme be reddy hir to pleifs,
Howbeit thi hairt thou think sumtyme at weifs.

Be nocht a vantour, gif thou thinkis to speid, 45
For that is haittit of wemen atour all thing;
Harche not, fe thou haif no dreid,
Gif thou hir luf, thou man mak sum conkinning,
For harchenefs dois grit hindering,
Howbeit¹ for luf that thou wald almaist de. 50
Bot reveling mone be first in the.

Fair weill, sweit sone, thou speidis, schir, now or nevir, Fol. 213, b.
Sen I haif teld the all haill my devyfs,
Do my counsale, and fra it nocht disseyvir,
For and thou do, certifs, thou art nocht wyfs. 55
Leif hir nocht thocht scho be nevir fo he empryfs.
Bot ay be gudly to that gay,
Turne thyne intent quhen that scho wrythis away.

Finis quod Merfar.

CLXXXIV.

[*Luve preyfis, but Comparefone.*]

LUVE preyfis, but comparefone,
Both² gentill, fempill, generall;
And of fre will gevis warefone,
As fortoun chanfis to befall.

¹ MS. has *Howeit*. ² Originally *Bot*.

For luve makis nobill ladeis thrall, 5
 To baffir men of birth and blud,
 So luve garris fobir wemen small
 Git maistrice our grit men of gud.

Ferme luve for fauour, feir or feid,
 Of riche nor pur to speik fuld spair; 10
 For luve to hienes hes no heid,
 Nor lychtleis lawlines ane air;
 Bot puttis all perfonis in compair,
 This prowerb planely for till preue,
 That men and wemen, lefs and mair, 15
 Ar cund of Adame and of Eue.

So thocht my lyking wer a led dy,
 And I no lord, yit nocht the lefs
 Scho fuld my ferwyce find als red dy,
 As duke to duches docht him drefs. 20
 For as prowde princely luve exprefs
 Is to haif fouerenitie,
 So ferwice cumis of fympilnefs,
 And leileft lufe of law degre.

So luvaris lair no leid fuld lak, 25
 A lord to lufe a filly lafs,
 A led dy als for luf to tak
 Ane proper page hir tyme to pafs.
 For quhy? as bricht bene birneift brafs,
 As filuer wrocht at all dewyfs; 30
 And als gud drinking out of glafs,
 As gold, thocht gold gif grittar pryfs.

Suld I prefome this fedull fchaw,
 Or lat me langouris be lamentit,
 Na I effrey for feir and aw, 35
 Hir comlic heid be miscontenttit;

I dar nocht preifs hir to prefentit;
 For be scho wreth I will nocht wowit,
 Bot pleifs hir proudens to imprentit,
 Scho may perfaue fum Inglis throw it. 40

Finis quod Scott.

CLXXXV.

[*Sen that I am a Presoneir.*]

SEN that I am a presoneir 401.214.a.
 Till hir that fareft is and beft,
 I me commend, fra yeir till yeir,
 In till hir bandoun for to reft.
 I govit on that gudlieft, 5
 So lang to luk I tuk lafeir,
 Quhill I wes tane withouttin test,
 And led furth as a presoneir.

Hir fweir having, and frefche bewte,
 Hes wondit me but fwerd or lance; 10
 With hir to go commandit me,
 Ontill the caftell of pennance.
 I faid, Is this your gouirnance,
 To tak men for thair loking heir?
 Bewty fayis, Ya, fchir, perchance 15
 Ye be my ladeis presoneir.

Thai had me bundin to the yet,
 Quhair Strangenes had bene portar ay,
 And in deliuerit me thairat,
 And in thir termis can thai fay, 20

Do wait, and lat him nocht away.
 Quo Strangnes vnto the porteir,
 Ontill my lady, I dar lay,
 Ye be to pure a presoneir.

Thai kest me in a deip dungeoun, 25
 And fetterit me but lok or cheyne;
 The capitane hecht Comparefone,
 To luke on me he thocht greit deyne.
 Thocht I wes wo I durft nocht pleyne,
 For he had fetterit mony affeir; 30
 With petoufs voce thus cuth I fene,
 Wo is a wofull presoneir.

Langour wes weche vpoun the wall,
 That nevir sleipit bot evir wouke;
 Scorne wes bourdour in the hall, 35
 And oft on me his babill schuke,
 Lukand with mony a dengerous luke.
 Quhat is he yone, that methis ws neir?
 Ye be to townage, be this buke,
 To be my ladeis presoneir. 40

Gud Houp rownit in my eir,
 And bad me baldlie breve a bill;
 With Lawlines he fuld it beir,
 With Fair Scherwice fend it hir till.
 I wouk, and wret hir all my will; 45
 Fair Scherwice fur withouttin feir,
 Sayand till hir with wirdis still,
 Haif pety of your presoneir.

Than Lawlines to Petie went, Fol. 214. b.
 And faid till hir in termis schort, 50
 Lat we yone presoneir be schent,
 Will no man do to ws support;

Gar lay ane fege vnto yone fort.
 Than Petie faid, I fall appeir;
 Thocht fayis, I hecht, cum¹ I ourthort,
 I houp to lowfs the prefoneir. 55

Than to battell thai war arreyit all,
 And ay the wawart kepit Thocht;
 Luft bur the benner to the wall,
 And Biffines the grit gyn brocht. 60
 Skorne cryis out, fayis, Wald ye ocht?
 Luft fayis, We wald haif entre heir;
 Comparifone fayis, That is for nocht,
 Ye will nocht wyn the prefoneir.

Thai thairin schup for to defend, 65
 And thai thairfurth failycit ane hour;
 Than Biffines the grit gyn bend,
 Straik doun the top of the foir tour.
 Comparifone began to lour,
 And cryit furth, I yow requeir, 70
 Soft and fair and do fawour,
 And tak to yow the prefoneir.

Thai fyrit the yettis deliuerly
 With faggottis wer grit and huge;
 And Strangenes, quhair that he did ly, 75
 Wes brint in to the porter luge.
 Luftely thay lakit bot a juge,
 Sik fraikis and ftychling wes on fteir,
 The femelieft wes maid affege,
 To quhome that he wes prefoneir. 80

Thrucht Skornes nofs thai put a prik,
 This he wes banift and gat a blek;
 Comparifone wes erdit quik,
 And Langour lap and brak his neck.

4 G

¹ Indistinct, might be *wun*.

Thai failycit fast, all the fek, 85
 Luft chasit my ladeis chalmirleir,
 Gud Fame wes drownit in a fek;
 Thus ranfonit thai the presoneir.

Fra Sklandir hard Luft had vndone
 His enemeis, him aganis 90
 Affemblit ane femely fort full sone,
 And raifs and rowttit all the planis.
 His cufing in the court remanis,
 Bot jaloufs folkis and geangleiris,
 And fals Invy that no thing lanis, 95
 Blew out on Luvis presoneir.

Syne Matremony, that nobill king, Fol. 215. a.
 Was grevit, and gadderit ane grit oft,
 And all enernit without lesing
 Chest Sklander to the west se coast. 100
 Than wes he and his lineage lost,
 And Matremony, withowttin weir,
 The band of freindschip hes indost,
 Betuix Bewty and the presoneir.

Be that of eild wes Gud Famis air, 105
 And cumyne to continwatioun,
 And to the court maid his repair,
 Quhair Matremony than voir the crowne.
 He gat ane confirmationn,
 All that his modir aucht but weir, 110
 And baid still, as it wes refone,
 With Bewty and the presoneir.

Finis.

CLXXXVI.

[*Wald my gud Lady luffe me best.*]

WALD my gud lady luffe me best,
 And wirk eftir my will,
 I fuld ane garmond gudlieft
 Gar mak hir body till.

Off he honour fuld be hir hud. 5
 Vpoun hir heid to weir,
 Garneift with gouirnanee fo gud,
 Na demyng fuld hir deir.

Hir fark fuld be hir body nixt,
 Of cheftetie fo quhyt, 10
 With fchame and dreid togidder mixt,
 The fame fuld be perfyt.

Hir kirtill fuld be of clene conftance,
 Laft with lefum luffe,
 The mailyeis of continwance 15
 For nevir to remvfe.

Hir gown fuld be of gudlinefs,
 Weill ribband with renowne,
 Purfillit with plesour in ilk place,
 Furrit with fyne faffoun. 20

Hir belt fuld be of benignitie,
 Aboutt hir middill meit;
 Hir mantill of humilitie,
 To tholl bayth wind and weit.

Hir hat fuld be of fair having. 25
 And hir tepat of trewth;

Hir patelet of gud panfing,
Hir hals ribband of rewth.

Hir flevis fuld be of eſperance,
To keip hir fra diſpair;
Hir gluvis of gud gouirnanſe,
To hyd hir fynyearis fair.

Fol. 215. b.

30

Hir ſchone fuld be of ſickernes,
In ſyne that ſcho nocht flyd;
Hir hoifs of honeſtie, I geſ.
I fuld for hir provyd.

35

Wald ſcho put on this garmond gay,
I durſt ſweir by my ſeill,
That ſcho woir nevir grene nor gray.
That ſet hir half ſo weill.

40

*Finis of the Garmont of gud Ladeis.
Quod Maſtir Robert Henryfoun.¹*

CLXXXVII.

[*Was nocht gud King Salamon.*]

WAS nocht gud king Salamon
Reuiſit in ſindry wyifs.
With every luſely paragon,²
Gliftering befor his eis?
Gif this be trew, trew as it waſs, lady, lady,
Suld nocht I ſcherwe yow, allace, my fair lady?

Quhen Paris wes inamorit
Of Helena, dame bewteis ſpeir,

5

¹ The author's name has been afterwards added.

² Altered to *very luſe of paragon*.

Than Venus first him promisit
To venter on and nocht for to feir; 10
Quhat sturdie stormes indurit he, lady, lady,
To wyn hir lufe, or it wald be, my deir lady.

Knaw ye nocht how Troyelus
Wanderit and lost his joy,
With faitis and fyveris mervalous, 15
For Cressid fair that dwelt in Trow?
Till petie plantit intill hir breist, lady, lady,
Till sleip with him and grant him rest, my deir lady.

I reid sumtyme, how venterous
Leander wes his luf to pleifs, 20
Quho swame the watteris perraloufs,
Of Abedon thais furgane feis,
Till cum till hir thair at scho lay, lady, lady,
Quhair he wes drownit by the way, my deir lady.

How say ye than be Peramous, 25
That promisit his luf for to meit,
Quho fand, be fortoun mervalous,
Ane bludy clayth befoir his feit?
For Tisbeis saik him self he slew, lady, lady,
To pruve he wes ane luvair trew, my deir lady. 30

Hercules for Ec̃tione
Murderit ane monsteir fell,
He pot him self in jepordie, 35
Perrelus as the story dois tell,
Reikewand hir vpoun the schoir, lady, lady,
Or els be chance had deid thairfoir, my deir lady.

Annaxerat fo¹ bewtyfull,
Quhome Kiphis did behold and se.

¹ Altered to *fo*.

With fychis and fobbis petifull,
 That peragon lang wowit he; 40
 And quhene he culd nocht win hir fo, lady, lady,
 He went and he hangit him felf for wo, my deir lady.

Off all thir maiteris mervalus,
 Gud ladeis, yit I can tell yow moir;
 The goddis hes bene full amorus, 45
 Off¹ Jupiter by lernit loir;
 Twyifs on the day his chop² thai schred, lady, lady,
 To cum till Alcumenois bed, my deir lady.

Gif bewty breidis sic blisfulnes,
 In amoring of God and man, 50
 Gud ladeis, lat nocht wilfullnes
 Exuperat your bewteis than;
 To flay the hairt ye yeild and craif, lady, lady,
 Ye grant thame your gud willis to haif, my deir lady.

Gif³ all thir wechtis of wurdines, 55
 Indiuorit sic panis to tak,
 With wailyeant deidis and flurdines,
 Inventing for thair ladeis faik,
 Quhy fuld nocht I, pur fempill man, lady, lady,
 Lawbour and scherwe yow the best that I can, my deir lady? 60

*Finis, quod ane Inglisman.*⁴

CLXXXVIII.

[*For to declair the he Magnificens.*]

FOR to declair the he magnificens,
 And grit bountie that in to ladeis is,

¹ In MS. altered to *As*. ² Afterwards altered to *schop*.
³ Originally *Noro gif*. ⁴ *Quod ane Inglisman* has been inserted afterwards.

The wurdines and verteus excellens,
 The lawd, the brut, the bewty, and the blifs,
 My barbir tung is vnworthy, I wifs; 5
 Bot nocht the les my pen I will apply,
 To fay the futh, thocht cloquens I mifs,
 Off fernenene the fame to fortefie.

Thocht ald dotaris addrefsit thair delyt,
 To dyt of ladeis defamatioun, 10
 Wa wirthe wycht fuld fet his appetyt.
 To reid fic rollis of reprobatioun;
 Bot titar mak plane proclamatioun,
 To gaddir all fic bybillis befely,
 And in the fyre mak thair locatioun, 15
 Off famenyne the fame to fortefie.

For quho fo lift the rycht for to reherfs, Fol. 210. b.
 To gloir humane thai mak habilitie;
 Quhen men ar fad at thame folace thai ferfs,
 As habitaklis of all humilitie; 20
 Thai bring grit weiris to tranquillitie,
 Malis of men thai meifs and pacefy,
 To faul and bodeis bayth vtilitie;
 Thairfoir all men thair fame fuld fortefie.

Thocht anc perfone had paciabile to fpend, 25
 All mychttis movit within the mappamond
 Wanting wemenis weifair wer at end;
 Without thair confort cair fuld him confound.
 Quhair ladeis abydis blifs dois ay abound.
 And quhair thai fle felicitie gois by, 30
 But thair folace no fege may be found,
 Thairfoir all men thair fame fuld fortefy.

Sen God hes grantit thame fic gudlinas,
 And formit thame eftir fa fyn faffioun,

Syne put fa blumyng bewty in thair face, 35
 Quhy fuld nocht men hald thame of he renown?
 Sene God hes gevin thame fa grit guerdoun,
 With sic meiknes done thame magnifie,
 Quhi fuld men mak to thame comparefone,
 Bot our allquhair thair fames to fortefie? 40

Off Mary myld, the maid immaculat,
 To fortefie of famenene the fame,
 Chrifft wes incarnat and incorporat,
 And nureift nyn monethis in hir wame;
 And eftir borne, and bocht ws fra the blane 45
 Of Baliall, that brint ws bittirly;
 That onlie aēt faivis thame all fra schame,
 And our allquhair thair fame dois fortify.

Ladeis thai ar of excelland valour,
 Ladeis ar ding to haif auctoritie, 50
 Ladeis ar clene of confortand cullour,
 Ladeis ar wyifs and full of veritie;
 Ladeis ar cheft and full of cheritie,
 Ladeis ar menis perradice erdly,
 Ladeis ar plantit full of puritie; 55
 Thairfoir all men thair fame fuld fortefie.

War all the erd papir and perchmyne,
 And pennis wer all treis, herbis and flouris,
 And all the sternis in the lift dois schyne,
 War in this erd moift ornat oratouris, 60
 The fe wer ynk, with fresche fludis and schouris;
 All wer to small ane buk to edify,
 For to contene of ladeis the honouris,
 And factis that thair fame dois fortefie.

Finis quod Stewart.

CLXXXIX.

[*My hairt is lost onlie for lufe of one.*]

MY hairt is lost onlie for lufe of one; Fol.217.a.
 Foir laik of speche and all for schamefulness,
 I dar nocht speik my purpois to propone,
 Nor wat nocht how my purpois how till drefs.
 Speik I to hir, and scho be maircilefs, 5
 And nocht do denye agane to speik to me,
 Than haif I tynt my speiking moir and lefs;
 Onsped speche bettir vnspokin be.

I dar nocht speik, in dreid that scho dispyt
 My rurall termes, and say I do bot raif; 10
 And speik I nocht vnto my lady quhyt,
 Without speche hir luf I can nocht haif.
 Bot gif I speik, quhat can I of hir craif?
 I spair to speik for laik of eloquens;
 And scho but speche my synis cuth persais, 15
 I wald not speik to hir magnificens.

Fayne wald I speik and speiking mycht awaill,
 And scho for speiking wald speik to me agane;
 I spair to speik for spilling of my taill,
 Than I my speiking spendit hes in vane. 20
 To speik and speid nocht it is ane leftand pane;
 How fall I speik? I dar nocht speik for dreid;
 Be it gud or evill to speik to me agane,
 Yit fall I speik, vnspokin can nocht speid.

Quhat fall I speik, sen I mon speik on forfs, 25
 To hir that is of speche most eloquent?
 I fall speik how that my cairfull corfs,
 Throw laik of speche, is day and hour torment,

Becaus I can nocht speik to hir my haill intent,
 For laik of speche and ornat termis plane; 30
 Beseikand hir with speiking reuerent,
 That scho wald speik to confort me agane.

Finis quod ^{1.}

CXC.

[*Quhen I think on my Lady deir.*]

QUHEN I think on my lady deir,
 War nocht Gud Hoip, I wald be schent;
 Sic panis to me thair can appeir,
 That I nocht wait quhair I fall went.
 To bowne me than our busk and bent, 5
 It is non but for all my beir;
 So am I vexit² in myne entent,
 Quhen I think on my lady deir.

Than is thair non to confort me,
 Quhen I am standand in that stage; 10
 Suppois I wer in point till de,
 Thair is nocht wrey in wardlie wrege.
 To rug me than out of that rege
 Thay cumis Gud Hoip with lachand cheir,
 And biddis me lat all forrowis swage, 15
 Quhen I think on my lady deir.

How fall I lat all forowis fefs? Fol. 217.
 Gud Hoip, I pray the, tell me this;
 My lady may my corfs increfs,
 And all my hell turne vntill blifs. 20

¹ Blank in MS. ² *Vexit* has had the pen drawn through it.

I may be mad quhen I hir mis; -
 Suppois I wald this is no weir,
 How my thow fra this warld me wifs,
 Quhen I think on my lady deir.

Yit fall I wifs the fra this way, 25
 Sa thow tak heid vnto my lair;
 Gif that thow luvis ane lady gay,
 Si thow be nevir in dispair.
 Suppois that scho be nevir so fair,
 Yit may thow fang hir to thi feir; 30
 Thairfoir be blyth bayth lait and air,
 Quhen thow thinkis on thi lady deir.

Oft tyme hes bene hard and fene
 Ane loird hes luvit ane las full weill,
 And eik a laid ane lady scheyne, 35
 So luf of fortoun turnis hir quheill.
 Suppois ane fremmit fair thow feill,
 Yit in hir schervice perseveir;
 Suppois that scho be stif as steill,
 Yit fall thow win thi lady deir. 40

Gif thow luvis hir, and scho nocht the,
 With wifdome yit thow may hir win,
 Thocht scho be cumd of grit degre,
 And thow be cumin of fempill kin. 45
 Se in hir schervice thow nocht blin,
 Bot ay be curtas to that cleir,
 And fa¹ that gentrice be hir within,
 Sa fall thou win thi lady deir.

Now to Gud Hoip I gif my hand,
 That I fall luf my lady best; 50
 Quhair evir I fair our fe or land,
 My hairt with hir fall evir moir rest.

¹ Altered by another hand to *gif*.

Syne do to me as evir fcho left,
 For I am hiris quhill I am heir;
 For in that fre my fayth is fast,
 Quhen I think on my lady deir.

55

Finis.

CXCI.

[*The Bewty of hir amorus Ene.*]

THE bewty of hir amorus ene,
 Quhen I behald my lady bricht,
 Dois pers my hairt with dairtis kene,
 I am so reft be luviss nicht.
 Reft man I nocht day nor nycht,
 My hairt is so in hir fcherwice,
 Quhilk is the verry lantrene lycht,
 Off womanheid ane flour delice.

5

Scho is the preclair portratour,
 Fulfillit with all lustinefs,
 Of puchritud the fair figour,
 The mirrour eik of all meiknefs.
 The verry stapill of steidfastnefs,
 Off flurist fame the strang pavice;
 Scho is the gem of gentilnefs,
 Off womanheid ane flour delice.

Fol. 218. a.

10

15

Now, fen I am hir fcheruitoure,
 And flurist in my yeiris grene,
 I treft I do to lang indure,
 That will nocht schaw my karis kene.

20

This to my lady will I mene,
That I fo lufe without fantice;
Scho is my fouerene and ferene,
Off womanheid the flour delice.

Finis.

CXCII.

[*Quhen Flora had ourfret the Firth.*]

QUHEN Flora had ourfret the firth,
In May of every moneth quene;
Quhen merle and mavifs fingis with mirth,
Sueit melling in the fchawis fchene;
Quhen all luvaris reiofit bene, 5
And moft defyrus of thair pray;
I hard a lufly lumar mene,
I lue bot I dar nocht affay.

Strang ar the panis I daylie prufe,
Bot yit with pacience I fustene, 10
I am fo fetterit with the lufe
Onlie of my lady fchene,
Quhillk for hir bewty mycht be quene,
Natour fa craftely alwey
Hes done depaint that fweir ferene; 15
Quhome I luf I dar nocht affay.

Scho is fo brycht of hyd and hew,
I lufe bot hir allone I wene;
Is non hir luf that may efchew,
That blenkis of that dulce amene; 20

So cumly cleir at hir twa ene,
 That scho ma luvaris dois effrey,
 Than evir of Grice did fair Helene;
 Quhom I luve I dar nocht affay.

Finis.

CXCIII.

[*The Well of Vertew, and Flour of Womanheid.*]

THE well of vertew, and flour of womanheid,
 And patrone vnto patiens;
 Lady of lawty, bayth in word and deid,
 Rycht sobir, fweit, full meik of eloquens,
 Bayth gud and fair; to your magnificens
 I me commend, as I haif done befoir,
 My fempill hairt for now and evir moir.

5

For evir moir I fall yow fcherwice mak,
 Syne, of befoir, in to my mynd I maid;
 Sen first I knew your ladifchip, but lak,
 Bewty, yowth of womanheid ye had,
 Withouttin rest my hairt cowth nocht evad.
 Thus am I youris, and evir fensyne hes bene
 Commandit be your gudly twa fair ene.

Fol. 218. b.

19

Your twa fair ene makis me oft fyifs to fing,
 Your twa fair ene makis me to fycht also,
 Your twa fair ene makis me grit conforting,
 Your twa fair ene is wycht of all my wo,
 Your twa fair ene may no man keip thame fro,
 Withouttin rest, that gettis a fycht of thame;
 This of all vertew were ye now the name.

15

20

Ye beir the name of gentilnes of blud,
 Ye beir the name that mony for yow deis,
 Ye bair the name ye ar bayth fair and gud,
 Ye beir the name that faris than yow feis; 25
 Ye beir the name fortoun and ye aggreis,
 Ye beir the name of landis of lenth and breid,
 The well of vertew and flour of womanheid.

Finis.

CXCIV.

[To yow that is the Harbre of my Hairt.]

TO yow that is the harbore of my hairt,
 And creatour in quhome my confort lyis,
 Unfenyendlie with hairtlye lufe mvvart,
 I me commend ten hundreth thowfand fyis;
 Befeikand yow in my maift humill wyifs, 5
 Ye wald difdane to vefy this fcripture,
 Direft fra me, your hummill fcheruitur;

Quhilk luvys yow withowttin variance,
 Attour all leid that levis or de may,
 And thocht my body mak diffeuerance 10
 Fra yow, with yow my hairt remanis ay.
 Allace, fweir hairt, I wait nocht quhat I fay,
 Bot foir I dowt ye tak to littill cure
 Of my grit pyne that is your fcheruitour.

I dwell in dolour quhill the day be gone, 15
 And on the nycht I tak na manar of reft,

Bot to and fro lamenting myne allone;
 Thinkand on yow, the fareft and the beft,
 Maift womanlie, and eik the wirthieft,
 That is or wes formit be dame Nature; 20
 Allace, do grace, and faif your fcheruiture.

Allace, grant grace your fcheruiture to faif,
 Sen in your face fo grit grace dois appeir;
 Delay nocht grace quhill I be gone to graif,
 For fall that cace I by your grace to deir. 25 Fol. 219.a.
 I haif your fcheruand bene this mony yeir,
 Yarnyng na fee thairfoir to recure,
 Bot onlic grace to faif your fcheruiture.

And thocht ye will na mercy of me haif,
 Bot as your bund in balis evir bynd, 30
 I dar weill fay, fo Chrifft my faull mot faif,
 Ane trewar fcherwand fall ye nevir fynd.
 Bot now, allace, trew men ar now left behynd,
 With forow flane and fend to sapulture,
 As falbe fene on me, your fcheruiture. 35

Heirfoir, fueit hairt, fum gudlie anfuering
 Of this fedull I yow befeik to fend,
 Quhilk of my cair may be fum conforting,
 And medecyne my melody to amend.
 Wryt quhat ye will, I fall it keip vnkend 40
 Full cloifs fra ony cristiane criature,
 Except my felf, your faythfull fcheruiture.

Finis.

CXC.V.

[*Maiſt ameyn Roſier, gracious and reſplendent.*]

MAIST ameyn roſier, gracious and reſplendent,
 Excedand trew, benyng and verteus,
 Fragrant olif, violat rubicumbent,
 To man¹ fycht is wondir gratiouſs.
 Hir benyng luk, with blenkis amorus, 5
 Perfis my hairt, that ſoir I fycht oft fyiſ,
 Bot for remeid my wit can nocht devyiſs.

Hir criſtall ene, all forgit with delyt,
 Surmonting topatioun, annamalit celicall,
 Hir courtlie corſs, of portratour perfyt, 10
 Hes me becumyn hir ſcheruand and hir thrall.
 Scho to my fycht is gudlieſt of all,
 That evir I ſaw fulfillit of grace;
 That I² hir knew I joy, and ſayis allace,

My wittis fyve ar vnſufficient 15
 Hir bewty brycht ſchortlie to declair;
 Bayth hummill, amiable and ſobir of intent,
 Wyiſs and diſcreit, degeſt and debonair;
 Off womanheid and vertew exemplair;
 And gif hir gudnas may be comprehendit, 20
 Be manis wit may na thing be amendit.

Conſtant of wit, excellent of bewtie,
 Exceding vthiris in hir gouirnanſe,
 Woyd of all pryd, full of humilitie,
 Prudent of ſpeche, but vice or variance; 25
 My hairt is hirris with all obſcheruans.
 A world of wiſdome appeiris in hir face,
 He is at eiſs that ſtandis in hir grace. Fol. 219. b.

4 I

¹ Altered afterwards to *mens*. ² *Ezir* has here been deleted.

Chrift, fen ſcho knew, fo trew as I hir lufe,
 And ſync wald rew, adew all fyt for ay;
 My hairt to play, ilk day wer fet abuſe,
 Fra hir behuſe, remvfe my wit away;
 Sall nevir ane attane the deth but weir,
 For war ſcho gane, wer nane to me fo deir.

30

Finis quod Stewart.

CXCVI.

[*Freſche fragrant Flour of Bewty ſouerane.*]

FRESCHÉ fragrant flour of bewty ſouerane,
 My hummill ſcheruice tak nocht in diſdane,
 Bot me accep to be your ſcheruiture,
 That in your cur with cair cotidiane
 My ſpreit as thrall is fetterit to remane,
 That but your grace my life may nocht indur,
 Your ſycht hes flane my corſs without recure;
 But your remeid my lawbour is in vane,
 That luvis yow beſt abuve all creature;

5

And evir fall withouttin fenyeing;
 To quhome my hairt I fend in gouvinyng,
 Wondit with dreid, abyding the confort
 Of yow, my luſ, maiſt bowſum and benyng;
 Quhois criſtall ene, vnto my mynd rolling,
 Reuellis my pane, but ſolace or repoirt.
 Reſſaif to grace your ſcherwand, I exhort,
 For and ye liſt to mak me conſorting,
 All my diſciſs war turnit in diſpoirt.

10

15

Moir amorus wes nevir erdlie wicht,
 Be natur wrocht of plefand bewty bricht, 20
 Quhome to behald ane hevin is of delyt,
 Of womanheid the mirroure schynand lycht;
 Quhilk is the rute of my remembrance rycht;
 Joyand my spreit the verteous to indyt
 Of yow, lady, the speçtakle perfyte, 25
 Of all this warld apperand to my fycht;
 I may nocht lest your lufe and ye me nyt.

Go, littill bill, and be my aduocat
 Onto my lady beft modestiat;
 Bid hir haif rewth vpoun hir luvar trew, 30
 And mak hir hairt with mercy mytigat.
 For in hir lufe I am so laqueat,
 That I may nocht enchange hir for no new;
 I may forthink that evir I hir knew;
 To me in mynd and scho be indurat, 35
 All erdlie joy for evir moir adew.

Befeik that schene with humnill reuerence
 The to reffais, and haif remembrance Fol. 220. a.
 On me, hir fcheruand, fubieçt and hir thrall,
 That of my wo scho haif compacienc, 40
 Quhilk nevir did hir falt nor yit offence;
 Bot evir bowfum, obeyand to hir call,
 In word and deid hes bene, and evir moir fall,
 With hairt and mynd and all obeyfance,
 Go thi for grace yow instantlie call. 45

Say also to that gudlie fair and fresche,
 Of all my panis scho may me weill relefche,
 With breif in bill or bodwart send agane,
 Quhilk mycht releif me of my havinefs,
 My plungit corfs, that dalie in distrefs, 50

That on hir grace fall evir moir remane,
 That merciles, hir scheruand be nocht flane;
 Quhilk, and scho do, hir fame fall evir decrefs,
 In hurt and hindering of hir gud name.

Bot wo wer me that it fuld so betyd, 55
 That scho thairthrow fuld be cald ane homicyd;
 Thairfoir do grace and be nocht obstinat,
 Without scho do scho will be notifyd
 A manflaar, and thairfoir ratefyd.
 Bot, O allace, be nocht so indurat, 60
 With mercy mak your malice mitigiat;
 I ask bot grace, quhilk nocht fuld be denyd,
 For scheruice done vnto your hie estait.

Adew, fair weill, my lustre lady fueit,
 Adew, my feill, and confort of my spreit, 65
 Als trew as steill I salbe to your grace;
 Adew my joy and paramour compleit;
 My hairt with noy, bot gif ye iust decreit,
 Will me distroy throw amouris of your face.
 Adew my hairt, the flour of lustinece, 70
 Quhen we depairt with sorow sone I meit
 With panis smart and fychis cald, allace.

Finis.

CXCVII.

[*O Maistres myn, till yow I me commend.*]

O, MAISTRES myn, till yow I me commend,
 All haill my hairt sen that ye haif in cure,

For, but your grace, my lyfe is neir the end,
 Now lat me nocht in danger me endure.
 Off lyiflyk lufe suppois I be sure, 5
 Quhay wat na God may me sum succur fend,
 Than for your lufe quhy wald ye I forfure?
 O, maistres myn, till yow I me commend.

The wynttir nycht ane hour I may nocht fleip
 For thocht of yow, bot tumland to and fro, 10
 Me think ye ar in to my armys fueit,
 And quhen I walkyn ye ar so far me fro. Fol. 220. b.
 Allace, allace, than walkynnis my wo,
 Than wary I the tyme that I¹ yow kend;
 War nocht Gud Hoip, my hairt wald birst in two; 15
 O, maistres myn, till yow I me commend.

Sen ye ar ane that hes my hairt alhaill,
 Without fenyeing I may it nocht genstand;
 Ye ar the bontie blifs of all my baill,
 Bayth lyfe and deth standis in to your hand. 20
 Sen that I am fair bunding in your band,
 That nycht or day I wait nocht quhair to wend,
 Lat me anis fay that I your freindschip fand;
 O, maistres myn, till yow I me commend.

Finis.

CXCVIII.

[*In to my Hairt emprentit is so soir.*]

IN to my hairt emprentit is so soir
 Hir schap, hir forme, and eik hir feymlinefs,

¹ / has been afterwards inferted.

Hir port, hir cheir, hir gudnas mair and mair;
 Hir womanheid and eik hir gentilnefs,
 Hir trewth, hir fayth and alfo hir meiknefs, 5
 With all verteoufs iche fet in his degre,
 Thair is no lak bot onlie pete.

Hir fad demyng of will nocht variable,
 Off luk benyng and rut of all plefans,
 And exampillair to all that bene ftale, 10
 Difcreit, prudent, of wifdome fufficiens;
 Mirrour of wit, grund of gud gournans,
 A warld of bewty compafit in hir face,
 Quhois prefent luk did throcht my hart glace.

Quhat wondir is than thocht I be with dreid, 15
 Inly fuppoysit for to afkin grace
 Of hir, that is a quene of womanheid?
 For weill I wat, that in fo he a place,
 I will nocht be in difpair in no caice,
 Bot fuffir lawly thus that I indure, 20
 Till fcho of pietie tak me in hir cure.

Finis.

CXCIX.

[*Off Lufe and Trewth with lang Continwans.*]

OFF lufe and trewth with lang continwans,
 All may ye luvaris cum leir at me,
 That nevir a wicht had confort nor plefans,
 In warld to think nor yit behald with e,

In that intent to turne fra hir bewty, 5
 That evir I had and hes my hairt compleit,
 Sen first I faw that womanlie and fweit.

Nowthir for joy, nor scherp aduersitie,
 Nor for difdane, dreid, danger nor dispair,
 For lyfe, for deth, for wo, for destany, 10
 For blifs, for baill, for confort nor for cair, Fol. 221. a.
 For chance of fortoun turnand heir and thair,
 For hir fall nevir turne my plane hairt trew,
 Quhat I fuffir of forow, auld or new.

My faythfull hairt returne fra hir fall nevir 15
 Vnto no vddir lady vpoun life,
 Quhilk but ganekalling I gif hir for evir,
 With haill consent of all my wittis fyfe;
 Quhill dethis rege vnto the rut me ryfe,
 Thair fall no vthir in to this warld, but dreid, 20
 Depart me fra the flour of womanheid.

For weill I wet that natur hes me wrocht
 To wirschep hir abone all erdlie wicht,
 And for that caus hes in this warld bene brocht,
 To be hir scheruand fassit ay but flycht; 25
 Hir fresche effeir and hevinlie bewty bricht,
 To confidder and for to discrif,
 And for to luf hir leill in all my life.

Thocht I fuld de for trew lufe of that wicht,
 I fall hir luf onlie withowttin mo, 30
 That for to fle my hairt it hes nocht micht,
 Bot with that wicht to byd and brift in wo.
 God grant that I to graif befoir hir go,
 For of this warld fra scho tak leif to fair,
 The joy of it fair weill for evir mair. 35

The lord of luf I thank, ane thowfand fyifs
 My faythfull hairt hes fet so fad and found,
 Vnto hir moft fair, moft womanlie and wyifs,
 That natur wrocht in to this warld so round.
 Weill fair that wicht that gaif so sweit a found, 40
 Thairwith sic plefans in to my hairt went,
 That I neir flane wes with my awin consent.

The figurat dairt, inuennomit with blifs,
 Forgit with lufe and fedderit with delyt,
 Withowttin waine hes wondit me I wifs, 45
 The harme of quhilk will nevir moir be quyt;
 Quhois grundin point vnto my hairt did wryt
 In to my mynd evir in remembrans,
 Off lufe and trewth with lang continwans.

Finis.

CC.

[*Off every Joy most joyfull Joy it is.*]

OFF every joy most joyfull joy it is,
 In leill luvng ay lestand life to leid,
 And of all forrow moft sorowfull forow I wifs,
 Off fueit amouris the felony and feid, Fol. 221. b.
 With dully dartis and dwammis war no deid; 5
 I fay as one vnworthy thocht I be,
 That evir I luvit, allace, and welis me.

I fay allace, that evir I faw that fycht,
 Quhair I haif fet my hairt so foley soir,
 For to remoif frome thame I haif nocht mycht, 10
 Bot in her bandone lyis bundin moir and moir;

Bot weilis me I haif remeid thairfoir,
 On hir to louk and think on hir bewty;
 That evir I luvit, allace, and welis me.

I fay allace, for forow and for pane, 15
 That I am within danger and dispair,
 Bot weillis me I haif remeid agane,
 My fayth is fests on ane both gud and fair;
 Of bontie bewtie that is the flour and air,
 Quhilk reft fra me myne hairt owt of myne e; 20
 That evir I luvit, allace, and weil is me.

I fay allace, for joy and forow bland,
 Vmquhile I fychie and vmquhile I fing,
 Quhyllome I fit and vthir quhylls I stand.
 Vmquhill I lawche and quhill I weip and wring, 25
 Quhyll hait, quhyll cald, that lathis my luving;
 Quhairfoir I haif refone to fay perde,
 That evir I luvit, allace, and weil is me.

I fay allace, for dreid my lady be
 Withon moir rik arreiftit be the renye, 30
 Bot, God of his grace, gif I wer fet and he,
 In feild to wyn and weld withowttin fenye,
 And nevir the les fuppois fchow nocht dedenye
 On me to luk, I fall hir luvar be;
 That evir I luvit, allace, and welis me. 35

I fay allace, for evir I waill in wo,
 Nor of my wit quhen I fall fra hir wend,
 My wofull hairt neir will depairte in two,
 For of my wo is nane can tell the tend;
 Bot weil is me quhen that I fand hir frend, 40
 My hairt is blyth as ony fowll to fle;
 That evir I luvit, allace, and weil is me.

Quhairfoir, Gud Hoip, I mak the messinger,
 Vnto my lufe withowttin ire or ill;
 Sen to the lord of lufe thow art moft deir, 45
 I the befeik to beir my lufe this bill,
 And pray to hir gif that it be hir will,
 To grant me grace for hir benigntie,
 To leif allace, and fay bot weill is me.

Finis.

CCI.

[*Brycht Sterne of Bewtie and Well of Lustines.*]

BRycht sterne of bewtie and well of lustines, Fol. 222. a
 Flour of honour and he nobilitie,
 Jem and grit jowell of wit and steidfastnes,
 Renownit lady in liberaltie,
 Our all this land ye stand as a per fe, 5
 For bontie, bewtie, trewth and womanheid
 Springyth in yow as flouris in the meid.

Thairfoir I wait, sen that the God aboif
 Hes formit yow so fair of hyd and hew,
 Wald nocht ye fuld luvit be and lufe, 10
 And mercy haif vpoun your scheruand trew?
 Quhairfoir, sweit hairt, of me haif rewth and rew,
 Louke quhat ye ask of God in your preyer,
 And yeild your scheruand in the same maneir.

Dreidfull dispair oft fyis dois me schoir, 15
 And cursit dangeir my fillie hairt to flay,
 Wicket wanhoip fayis I fall lufe no moir,

Saif asperans, freindis I fynd no may,
 Quhilk oftymes biddis me to yow fay,
 Haif mercy lady and be nocht obstinat, 20
 For deth in schort your scherwand will chakmait.

Bethink yow how that holie scriptour sayth,
 Quhai faikles flayis fall nevir moir se the face
 Of God eterne, or than wyifs clerkis leith;
 And sen that ye ma, lady, with your grace, 25
 The lyfe or deth of me, your man, purchace,
 O God forbeid that evir so yow betyd,
 That ye suld be ane cursit homicyd.

Finis.

CCII.

[*Bayth gud, and fair, and womanlie.*]

BAYTH gud and fair and womanlie,
 Debonair, steidfast, wyifs and trew,
 Courtafs, hummill and lawlie,
 And grundit weill in all vertew;
 To quhois scheruice I fall perfew 5
 Wirchep without villony,
 And evir annone I salbe trew,
 Bayth gud and fair and womanlie.

Honour for evir vnto that fre,
 That natur formit hes so fair; 10
 In wirchep of hir fresche bewtie,
 To Luvis court I will repair,

To scherue and lufe without dispair;
 For this I wait hir most wirthly,
 For to be callit our allquhair, 15
 Bayth gud and fair and womanly.

Sen that I gif my hairt hir to, Fol. 222. b.
 Quhy wyt I hir of my mournyng?
 Thocht I be wo, quhat wyt hes scho?
 Quhat wald I moir of my fweithing, 20
 That wait nocht of my womenting?
 Quhen I hir se confort am I,
 Hir fair effeir and fresch having
 Is gud and fair and womanlie.

Thing in this world that I best luf, 25
 My werry hairt and confortyng,
 To quhois scheruice I fall persew,
 Quhill deid mak our depairting;
 Faythfull, constant and bening,
 I falbe quhill the lyfe is in me, 30
 And luf hir best attour all thing,
 Bayth gud and fair and womanlie.

Finis.

CCIII.

[*Now in this mirthfull Tyme of May.*]

NOW in this mirthfull tyme of May,
 My dullit spreit for to reiofs,
 I fall with fobir mynd affay,
 Gif I can ocht in metir glofs.

Syn all the poyntis of my purpoifs 5
 In secreit wyifs falbe affelyeit,
 How in my garth thair growis a roifs,
 Wes frefche and fair and now is felyeit.

All winttir throcht this rofs wes reid,
 And now in May it changis hew, 10
 Thairfoir I trow that it be deid,
 And als the ftak that it on grew.
 Suld I for plefour plant a new?
 Na, that I wow to God in plane,
 Said it fair weill all flouris adew, 15
 Bot gif that roifs reuert agane.

For of all plefans to my fycht,
 That grew on grund, it beris the gre,¹
 My hairt wes on that day and nycht,
 It wes fo plefand for to fe. 20
 Now thair is nowdir erb nor tre
 Sall grow within my garding mair,
 Quhill I get wit quhat gart it de,
 This foirfaid flour that wes fo fair.

Finis.

CCIV.

[*My Hairt is Thrall, begone me fro.*]

MY hairt is thrall, begone me fro,
 Vnto the gudlieft vpoun lif,
 No windir is ² thocht it be fo,
 For non may with hir bewtie strif.

¹ Originally *name*, and altered to *gre* by another hand. ²*Is* after inferted.

Till hir I will nowdir compair maid nor wif, 5
 That levand is in to this warld allane,
 Hir to discrif furmontis my wittis fyfe,
 Aboif all vthiris scho is my fouerane.

For to discrive hir bonteis all at schort, Fol. 223. a.
 My barbir toung it is vnsufficient, 10
 And als my cunning can it nocht report;
 Bot, weill I wait, vndir the firmament
 Is no compair to that rofs redolent,
 Quhilk hes my hairt haill in to hir cure,
 And evir fall abid thair permanent, 15
 Till I be clofit in my sepulture.

For weill I wait scho is the gudlieft,
 That evir fornit wes be dame nature,
 Aboif all vthiris the most femlieft,
 The mirrour of hewis and nurtour, 20
 The maist plesand patrone of portratour,
 A warld of bewtie compaffid in hir face,
 And of womanheid the rich mirrour;
 That I hir knew I joy, and fayis allace.

Hir ene, that is as beriall brycht, 25
 Hes wondit me and mony hundreth mo;
 Fra hir to fle I haif nowdir strenth nor mycht,
 Bot bound hir thrall quhiddir I will or no.
 Allace, thocht scho becumin is my fo,
 I fall hir scheruand be my lyvis fpace, 30
 And nevir for to change for weill nor wo,
 Bot to await vpoun hir mercy and grace.

Hir hew is hevinlie to behold,
 Moir meik wes nevir creature on life,
 With hair brycht glitterand as the gold, 35
 So standis scho in gre superlatyfe;

For quhois faik I suffir mony fyfe,
 Hir bewty in my mynd so prentit bene;
 And yit my forrowis fall I nevir mycht,
 Bot onlie to that gudlie fair and schene. 40

Bot God, sen that scho knew my constance,
 The fervent lufe vntill that cumlie cleir,
 I haif till hir withowttin variance,
 Quhill I almaist is bowne to my beir;
 And help in erd ma me no medifoneir, 45
 Bot scho that is most gudlie, fair and wyifs,
 Thairfoir your scheruand faif and be nocht fueir,
 And mercy haif on him that mercy cryifs.

Now mercy, lady, on my grevoifs pane,
 And lat me nocht daylie thus indure, 50
 And faif your man erar than he be flane,
 Sen that my lyif lyis haly in your cure;
 Or than to God ye do grit injure,
 And fall accuss yow faules of my ded,
 And thairthrow schame fall evir mair indure, 55
 And grit lak vnto your womanhed.

Finis.

CCV.

[*Ma Commendationis with Humilitie.*]

MA commendationis with humilitie
 I fend vnto hir faythfull womanheid,
 Than thair is dropis of wattir in fe,
 Sternis in the hevene, flouris in the meid.

Fol. 223. b.

Pleifs ye remembir quhen ye thir lettres reid, 5
 That I am trew, nocht fckill of efferis,
 Dittand thir verfs with difconfort and dreid,
 Mixand my ynk ay with my bittir teris.

Quhat windir is my hairt be granit thrwche,
 Fro out the rute rewthles ye haif it revin, 10
 Ye haif the yok, with me remanis the flwche,
 To fchaw ane fchaddow quhair my hairt hes bene.
 Allace, the rewling of your wanttone ene,
 Thai war the caus and gaif the iugement,
 Thus am I met and wat nocht quhome to mene, 15
 My corfs is thrallit and my hairt is rent.

War nocht reafone, fen that ye haif my hairt,
 Your gracious mercy that ye wald fchaw,
 And gif me youris, owdir all or pairte,
 And tak my hairtles corfs and hald yow aw? 20
 O, lord Cupeid, we wait this is the law,
 Sen ye ar luf, goddes and moder,
 Rathir my fecret deidis ye wald knaw,
 De in your grace, nor leif and ferfs ane vthir.

How fall I do, quhat fall I fay, allace? 25
 Is non bot yow that may mak me remeid?
 I may nocht vdir bot do me in your grace,
 Sen in your handis standis bayth lyfe and deid.
 Fortoun, allace, quhy am I thus at feid,
 With ane on quhome natur hes done hir cure, 30
 Thus standand daylie in the poynt of deid,
 And merciles bene ay your fcheruiture?

Luf hes me wardit in ane park of pane,
 With dolour is the dowbill dykis dicht,
 And luft is foster with his bow and flane, 35
 Fro tre to tre he chaiffis me in the nycht.

I weip, I wring, wes nevir ane veriar wicht,
 Thus nycht and day with petoufs wox I cry,¹
 Wes nevir ane vndir the fonis lycht
 Mair patient sufferrit proctory. 40

Wald ye fend help sone, with ane speid of hop,
 And cast the dyk of dolour to the erd,
 With lusty hairt than fuld I gif ane loip,
 And cum to yow, I ken the gait onspird.
 My hairt is youris full steidfastlie vnsteird, 45
 Fetterit full fast quhill ye mak it fre;
 I fend till yow most farrest in this erd,
 Ma commendationis with humilitie.

Finis.

CCVI.

[*My sorufull Pane and Wo for to complene.*]

MY sorufull pane and wo for to complene 601.224.a.
 My wit is waik, bot I may nochit refrene
 It for to tell vnto fum creature,
 Gif, that be me or ony vthir of mene,
 My fouerane lady left to dedene, 5
 To rew vpoun my wofull eventure;
 For sen I come in to that cleiris cure,
 I haif bene trew with all my hairt and mycht,
 And fall ay fcherue that bird of bewtie brycht.

Sen that first I fewty maid to lufe, 10
 And to the king thairof that fittis abuse,
 I haif bene trew vnto that fair and fre,
 Thocht it be scho that revis me rest and rufe;

4 L

¹ This first read *wox and cry*.

My hairt fra hir yit fall I nevir remofe,
 But dreid vnto the day that I fall de. 15
 Thus fall fcho haif all that fcho may of me,
 Both hairt, body, fcheruice and all the laif,
 That only in erd may of hir fcherwand craif.

Wald God, that wirthy wift my wo and pane,
 Quhilck gif I culd in wordis few and plane, 20
 I fuld hir wryt the caufs of my diftrefs,
 How for that fcheyne I am neir fchent and flane,
 And nevir to joy lippynnis to cum agane.
 Bot gif that gudly fchap hir to redrefs
 My wofull hairt fulfillit of havinefs, 25
 Thus am I boune and boundin to hir will,
 Quhithair fcho lift to fpeid or ellis to spill.

Quhome fuld I fcherue but hir that fair and fre,
 In all this warld, fen thair is nane bot fche
 That may me cur of all my caris cald, 30
 And bot that blycht me beit wmbet I be,
 And than be done.? My dulfull destine
 Is went all wrang, and no thing as I wald;
 Quhat may I do bot to that heynd behald?
 And byd ay quhill that blycht lift to me bute, 35
 Off all my wo quhilck is bayth crop and rute.

All the lang day I wy thus wofulleft,
 And quhen the nycht cumis and tyme that I fuld reft,
 Than wifs I deth moir than a thowfand fyfis,
 Sayand at anis hairt, Now fuld thow breft, 40
 And nocht daly in thrang me thus to threft.
 I windir that thow wirkis on this wyfis,
 Me think anewcht it aucht the to fuffyfis
 At anis to wirk thi crueltie and pane,
 Thocht thow nocht new it everi day agane. 45

And fen no pane, no paffioun, na no pyne, Fol. 224. b.
 Ma bring agane this forrowfull hairt of myne,
 In sic a wyifs to leif that I haif luvit,
 I will nocht laue quhithair fcho be heir or hyne.
 I falbe fane to leif in luvys lyne. 50
 I war vnwyifs and vthir I concuffit
 To haif hir luvy, my hairt yit nevyr remvffit
 To hir to quhome I aw allegeance,
 Sen hirris I am withowttin variance.

Thus to conclud, fchortlie I fay for me, 55
 That gudlie fair and frefche quhair evyr fcho be,
 I pray grit God to gif hir weill to fair,
 Thocht I be fett thus gait in aduerfitie,
 In forrowis feir and fyching as ye fe.
 I wald that blycht of blifs wer nevyr bair, 60
 That may me help quhilk bot fcho do but mair,
 Fair weill my gud dayis bene ago,
 All thus I plene my forrowfull pane and wo.

Finis.

CCVII.

[O Cupid, King, quhome to fall I complene?]

O CUPID, king, quhome to fall I complene,
 Or call for confort in this cairfull cace?
 Sen quhair I luvy, I am nocht luvit agane,
 Bot for my luvy lathit I am, allace.
 I will go mene yit on to my maiftrece, 5
 As I haif done oftymes of befoir,
 For nane bot fcho my gladnes may reftoir.

Allace, lady, how lang fall I indure
 This dolour quhilk throw your danger I dre?
 Am I nocht he that daylie dois my cure 10
 Your trew subiect and fcheruitour to be;
 Your bound and thrall in maift hummill degre?
 Asking agane na thing of yow, thairfoir,
 Bot your gud will my glaidnes to reftoir.

On your gud will I done lang depend, 15
 Howbeit as yit I fynd no way to fpeid,
 And I am he that nevir did offend,
 In wird nor werk aganis your womanheid;
 That makis my hairt within my breift to bleid,
 Sen faikleflie I fuffir all this foir, 20
 And ye no way my glaidnes will reftoir.

And nochttheles, lady, gif ye allege,
 That I to yow hes falit in ony pairt,
 I grant thairwith your barret to abbrege,
 And to remove the rancour of your hairt; 25
 Thocht I be clene crymeles in every art,
 I grant ane falt and mercy dois imploir,
 Of your gudnes my glaidnes to reftoir.

Ye know thair is twa kyndis of jelufy, Fol.225.a.
 The first cumis of lufis grit excefs, 30
 Quhairof I can nocht quyt me verraly;
 Bot of the nixt, quhilk is difpyt I gefs,
 Sa God me faif, as I haif bene pairtlefs,
 Sen I yow luvit and falbe evirmoir,
 Thocht ye lift nevir my glaidnes to reftoir. 35

Go, littill bill, empty of eloquence,
 To hir that is the harbic of my hairt,
 Salut hir first with hummill reuerence,

And schaw hir now my crewale panis smart;
 Get me sum grace fra hir or thow depairte, 40
 Or than adew, my joy and erdly gloir,
 For nane bot scho my glaidnes may restoir.

Finis.

CCVIII.

[*Fair weill, my Hairt, fair weill, bayth Freind and Fo.*]

FAIR weill, my hairt, fair weill, bayth freind and fo,
 Fair weill, the weill of fweitaft madicyne,
 Fair weill, my lufe, bayth lyfe and deth also;
 Fair weill, blythnes, fairweill, fweit lemmane myne,
 Fair weill, the flour of colour gud and fyne, 5
 That fadis nocht for weddir wen nor weit,
 No moir than in the fomer fessone fweit.

How fall I do, quhen I mon yow forgo,
 How fall I sing, how fall I glaid than be, 10
 How fall I leif, I luve yow and no mo,
 Quhat fall I do, how fall I confort me,
 How fall I than thir bittir panis dre,
 Quhair now I haif als mekle as I may
 Of cairis cauld in fyching cuirilk day?

Quhat fall I wryt in to this petoufs bill, 15
 Quhat fall I fay for owttin awdiens,
 Quhat fall I dyt for to declair my will,
 Quhat fall I fay as now to your prefens?
 I yow befeik with all my diligens,
 Throw your lustines and flour of womanheid, 20
 Anis for me this bill to fe and reid.

I can nocht fay no moir in this prolong,
 For I nocht wait gif it be profitable,
 For to declair yow all my panis strong,
 Heir in to wret be word or be fabill,
 Or gif it be to yow commendabill,
 Thairfoir as now this littill remembrance
 Ye tak and keip in to your gouirnance.

25

Finis.

CCIX.

[Allace, depairting Grund of Wo.]

ALLACE, depairting grund of wo,
 Thow art of euirilk joy ane end;
 How fuld I pairte my lady fro,
 How fuld I tak my leif to wend,
 Sen fals fortoun is nocht my frend,
 Bot evir castis me to keill?
 Now sen I most no langir lend,
 I tak my leif aganis my will.

5

Fol. 225. b.

Fair weill, fairweill, my weifair may,
 Fairweill, fegour most fresche of hew,
 Fairweill, the faiffar of assay,
 Fairweill, the hart of quhyt and blew;
 Fairweill, baith kynd, curtass and trew,
 Fairweill, woman withowttin ill,
 Fair weill, the cumlieft that evir I knew,
 I tak my leif aganis my will.

10

15

Fair weill, my rycht fair lady deir,
 Fairweill, most wyfs and womanlic,

Fairweill, my lufe fro yeir to yeir,
 Fairweill, thow beriall blycht of blie; 20
 Fair weill, leill lady, liberall and fre,
 Fair weill, that may me faif and spill,
 Fow evir I fair, go fair weill ye,
 I tak my leif aganis my will.

Fair weill fra me, my gudly grace, 25
 Fair weill, the well of wirdinefs,
 Fairweill, my confort in cuirilk place,
 Fairweill, the hop of steidfastnefs;
 Fairweill, the rute of my distrefs,
 Fair weill, the luffar trew and still, 30
 Fair weill, the nvreifs of gentilnes,
 I tak my leif aganis my will.

Finis.

CCX.

[*In May in a Morning, I movit me one.*]

IN May in a morning, I movit me one,
 Throw a grene garding, with gravis begone,
 As leid without lyking, but langour allone,
 For misheifs and mourning, makand my mone,
 But mo. 5
 With hairt als havy as a¹ stone,
 Of covir confoirt had I none,
 As wy that wift of na wone,
 Bot wandreth in wo.

For wo and wandreth I waik, I weip and I wring, 10
 For on so myld without maik, that mais my murnyng,

¹ *a* has perhaps been deleted.

Oft fyfs I fyche for hir faik, and fendill I fing,
 Hir lillie lyre as the laik dois me langing,

For lufe.

That brycht fra baill ma me bring, 15
 To kyth on me sum conforting,
 Wald scho bethink, that sweit thing,
 Quhat panis I prufe.

Thocht pane but play be mypairt, I preifs nocht to pleid, Fol. 226. a.
 Sen I hir hecht all my hairt, to steir and to leid, 20
 To chyd as a cowart, I call no remeid,
 Sen scho wrocht wreth otwart,¹ I wallow as the weid,
 In weir.

The fair that forgis this feid,
 May scho nocht fair rew that reid, 25
 Gif scho gravis me to deid,
 With doggit dangeir.

Sall dengeir thus with me deill, is this hir decreit,
 For lang fcheruice and leill, hir luvar forleit?
 Scho is the hoip of my heill, alhaill I beheit, 30
 To fend with freindschipis feill, to fall at hir feit,
 As thrall.

Quhat evir scho wone I wald weit,
 Fro I be gravit in greit,
 Than hes scho fcheruandis that ar sweit, 35
 The fewar at call.

Thocht I wer reddy to graif, thinkis scho that ganand,
 Yit scho hes and fall haif my hairt in hir hand;
 Quhithir scho schent or scho faif, I am hir ferwand,
 To leif hir leir our the laif, quhill I am levand, 40
 But lefs.

I am so bunding in hir band,
 I wait no way to ganeftand,

¹ This word is very indistinct.

Bot pray to that plefand,
Of petie and pefs. 45

Off pety and pefs I hir pray, and plane I repent,
Gif I haif wrocht ony way to wryth hir intent,
Sen fcho my mvrning meifs may within a moment,
It war hir fyn I dar fay, I fuld thus be fchent,
Saiklefs, 50

Suld fcho nocht dreid and diffent
To martir me innocent,
That fra hir will can nocht went,
For deid nor diftrefs.

At hir will fall I wair my wit in this plit, 55
To lufe hir wirfchep weill, mair than wantone delyt,
Will fcho hir man than forfair, all wycht will hir wyt,
Bot fcho cuvir me of cair, my confort is quyt,
For aye.

Evir quhair fcho will I wryt 60
In hairtly plefans perfyt,
To quhome direct I this dyt,
Ane morning of May.

Finis.

CCXI.

[*My wofull Werd complene I may rycht foir.*]

MY wofull werd complene I may rycht foir,
Sen that I do my labour in to vane,
And cuirilk day increfsis moir and moir,
To luf trewly and is nocht luvit agane.

Quhat fall I fay? rycht awfull is my pane, 5 Fol. 226. b.
 Lufe thirlis my hairt bayth day and nycht so foir;
 I luew trewly and is nocht luvit agane,
 A loid of lufe lat it be so no moir.

Quhen cuirilk wycht in to the nycht takis rest,
 I madlie mvrne and mvse¹ me to and fro, 10
 And that is for the absens of my gest,
 I may hir ban; allace, quhy did scho fo?
 I mene, I plene, quhill the nycht is ago,
 Tyn in my breift hir lusty lufe I clos;
 Quhomefor the dolor is that I do fo, 15
 I luew trewly and is nocht luvit, allofs.

Bot and I wist that scho had trew knowlege
 Of my mvrning and my lamentatioun,
 And syne for that tynt nothing of curage,
 Nor of hir mynd haifand perfectioun, 20
 To luew ane lusty and syn my lyfe vndone.
 Gif I for hir fult thoill sic pvnist pane,
 Than war my mvrning all bot derisioun,
 And scho for me did thoill no thing agane.

Bot weil I wait, quhen that scho knawis the rycht, 25
 My panefull passioun dolerus and fair,
 Scho will me lufe abuse all erdly wycht,
 And confort me with priue wurdis fair.
 So for hir lufe so lykly is to missair,
 Bot reafone wald and pety in this tyd, 30
 That my gudly scheruice, bayth lait and air,
 Rewardit be all dangeir laid on fyd.

Finis.

¹ This word is very indistinct, having been partly written over.

CCXII.

[*Thus, wairfull Thocht, myne E hes wrocht to Wo.*]

THUS, wairfull thocht, myne e hes wrocht to wo,
 And all my wit hes knit, with thankis two,
 That I na may, away, in no kin wyifs,
 Throw fucit bewty, outthrow myne e, but ho,
 And dengeir fyn, that dois me downe alfo. 5
 Thus am I fchent, gif I repent, to ryifs,
 And I rew for all my trew fcherwyifs,
 But heid of meid, that sweit and scho me flo,
 In quhois trest alhaill my lyking lyifs.

My foir regrait my e hes mait for euir, 10
 And I no can, as marrit man, diffuer;
 Nor quho is he to fe that wald nocht plene.
 For febill plyt, yit cuth I nyt her neur;
 Nor for no trust of luf, nor lust to luuir;¹
 And for all this I wifs will scho dedene. 15

[*Finis.*]

CCXIII.

[*O, wrechit, infernall, crewall Element.*]

O WRECHIT, infernall, crewall element, Fol. 227. a.
 Depairting ground and rut of euery wo,
 Weill aucht thir luvaris cry that thow be fchent,
 For till thair eifs thow bene eternall fo;
 And fen on neid thow makis me now to go, 5

¹ This word might be read *limir*.

I tak my leif heir at my lady fre ;
How evir I fair, fair hairt, go, fair weill ye.

How fuld I fay, go, fair weill, and tak my leif?
Allace, that wurd inperfit throw my hairt,
For but your fycht on na wayis may I leif; 10
My cairis ar kene, my panis ar fcherp and fmart,
All fuld me eifs is travers turnit outward;
Yit go, fairweill, quhill oft I on yow fe;
How evir I fair, fair hairt, go, fair weill ye.

Your fair vifage apairt and gudly cheyir, 15
Your bewteis mustir and fyn continans,
Your myld haifing, your womanlie maneir,
Your ene cumlie, quhilk bene all my plefans,
So perfynt hes bene in my hairt remmembrans,
I ma nocht leif and fra your prefens be; 20
How evir I fair, fair hairt, go, fair weill ye.

And mervell is the pairting fuld confus,
My wrechit hairt is fet in sic distrefs,
Sen I wes nevir in grace, bot quyt refus
With yow, my fouerane lady and maistrefs; 25
Than fuld your pairting be anis, I gefs,
Be verra kynd, nocht lestand fo with me;
How evir I fair, fair hairt, go, fair weill ye.

Go, fair weill, moft defyrit lyvis fo,
A thowfand fyifs, go, fair weill, lady myne; 30
Go, fair weill, erdlie joy, for evir mo,
Go, fair weill, hairt and cure of medecyne;
Go, fair weill, quha at no mercy ma ryne;
I can nocht fay, quhill courtlie I de;
How evir I fair, fair hairt, go, fair weill ye. 35

Finis.

CCXIV.

[*Flour of all Fairheid, gif I fall found the fra.*]

FLOUR of all fairheid, gif I fall found the fra,
 All gammis ar me queid, fo neir to grund I ga;
 I may no mirthis ma, for forrow my self I fla;
 Thus wrikis scho me wa, that wlonkast is in weid,
 That is bayth freind and fa, and fareft flour to feid. 5

So fair wes nevir fygour, no fame on flud fo quhyt,
 So proper of portratour, fa pairt no fa perfyt,
 Hir lyre is lilly lyk, plesand forowttin plyt,
 In bour is no fo brycht beriall, no blench flour,
 As is that hendly hycht menfkyt with all honour. 10 Fol. 227. b.

I aw hir honour ay, to fcherue hir bayth lait and air,
 With all the mirth I may, for now and evir mair,
 The confort of my cair, the faifir of my fair;
 Quhair evir I found or fair, scho is formest in fay,
 With hir I wald I wair durand quhill domifday. 15

Thair wes nevir day that dew, nor dyamont fa deir,
 Na ftane fa haill of hew, as is the hyd of heir;
 Hir ene as cristall cleir, with luflic lawchand cheir,
 Hir pawpis till perle ar peir, perfyt and poleift new,
 And I may nych hir neir, than gon wer neuir my glew. 20

Vnglaid I gloir as gleid, fen my gud luf was gone,
 For neir witlefs I weid, I luf bot hir allone,
 That hes my hairt ichone, als trew as turtill on ftone;
 I luf bot hir allone, of all that levis on leid,
 Thus lykis me my leman, the flour of all fairheid. 25

Finis.

CCXV.

[*O, Maistres myld, haif Mynd on me.*]

O, MAISTRES myld, haif mynd on me,
 Sen that I am your pefoneir,
 And lat me nocht in dolour de,
 Sen ye may be my medicineir.
 Ye may me faif frome all dengeir, 5
 And fett me at full libertie
 Owt of this lyfe that dois me deir,
 Thairfoir, fueit hairt, haif mynd on me.

My mynd is plungit in diftres,
 That day or nycht I may nocht reft, 10
 Without your help remedeles,
 My hairt is fair, it may nocht left.
 For every day I do bot de,
 Me think that deid wer for me best,
 In dowbill pane fen I am drest, 15
 Thairfoir, fueit hairt, haif mynd on me.

Thocht I haif loft all my plesour,
 Yit will I to your mynd apply;
 On yow my hairt is fixit fur,
 And evir falbe ful faythfully. 20
 I dar nocht beir yow cumpany,
 For tratling tungis that ay will le,
 Bot think on me, your luvar trew,
 My awin fueit hairt, haif mynd on me.

I pray yow be nocht variable. 25
 Bot think on me, your luvar trew,
 That is for yow fa lamentable,
 Sen to your fcheruice I did perfew.

My ioy agane ye may renew, Fol. 228.a.
 Do ye nocht swa, I fay for me, 30
 Allace the tyme that I yow knew,
 Thairfoir, fucit hairt, haif mynd on me.

This is ane endlefs pane, allace,
 That haill luvaris fuld be forlorne,
 As it is hapnit now the caifs, 35
 It wer for bettir be vnborne;
 For than my joyis wer to me beforne,
 Quhilk I haif previt and will nocht be,
 That garris me fyche bayth evin and morne,
 Thairfoir, fucit hairt, haif mynd on me. 40

And thus fals fortoun is my fo,
 Befoir to vthiris as scho hes bene,
 Scho dois my hairt sic pane and wo,
 I fay no moir, I may befene.
 The blenkyne of hir bewtie schene 45
 Sall gar me mvse quhill that I de,
 And fych full mony tymes betuene,
 Thairfoir, fucit hairt, haif mynd on me.

Finis.

CCXVI.

[*Haif Hairt in Hairt, ye Hairt of Hairtis haill.*]

HAIF hairt in hairt, ye hairt of hairtis haill,
 Trewly, sweit hairt, your hairt my hairt fal haif;
 Expell, deir hairt, my havy hairtis baill,
 Praying yow, hairt, quhilk hes my hairt in graif,

Sen ye, sweit hairt, my hairt may fla and faif, 5
 Lat nocht, deir hairt, my leill hairt be forloir,
 Excelland hairt of every hairtis gloir.

Glaid is my hairt with yow, sueit hairt, to rest,
 And serue yow, hairt, with hairtis observance;
 Sen ye ar hairt, with bayth our hairtis posselt, 10
 My hairt is in your hairtis gouirnance;
 Do with my hairt, your hairtis sweit plefance,
 For is my hairt thrall your hairt vntill,
 I haif no hairt contrair your hairtis will.

Sen ye haif, hairt, my faythfull hairt in cure, 15
 Vphald the hairt quhilk is your hairtis awin;
 Gif my hairt be your hairtis scherniture,
 How may ye thoill your trew hairt be ourthrawin?
 Quhairfoir, sweit hairt, nocht suffer so be knawin,
 Bot ye be, hairt, my hairtis reiofing, 20
 As ye ar hairt of hairtis conforting.

Finis. The anfchuer heirof is in the clxvij¹ leif.

CCXVII.

[*Wald my gud Ladye that I luif.*]

WALD my gud ladye that I luif Fol.228. b.
 Luiff me best for ay,
 I fuld gar mak for hir behuif
 Ane garmond gude and gay.

Off vertew fuld hir hude be wrocht, 5
 The garnifing of grace,

¹ A marginal note² says "*The anfwair heirof in the 235 leif.*"

To gyde hir weill in deid and thocht,
Fra cryme in ony caifs.

Poleift with pleſand portratour,
With diamandis of discretioun. 10
The chafrone ſett with fyne favour,
And rubeis of rycht reiffoun.

Ane targate of trewth hingand thairat,
Weill cuplit with conſtans,
Off humbilnes¹ fuld be hir hatt. 15
Hir teppet of temperans.

Hir fark fuld be of fobirnes,
Weill ſentit with gude fame.
The femis ſewit with ſacreitnes,
With nurtour and gude name. 20

Hir collare fuld be of conſiderans,
Quhair wiſdome may be ſene,
Rubanit with riche remembrans,
And beidis of bountie betwene.
Hir kirtill fuld be of compaciencie. 25
Off the puir to have pietie.
Weill watit with benevolence,
Lynit with liberalitie:

Mailyeit with maneris and meſfour.
Weill laſit with luiſſumnes, 30
Toukit with trew luiſ. the treſour;
Hir ſtomok of ſtedfaſtnes.

Hir gown fuld be of all guidnes,
Begareit with freſche bewtie,
Buit² with rubanis of richtuufnes, 35
And perſewit with proſperitie.

¹ MS. has *humbilnes*. ² This word is doubtful.

Hir flewis fuld be of fueit femblans,
 Wanit with womanlie maneir,
 Weill cuffit with continewance,
 In vertew and wit but weir. 40

Hir paitlat fuld be of hie prudence,
 Weill furrit with fair affere,
 With peirlit prenis of pacience,
 For hir wirfchop to weir.

Hir belt fuld be of bowfumnes, 45
 Meit to hir middill fmall,
 Baith heid and pendes with hartlines,
 Inemmellit weill with all.

Hir chemye fuld be of chaiftetic,
 About hir halfs fo quhyte, 50
 Hir halfs peirlis of pudicitie,
 Rycht plesand and perfyte.

Hir clock fuld be of clene consciens,
 Weill lynit with lawlines,
 Denudit of all negligence, 55
 And borderit weill with besines.

Off grene youth fuld hir gluiffis be,
 For hir fair fingaris quhyte,
 Bervit¹ with kyndnes but creweltye,
 Our ringis of delyte. 60

Hir hoifs of honest hamelines,
 Na proudnes to pretend,
 Hir pantonis of perfewerans,
 In honour till hir end.

This haif I cled my luif rycht weill, 65
 Na weid will cum hir better,

¹ This word is doubtful.

Nor this garmond fa haif I feill,
Nor halft fo weill will fett hir.

Finis.

CCXVIII.

[*Support your Scheruand, peirles Paramour.*]

SUPPORT your fcheruand, peirles paramour,
SOr dreidfull deth and dolour me devoir
Sen thair is nan may fchaw no fuccour,
To my pur hairt ourfett with ficing foir.
Allace, allace, fueit defy, moft decoir, 5
Will ye nocht help me of my heviness,
Sen of my hairt ye ar the cheif maistrefs?

The arting of your ene angelicall
So spedely my fpreit hes perforate
Vnto my hairt, and caufd it to be thrall 10
To yow, the flour of womanheid, I wate,
Quhairfoir I pray your he excellent estate,
To kyth on me fum confort in this caifs,
Sen of my hairt ye ar the cheif maistrefs.

Thair wes nevir in to no woman wrocht, 15
Bot planelie in to your perfone dois appeir,
Except petie and thocht I find it nocht,
Dame Esperans helpis me out of weir;
That fcho and lady Mercy both in feir
Sall in your hairt graif bayth pety and grace, 20
Sen of my hairt ye ar the cheif maistrece.

[*Finis.*]

CCXIX.

[*Quhen Tayis Bank wes blumyt brycht.*]

QUHEN Tayis bank wes blumyt brycht, Fol. 229. a.
 With blofomes blycht and bred,
 Be that rever ran I doun rycht,
 Vndir the ryfs I red.
 The merle melit with all hir mycht,¹ 5
 And mirth in mornyng maid,
 Throw solace found and femely ficht.
 Alfwth a fang I faid.

 Vndir that bank quhair blifs had bene,
 I bownit me to abyde, 10
 Ane holene, hevinly hewit grene,
 Rycht heyndly did me hyd.
 The fone schyne our the schawis schene,
 Full femely me befyd,
 In bed of blumes bricht befene, 15
 A fleip cowth me ourflyd.

 About all blomet wes my bour,
 With blofummes broun and blew,
 Ourfret with mony fair frefch flour,
 Helfum of hevinly hew. 20
 With schakeris of the schene dew schour,
 Schynnyng my courtenis schew,
 Arrayit with a rich vardour,
 Of natouris werkis new.

 Rafing the birdis fra thair rest, 25
 The reid fone raifs with rawis,
 The lark fang lowd, quhill lycht mycht left,
 A lay of luvis lawis.

¹ Originally written *mirth* and now *mycht*.

The nythingall woik of hir neft,
Singing, The day vpdawis; 30
The mirthfull maveifs mirriest
Schill schowttit throw the schawis.

All flouris grew that firth within,
That man cowth haif in mynd,
And in that flud all fische with fyn, 35
That creat wer be kynd.
Vndir the rife the ra did ryn
Our ron, our rute, our rynd,
The dvn deir danfit with a dyn,
And herdis of hairt and hynd. 40

Wod Winter, with his wallowand wynd,
But weir away wes went,
Brafit about with wyld wodbynd
Wer bewis on the bent.
Allone vnder the lusty lynd, 45
I faw anc lufum lent,
That fairly war so fare to fynd
Vndir the firmament.

Scho wes the lustiest on lyve,
Allone lent on a land, 50
And fareft figour be sic fyve,
That evir in firth I fand.
Hir cumly cullour to discryve
I dar nocht tak on hand,
Moir womanly borne of a wyfe 55
Wes neuir, I dar warrand.

To creatur that wes in cair,
Or cauld of crewelty,
A blicht blenk of hir vefage bair
Of baill his bute mycht be. 60

Hir hyd, hir hew, hir hevinly hair
 Mycht havy hairtis vphie;
 So angelik vndir the air
 Neuir wicht I faw with e.

The blofummes that wer blycht and brycht 65
 By hir wer blacht and blew,
 Scho gladit all the foull of flicht,
 That in the forrest flew.
 Scho mycht haif confort king or knyght,
 That cuir in cuntre I knew, 70
 As waill and well of warldly wicht,
 In womanly vertew.

Hir cullour cleir, hir countinace,
 Hir cumly cristall enc,
 Hir portratour of most plefance, 75
 All pictour did prevene.
 Off every vertew to avance,
 Quhen ladeis prafit bene,
 Rychttest in my remembrance
 That rofe is rutit grene. 80

This myld, meik, manfuet Mergrit,
 This perle polift most quhyt,
 Dame Natouris deir dochter difcreit,
 The dyamant of delyt,
 Neuir formit wes to found on feit 85
 Ane figour moir perfyte,
 Nor non on mold that did hir meit
 Mycht mend hir wirth a myte.

This myrthfull maid to meit I ment,
 And merkit furth on mold, 90
 Bot fone within a wane scho went,
 Most hevinly to behold.

The bricht fone with his bemys blent
 Vpoun the bertis bold,
 Fareft under the firmament 95
 That formit wes on fold.

As parradyce that place but peir
 Wes plefand to my ficht,
 Of forreft and of frefch reveir,
 Of firth and fowll of flicht, 100
 Of birdis bay on bonk and breir,
 With blumes brekand bricht,
 As hevin, in to this erd down heir,
 Hertis to hald on hicht.

So went this womanly away 105
 Amang thir woddis wyd,
 And I to heir thir birdis gay
 Did in a bonk abyd,
 Quhair ron and ryfs raifs in aray, Fol. 229. b.
 Endlang the reuir fyde. 110
 This hapnit me in a tyme in May,
 In till a morning tyd.

The rever throw the ryfe cowth rowt,
 And roferis raiffis on raw,
 The fchene birdis full fchill cowth fchowt 115
 Into that femly fchaw.
 Joy wes within and joy without,
 Vnder that vnlonkeft waw,
 Quhair Tay ran down with fremis flout,
 Full frecht vndir Stobfchaw. 120

Finis.

CCXX.

[*O lusty May, with Flora Quene.*]

O LUSTY May, with Flora quene,
 The balmy dropis frome Phebus schene,
 Preluciand bemes befoir the day,
 Be that Diana growis grene,
 Throwch glaidnes of this lusty May. 5

Than Esperus, that is so bricht,
 Till wofull haitis castis his lycht,
 With bankis that blumes on euery bray, (*bis*)
 And schuris ar sched furth of thair ficht,
 Thruch glaidnes of this lusty May. 10

Birdis on bewis of every birth,
 Reiofing nottis makand thair mirth,
 Rycht plefandly vpoun the spray,
 With fluriffingis our feild and firth,
 Thruch glaidnes of this lusty May. 15

All luvaris that ar in cair
 To thair ladeis thay do repair,
 In fresch mornyngis befoir the day,
 And ar in mirth ay mair and mair,
 Thruch glaidnes of this lusty May. 20

Finis.

CCXXI.

[*All for Ane is my Mane.*]

ALL for ane is my mane,
 Bot ane I can lufe;
 War fcho gane, than war nane
 My name to remufe.
 That I am tane, with sic ane,
 I thank God abufe, 5
 And bot that ane, will I nane,
 Quhat panis I prufe.

Finis.

CCXXII.

[*Be glaid alye that Luvaris bene.*]

BE glaid alye that luvaris bene,
 For now hes May depaynt with grene
 The hillis, valis and the medis,
 And flouris lustely vpspreidis.
 Awalk out of your fluggairdy, 5
 To heir the birdis melody,
 Quhois fuggourit nottis, loud and cleir,
 Is now ane parradice to heir.
 Go walk vpoun sum rever fair,
 Go tak the fresch and holfum air, 10
 Go luke vpoun the flurist fell,
 Go feill the herbis plesand smell,
 Quhilk will your comfort gar increas,
 And all avoyd your havines.

The new cled purpour hevin aspy;	15
Behald the lark now in the sky,	
With besy wyng fcho clymis on licht,	
For grit joy of the dayis licht.	
Behald the verdour fresch of hew,	
Powdderit with grene, quhyt, and blew,	20
Quhairwith dame Flora, in this May,	
Dois richely all the feild array;	
And how Aurora, with vifage pale,	
Inbalmes with hir cristall hale	
The grene and tendir pylis ying,	25
Of every grefs that dois vpspryng;	
And with hir beriall droppis bricht	
Makis the grefys gleme of licht.	
Luk on the faufir firmament,	
And on the annammellit orient;	30
Luke or Phebus put vp his heid,	
As he dois raifs his baneris reid;	
He dois the eift so bricht attyre,	
That all semis birnyng in a fyre;	
Quhilk confort dois to every thing,	35
Man, bird, beift, and fluriffing.	
Quhairfar, luvaris, be glaid and lycht,	
For fchort is your havy nycht,	
And lenthit is your myrry day,	
Thairfoir ye velcum new this May.	40
And, birdis, do your haill plesance,	
With mirry fong and obseruance,	
This May to velcum at your mycht,	
At fresch Phebus vpryng bricht;	
And all ye flouris that dois spreid	45
Lay furth your levis vpoun breid,	
And welcum May with benyng cheir,	
The quene of euery moneth cleir.	
And euery man thank in his mynd	

The God of natur and of kynd, 50
 Quhilk ordanit all for our behufe,
 The erd vndir, the air abuse,
 Bird, beift, flour, tyme, day and nycht,
 The planeitis for to gif ws licht.

Finis.

CCXXIII.

[*Gif ye wald lufe and luvit be.*]

GIF ye wald lufe and luvit be, Fol. 230. a.
 In mynd keip weill thir thingis thre,
 And fadly in thy breift imprent;
 Be fecreit, trew, and pacient.

For he that pacience can nocht leir, 5
 He fall displefance haif perqueir,
 Thocht he had all this warldis rent;
 Be fecreit, trew, and pacient.

For quha that fecreit can nocht be,
 Him all gud fallofchip fall fle, 10
 And credence nane fall him be lent;
 Be fecreit, trew, and pacient.

And he that is of hairt vntrew,
 Fra he be kend, fair weill, adew,
 Fy on him, fy, his fame is went; 15
 Be fecreit, trew, and pacient.

Thus he that wantis ane of thir thre,
 Ane luvar glaid may neuir be,

Bot ay in fumthing difcontent;
Be fecreit, trew, and pacient.

20

Nocht with thi tounge thy felf difcure
The thingis that thou hes of nature,
For gif thou dois thou¹ fuld repent;
Be fecreit, trew, and pacient.

Finis.

CCXXIV.

The Song of Troyelus.

GIFE no luv is, O God, quhat feill I fo?
And gif luv is, quhat thing and quhiche is he?
Gife luv be gud, from quhence cummys my wo?
Gife it be wicke, a wondir thinketh me,
Quhan euerry turment and aduerfite,
That cummeth of him, may to me fauery think,
For ay thruft I the more, that iche it drink.

5

And gif that at myne awin luft I brenne,
Frome whench cummys my waling and my playnt,
Gife harme agreve me, quhairto plene I thane,
I not ne quhy vnwery that I faynt.
O, quyck deth, O, fueit harme fo queynt,
How may of the in me be fuehe quantete,
Bot gif that I confent that it fo be?

10

And gif I confent, I wrongfully
Complene ywis; thus poffed to and fro,
All feirles within a bot am I
Amyd the fe, atuixin wondis two,

15

¹ MS. has *tho*.

That incontrair ftanden euer mo.

Allafs, quhat is this wondir maledye? 20

For heit of cold, for cold of heit I dye.

And to the god of luve thus faid he, Fol.230.b.

With pitous voce, O lord, no youris is

My fpreit quhiche that aucht youris be,

Yow thank I, lord, that haif me brocht to this; 25

Bot quhithir goddeffs or woman ywifs,

Scho be, I not, wiche that ye do me fcherue,

Bot as hir man I woll ay lene¹ and ferue.

Ye ftandyn in hir ene mychtely,

As in a place to your vertew digne; 30

Quhairfoir, lord, gife my fcheruice, or I

May lykin yow to be to me benigne;

For my eftait royell heir I refigne

In to hir hand, and, with hummill cheir,

Become hir man, as to my lady deir. 35

[*Finis*] *quod* Chauffeir of Troyelus.

CCXXV.

[*As Phebus bricht in Speir merediane.*]

AS Phebus bricht in fpeir merediane,

AE of the warld and lamp etheriall,

Paffis the licht, that cleipit is Dyane,

Quhen fcho is lucent² round as ony ball,

And Lucifair all vthir sternis fmall, 5

My lady fo in bewty dois abound,

Aboif all vthir ladeis on the ground.

¹ This might be read *lene*. ² Afterwards altered to *lucent*.

Hir hair displayit as the goldin wyre,
 Aboif hir heid, with bemys radient,
 Is lyk ane bufs that birnys in the fyre, 10
 With flammys reid but fumys elevant.
 War nocht scho is sum thing to variant,
 I mycht of reffone say, that dame Nature
 Formit nevir in erd so fair a creature.

My hairt, that nevir wes thirlit vnto wicht, 15
 In deidly dwalmys sowpit is for evir,
 For luv of hir that is my lady bricht,
 Quhois plesant hals is quhytter than the evir,
 Or snaw but spot, that fallis in the revir;
 The fragrant balme of odour confortatyve 20
 May nocht for sueitnefs with hir lippis stryve.

Thow drery goft, that dwynnis in dispair,
 Pafs with this bill vnto my lady fueit,
 And in to prefens of hir visage fair,
 Vpone thy kneis thow fall befor hir feit; 25
 Askand hir mercy, with thy cheikis weit,
 To confort me of my woundis smert,
 Quhome dart of luv hefs perfit throw the hert.

Sen Athropofs my fatell threid hes worne, Fol. 231.a. 30
 In plenyng soir and rewthfull womenting,
 And that asperans is non vnto the morne,
 Of my pure hairt dyand in lang vyfing,
 Thow bury my corps but ony tareing;
 For Acteon wes flatit at the well,
 Be wreth of Dyane, with his awin houndis fell. 35

O thunderane boir, in thy most awfull rege,
 Quhy will thow nocht me with thy tuskis ryve?
 Sen no thing may my grevoufs pane assuage,
 Bot scho, quhilk is the revar of my lyve,

With fichis foir and cairis pungetyve; 40
 Quhairthrow my blude refoluit is in teiris,
 And yit no rewth in to hir hairt appeiris.

God gife it wer my fatell aventure,
 To fecht aganis hir fayis to the deid,
 With speir and scheild, and all that I micht fure, 45
 To pruve hir flour and well of womanheid;
 Howbeit it wer nocht to my lyfe remeid,
 It wald me fuffyifs, fen that fcho hes no maik,
 Till end my lyfe in battell for hir faik.

Yit I befeik hir for the grit delyte, 50
 That femyt in hir bewty naturall,
 With rewthfull prefens of hir vifage quhyt,
 Scho wald decoir my feiftis funerall;
 That luvaris mycht espy in generall,
 Gife that hir ene for weping mycht indure, 55
 To luk vpoun my rewthfull fepulture.

Finis quod Bannatyne.

CCXXVI.

[*My Hairt is heich aboif, my Body is full of Blifs.*]

MY hairt is heich aboif, my body is full of blifs,
 For I am fett in lufe, als weill as I wald wifs;
 I lufe my lady pure, and fcho luvis me agane,
 I am hir fcheruiture, fcho is my fouerane;
 Scho is my verry harte, I am hir howp and heill, 5
 Scho is my joy invart, I am hir luvar leill;
 I am hir bound and thrall, fcho is at my command,

I am perpetuall hir man, both fute and hand;
 The thing that may hir pleifs, my body fall fulfill,
 Quhat evir hir difeifs, it dois my body ill. 10
 My bird, my bony ane, my tendir bab venuft,
 My lufe, my lyfe allane, my liking and my luft;
 We interchange our hairtis, in vthiris armis foft,
 Spreitlefs we twa depairtis, vfind our luvis oft;
 Wemurnequhenlichtdaydawis, weplene thenychtisfchort, 15 Fol. 231. b.
 We curfs the cok that crawis, that hinderis our difport.
 I glowffin vp agaft, quhen I hir myfs on nycht,
 And in my oxfter faft I find the bowfter richt;
 Than langour on me lyifs, lyk Morpheus the mair,
 Quhilk cauffis me vpryfs, and to my fucit repair; 20
 And than is all the forrow furth of remembrance,
 That evir I hed a forrow in luvis obfervance.
 Thus nevir I do reft, fo luftey a lyfe I leid,
 Quhen that I lift to test the well of womanheid.
 Luvaris in pane, I pray God fend yow fic remeid, 25
 As I haif nycht and day, yow to defend frome deid;
 Thairfoir be evir trew vnto your ladeis fre,
 And thay will on yow rew, as myne hes done on me.

Finis.

CCXXVII.

[*Lait, lait on Sleip, as I wes laid.*]

LAIT, lait on fleip, as I wes laid
 This hindir nycht, my reft to tak,
 To me in fleip appeird a maid,
 And gudly wordis to me fcho fpak.

Scho bad that I fuld confort mak, 5
 For I am fcho that help yow may;
 Gudly in my armis I did hir tak,
 Bot quhen I walknyt fcho wes away.

Quhat garmond come fcho in, trest ye?
 In till ane mantill of lusty blew; 10
 It fett hir weill, as semit me,
 Sayand fcho wes ane luvar trew.
 Scho faid to me, as I fay yow,
 Quhat war the wordis I did yow pray?
 That lufe for lufe fcho wald renew, 15
 Bot quhen I walknyt fcho wes away.

Hir hair wes lyk the oppynnit filk,
 Ane mantill of lueve our me fcho fpred,
 And with hir body quhyt as milk,
 Vnto my bed fcho maid a braid. 20
 Softly talkand to me fcho faid,
 Be ye on sleip? and I faid nay;
 Hir chirry lippis to me fcho laid,
 Bot quhen I walknyt fcho wes away.

Than in my armes I did hir brace; 25
 With gudly wordis fcho faid to me,
 O, fchir, how lyk ye this folace,
 Content ye this, tell me? quod fche.
 I faid, maistres, yis verrelie,
 No thing to pleifs me bettir may, 30
 Nor with your perfone evir to be,
 Bot quhen I walknyt fcho wes away.

Scho fayis, God keip yow, now I go;
 Than I kift hir, allace, me thocht;
 Than vp fcho raifs and went me fro,¹ 35

¹ This piece is imperfect, ending abruptly at the foot of folio 231b, while folios 232 and 233 are wanting. They probably contained several pieces, but only one is noted in the original index at the end of the MS., "*Being ourquhelmed with dolor and with cair*," 232.

CCXXVIII.

[*No woundir is althocht my Hairt be thrall.*]

NO woundir is althocht my hairt be thrall Fol. 234. a.
 To yow, I wifs, the flour of courtesy;
 For quhy? your name and fame so spreidis our all,
 That ye ar held to be the a per se,
 In vertew, meiknefs, trewth and equitie; 5
 And eik to this your proper perfoun fair
 Is so weill maid in all maner degre,
 That non to me falbe fo fingulare.

Heirfoir I will rycht humly yow imploir,
 To lat sum stremys of grace on me distill, 10
 For non bot ye my glaidnes may reftoir,
 Becaus both lyfe and deth lysis in your will;
 For as ye list ye may me faif or spill,
 With your on wurd fo stand I in your cure;
 Sen I thairfoir am subiect yow vntill, 15
 Latt me nocht fuerf, your faythfull fcheruiture.

For my grene yewth is lyk the withering hay,
 So foir I am ourfett with fichingis feir,
 My rofy lippis ar woxin pail and blay,
 Thruich only thocht of yow, my lady deir; 20
 And thair is non may be my medfoneir,
 Bot your fawour, quhilk, gif I do obtene,
 I fall revert, as dois the reid rofeir,
 Freschest of hew in fomer fefoun grene.

And fen I am so trublit in my thocht, 25
 Lat nocht deley be ane occasioun,
 To place dispair quhair howp and trust hes wrocht,
 Bot grant with speid sum consolatioun;

That pety having dominatioun
 Within your breift, I may sum grace purchefs 30
 Off my murnyng and lamentatioun,
 Quhillkis I fustene for yow, my fair maistrefs.

No thing of rycht I ask, my lady fair,
 Bot of fre will and mercy me to faif;
 Your willis your awin, as reffoun wald it ware, 35
 Thairfoir of grace, and nocht of rycht, I craif
 Of yow mercy, as ye wald mercy haif
 Off God our Lord, quhois mercyis infeneit
 Gois befoir all his werkis, we may perfaif,
 To thame quhois hairtis with mercy ar repleit. 40

And gif that I be fund to yow vntrew,
 Wilfull, heichty, or eik in ony wayis
 Jeloufs, vnkynnd, or chengeing for ane new,
 A vane wantour, rebelling to your scheruysis,
 As tratouris fals hes bene befoir oft fyris, 45
 Quhois vntrew hairtis garris trew folkis leif in wo,
 Than for my gilt no torment culd suffyis,
 Bot I prayfs God it standis nocht with me fo. Fol. 234, b

Now to conclude with wordis compendioufs;
 Wald God my tong wald to my will respond, 50
 And eik my speich wer so facundioufs,
 That I wer full of rethore termys jocond;
 Than fuld my lufe at moir lenth be expond,
 Than my cunnyng can to yow heir declair;
 For this my style, inornetly compond, 55
 Eschamys my pen your eiris to truble mair.

Nocht ellis thairfoir I wryt to yow, my fueit,
 Bot with meik hairt, and quaking pen and hand,
 Prostratis my scheruice law down at your feit,
 Both nycht and day, quhill I may gang or stand; 60

Praying the Lord of pety excelland,
 To plant in yow ane petifull hairt and mynd,
 Conducting yow to joy everlestand,
 Both now and ay, and so I mak ane end.

Go to my deir with hummill reuerence, 65
 Thow bony bill, both rude and imperfyte,
 Go nocht with forgt flattery to hir prefence,
 As is of falsset the custome, vse and ryte;
 Cauus me nocht ban that evir I the indyte,
 Na tyne my travell, turnyng all in vane,¹ 70
 Bot, with ane faithfull hairt in wurd and wryte,
 Declair my mynd, and bring me joy agane.

My name quha list to knaw, lat him tak tent,
 Vnto this littill versis nixt presedent.

Finis.

CCXXIX.

[*My Trewth is plicht vnto my Lufe benyng.*]

MY trewth is plicht vnto my lufe benyng,
 That meit and sleip is quyt bereft me fro,
 With luvaris mo of murnyng I may sing,
 Without glaidnes quhair evir I ryd or go;
 And I hir freind, quhy fuld scho be my fo? 5
 Do as scho list, I do me in hir cure,
 On to the deid to be hir scheruiture.

And thocht I dar nocht daly do present
 Hir for to ferf for hurting of hir name,

¹ Another hand has written *Bannatyne* on the margin of line 70.

I dreid the ferpent fklender do hir schent; 10
 Bot nevirtheles hir honour and hir fame
 I fall keip in armis and in game, Fol. 235. a.
 Vnto the tyme that Tropus the threid
 Sall cute of lyfe, bayth in word and deid.

O Cupeid, king, thyn eiris now inclyne, 15
 And pers my lady inwart to the hairt,
 With that ilk dart that thow hes persit myne,
 And caufs hir so that scho to me rewarte,
 For to haif mercy vnto my pane and smarte,
 Or feill the pyne that faythfull lumaris haif. 20
 For but hir luse I graith me to my graif.

Explicit quod Fethy.

CCXXX.

[*Lanterne of Luse, and Lady fair of Hew.*]

LANTERNE of luse, and lady fair of hew,
 LO, perle of pryce, most precius and preclair,
 O, dasy duls, gayest that evir grew,
 Off every wicht most fueit and singulare,
 O, flour delyce, most flurifand and fair, 5
 Vnto this taill, fueit turtor, thow attend,
 My thirlit hairt so law in to dispair
 Vnto thy mercy I meikly me commend.

O, jem of joy, inionit in my hairt,
 O, plant of pryfs, most plesand and perfyte, 10
 The rycht remeid of all my panis smarte,
 My spreit is rest to se thy cullour quyte,

Dewoyd of wo, of forrow and of fyte,
 Quhois bewteis all no hairt may comprehend;
 My vifage wan, O, lady of delyte, 15
 Vnto thy mercy I meikly me commend.

Sen thou art fcho that hes my hairt in cure,
 My howp, my heill, my weill and eik my wo,
 Lat me nocht fuerf, your hummill fcheruiture,
 For but remeid my hairt will brift in two. 20
 Now, lady fair, my freind and eik my fo,
 Quhom on but dowt all vertew dois depend,
 My hairt and mynd, quhair evir I ryd or go,
 Vnto thi mercy meikly I me commend.

[*Finis*] *quod* Steill.

CCXXXI.

[*Hence, Hairt, with hir that most depairte.*]

HENCE, hairt, with hir that most depairte,
 And hald the with thy fouerane,
 For I had lever want anc harte,
 Nor haif the hairt that dois me pane.
 Thairfoir, go, with thy lufe remane, 5
 And lat me leif thus vnmoleft,
 And fe that thou cum nocht agane,
 Bot byd with hir thou luvis best.

Sen fcho that I haif fcheruit lang
 Is to depairt so suddanly, Fol. 235. b.
 Addrefs the now, for thou fall gang 10
 And beir thy lady company.

Fra scho be gon hairtlefs am I,
 For quhy? thow art with hir posselt;
 Thairfoir, my hairt, go hence in hy, 15
 And byd with hir thow luvis best.

Thocht this belappit body heir
 Be bound to scheruitude and thrall,
 My fathfull hairt is fre inteir
 And mynd to serf my lady at all. 20
 Wald God that I wer perigall,
 Vnder that redolent rofs to rest,
 Yit at the leift, my hairt, thow fall
 Abyd with hir thow lufis best.

Sen in your garth the lilly quhyte 25
 May nocht remane among the laif,
 Adew the flour of hail delyte,
 Adew the succour that ma me faif,
 Adew the fragrant balme suaif,
 And lamp of ladeis lustiest, 30
 My faythfull hairt scho fall it haif,
 To byd with hir it luvis best,

Deploir, ye ladeis cleir of hew,
 Hir absence, sen scho most depairte.
 And specialy, ye luvaris trew, 35
 That woundit bene with luvis darte.
 For sum of yow fall want ane harte
 Alsweill as I; thairfoir at last
 Do go with myn, with mynd inwart,
 And byd with hir thow luvis best. 40

[*Finis*] *quod* Scott.

CCXXXII.

The Anschir to Hairtis.

The Anfueir to
the Ballat of
Hairtis in the
22^s leiff.

CONSIDDIR, hairt, my trew intent,
Suppois I am nocht eloquent
To wryt yow anschir responfyve,
Your scedull is so excellent,
It passis far my wittis fyve.

5

For quhy? it is so full of hairtis,
That myne within my bofum stairtis,
Quhen I behald it rycht till end;
And for ilk hairt, ane hundreth dertis
Outthrow my hairt to yow I fend.

10

This woundit hairt, sweit hairt, reffais,
Quhilk is, deir hairt, abone the laif;
Your faythfull hairt with trew intent,
Ane trewar hairt may noman haif,
Nor yit ane hairt moir permanent.

Fol. 236. a.

15

Ane hairt it is without diffait,
It is the hairt to quhome ye wret
The misseif full of hairtis feir;
It is ane hairt bayth air and lait,
That is your hairtis pefoneir.

20

It is ane hairt full of diftres,
Ane cairfull hairt all confortles,
Ane penfeve hairt in dule and dolour,
Ane hairt of wo and havinefs,
Ane mirthles hairt without mefour.

5

It is ane hairt bayth firme and stabill,
Ane hairt without fenyeit fabill,

Ane constant hairt bayth trest and trew,
Ane fure hairt fet in to fabill,
Ane wofull hairt bot gif ye rew. 30

It is ane hairt that your hairt fervis,
Ane hairt for lufe of your hairt stervis,
Ane hairt that nevir yow offendit,
Ane hairt of youris bayth vane and nervis,
Ane hairt but solace bot gif ye send it. 35

It is na gravit hairt in stane,
In filuer, gold nor evir bone,
Nor yit ane payntit fymlitud,
Bot this fame verry hairt allone,
Within my breift of flesch and blude. 40

Thairfoir, sueit hairt, send me the hairt,
That is in to your breift inwart,
And nocht thir writtin hairtis in vane,
Bot your hairt to my hairt rewert,
And send me hairt for hairt agane. 45

[*Finis*] *quod* Scott.

CCXXXIII.

[*Quha is perfyte to put in Wryt.*]

QUHA is perfyte to put in wryt
The inwart murnyng and mischance,
Or to indyte the grit delyte
Of lustie lufis obscherwance;
Bot he that may certane patiently suffir pane, 5
To wyn his fouerane, in recompance.

Albeid I knaw of luvis law
 The plefour and the panis smart,
 Yit I stand aw for to furthfchaw
 The quyet secreteis of my harte;
 For it may fortoun raith, to do hir body fkaith,
 Quhilk wait that of thame baith, I am expert.

10
Fol. 236. b.

Scho wait my wo that is ago,
 Scho wait my weifair and remeid,
 Scho wait also I lufe no mo,
 Bot hir the well of womanheid;
 Scho wait withouttin faill, I am hir luvar laill,
 Scho hes my hairt alhaill, till I be deid.

15

That bird of blifs in bewty is
 In erd the only a per fe,
 Quhais mowth to kifs is worth, I wifs,
 The warld full of gold to me;
 Is nocht in erd I cure, bot pleifs my lady pure,
 Syne be hir fcheruiture, vnto I de.

20

Scho is¹ my lufe, at hir behufe
 My hairt is subiect, bound and thrall,
 For fcho dois moif my hairt aboif,
 To fe hir proper perfoun small;
 Sen fcho is wrocht at will, that natur may fulfill,
 Gladly I gif hir till, body and all.

25
30

Thair is nocht wie² can eftimie
 My forrow and my fickingis fair,
 For I am fo done fathfullie,
 In fawouris with my lady fair,
 That baith our hairtis ar ane, luknyt in luvis chene,
 And evirilk greif is gane, for evir mair.

35

[*Finis*] *quod* Scott.

¹ Altered to *hes*. ² Originally *wicht*, but deleted and *wie* written above.

Bot be ye frawdfull and begyle thame,
Tressfoun. 39

Ye fuld confiddir or ye taik thame,
That littill fcheruice will nocht staik thame,
Get ye ane goldin hour to glak thame,
Reffoun,
Bot be ye frawdfull and forfaik thame,
Treffoun.

Be secreteit, trew and plane allwey,
Defend thair fame baith nycht and day.
In prevy place suppoifs ye play,
Reffoun,
Bot be ye ane¹ clattrer, harmifay,
Treffoun.

40

Be courtas in your cumpany,
For that fall caufs thame to apply,
Thocht that thay lat yow with thame ly,
Reffoun,
Bot be ye fund vnfaithfull, fy,
Treffoun.

Wey weill thir verfis that I wryt yow,
Do your devior quhen that thay lat yow; 50
To lufe your ladeis quho can wyt yow,
Reffoun,
Do ye the contrair, heir I quyt yow,
Treffoun.

[*Finis*] quod Scott.

¹ MS. has *and*.

CCXXXV.

[*Abfent I am rycht foir aganis my Will.*]

A BSENT I am rycht foir aganis my will,
 My lang abfens cauffis me mekle wo,
 My lang abfens dois my body kill,
 My lang abfens hes turnit me to wo,
 My lang abfens hes reft the fpreit me fro, 5
 My lang abfens cauffit this to indyte,
 Makand yow fur I am nocht in the wyte.

Rycht weill I fe, within your breift ingrawit,
 The hieft vertew that clippit is constans,
 Quhilk be your havingis, it may be weill perfault, 10
 That ye ar nothing gevin to varians;
 Thairfoir I fall do quhat evir I chans,
 Abyd faythfull quhair I haif bene befoir,
 With hir that is my lufe, and fall do evirmoir.

Adew, moft trew of erdly creaturis, 15
 Adew, ye hairt of hairtis consolatioun,
 My thocht forwrocht within my breift conburis;
 Trewly, fueit hairt, my hairtis habitatioun,
 Conding, fueit thing, of hevinly conuerfatioun,
 Imprint moft gent that for your lufe is pynd, 2
 Confaif my inward thocht within your mynd.

*Finis [quod] Steill.*¹

¹The author's name has been written afterwards, and perhaps by a different hand.

CCXXXVI.

[*I wilbe plane, and Lufe affane.*]

I WILBE plane, and lufe affane, for as I mene, so tak me; Fol.237.b.
 Gif I refrane, for wo or pane, your lufe certane, foirfaik me;
 Gif trew report, to yow refort, of my gud port, so tak me;
 Gif I exort, in evill fort, without confort, forfaik me.

Gif diligens, in your prefens, schaw my pretens, so tak me; 5
 Gif negligens, in my abfens, schaw my offens, forfaik me;
 Youris and no mo, quhair evir I go, gif I fo do, so tak me;
 Gif I fle fro, and dois nocht fo, evin as your fo, foirfaik me.

Gif I do prufe, that I yow luf, nixt God abuse, so taik me;
 Gif I remufe, fra your behufe, without excufs, foirfaik me; 10
 Be land or fe, quhair evir I be, as ye fynd me, so tak me;
 And gif I le, and from yow fle, ay quhill I de, forfaik me.

It is bot wait, mo wirdis to taift, ye haif my laift, so tak me;
 Gif ye our caft, my lyf is paf, ewin at the laft, forfaik me;
 My deir, adew, moft cleir of hew, now on me rew, and so tak me; 15
 Gif I perfew, and beisnocht trew, cheifsye ane new, and forfaik me.

[*Finis*] *quod* Scott.

CCXXXVII.

[*Only to yow in Erd that I lufe beft.*]

O NLY to yow, in erd that I lufe beft,
 I me commend ane hundreth thowfand fyifs,

Exorting yow, with penyfe hairt opprest,
 As ye ar scho quhom in my confort lyifs,
 Gif I misvfe my pen or done dispyfs, 5
 Ocht at this tyme, will God, I fall amend,
 Protesting this ballat ye attend.

Sum luvaris thame delytis till indyte
 Fair facound speich, blandit with eloquence,
 And vthir sum dois sett thair wit perfyte, 10
 To pleifs thair ladeis with all thair diligens;
 Sum luffaris wantis, throw thair negligens,
 For falt of speich, the lufe of his maistres,
 Without hir witting in distres.

As to my pairte, my lusty lady schene, 15
 Throw laik of speich, I thoill rycht grit distres,
 Bayth nycht and day, hard perfit to the splene,
 With deidly dert, and can find no redres;
 Thus me behuffis my panis to expres,
 Or than knaw rycht weill, but wirdis moir, 20
 That crewell dert outthrow my hart wald boir.

Rathir nor smart, I mon my harme reweill
 To yow, my hairt, quha ma my baillis beit,
 For, and ye start, adew all warldly weill;
 Will ye rewart, my cairis ar compleit; 25
 Tuiching your pairte, I prey yow be discreit,
 For eftirwart, gif ye vpoun me rew, Fol. 238. a.
 Quhill deid depairte my lyfe, I falbe trew.

Secreit alswa, in every maner fort,
 For weill nor wa, fall ony knaw our mynd, 30
 Than be nocht thra, your scherwand to confort,
 Sum anschir ma, as ye ar gud and kynd,
 That may me fra my langour appeill that is pynd,

And to fla me throw your negligence;
 This I yow pra, for your he excellens. 35

Adew, rycht trew, adew, my deireft hairt,
 Faireft of hew, for this tyme haif gud nycht;
 Remord and rew, and pondir weill my pairte,
 Sen I perfew nathing of yow bot rycht;
 Quhilk gif ye knew my mynd as it is plicht, 40
 Ye wald fubdew your inwart thocht and mynd,
 And me refkew, quhilk for your lufe is pynd.

[*Finis*] *quod* Scott.

CCXXXVIII.

[*My dullit Corfs dois hairtly recommend.*]

MY dullit corfs dois hairtly recommend
 My faythfull fcheruice vnto my lady bricht,
 Quhais hairt baid still, quhen I did wend
 Hir for to ferf both day and nycht.
 Sen that I am hir faythfull wicht, 5
 And luvis hir best and evir fall,
 Till haif my hairt fcho hes moft rycht,
 Quhill deth fall cum and for me call.

Sen first the tyme I did hir fe,
 Away fra me my hart it went 10
 Hir for to ferf baith day and nycht,
 Sen that the body micht nocht be present.
 Thairfoir, my hairtly laidy gent,
 I yow befeik for conforting,

Quhilk hes bene deid, ay fen I went 15
Out of your prefens, my awin fueit thing.

Sen that I may your prefens nocht obtene,
Nowdir be day nor yit by nicht,
My dolouris dowbillis, my woundis ar grene,
In absens of the fairest wicht, 20
That evir in erd wes to my sicht;
Sen Tisby flane wes at the well,
In bonty, bewty and cullour bricht,
Aboif all vthir ye do precell.

Quhairfoir at last, my fouerrane lady deir, 25
I yow beseik, with hairt affectously,
To wey thir wordis that I haif writtin heir,
As wordis of wecht and nocht of wanitie.
Sen that ye ma me fatisfie Fol. 238. b.
Of all my panis and me recure, 30
Frome dulfull deth deliuer me,
Or I be brocht in sepulture.

Finis.

CCXXXIX.

[*O, lusty Flour of Yowth, benyng and bricht.*]

O LUSTY flour of yowth, benyng and bricht,
Fresch blome of bewty, blythfull, brycht and schene,
Fair, lussum lady, gentill and discret,
Yung brekand blosum, yit on the stalkis grene,
Delytsum lilly, lusty for to be fene, 5
Be glaid in hairt, and expell havinefs;

Bair of blifs that evir so blycht hes bene;
Dewoyd langour and leif in lustinefs.

Brycht fterne at morrow that dois the nycht hyn chace,
Of luvys lychtfum lyfe and gyd, 10
Lat no dirk clud absent fro ws thy face,
Nor lat no fable frome ws thy bewty hyd,
That hes no confort quhair that we go or ryd,
Bot to behald the beme of thi brychtnefs;
Baneifs all baill and into blifs abyd; 15
Dewoyd langour and leif in lustinefs.

Art thou plesand, lusty, yeing and fair,
Full of all vertew and gud conditioun,
Rycht nobill of blud, rycht wyifs and debonair,
Honorable, gentill and faythfull of renoun, 20
Liberall, lussum and lusty of perfoun?
Quhy fuld thou than lat sadnefs the oppres?
In hait be blycht and lay all dolour down;
Dewoyd langour and leif in lustinefs.

I me commend, with all humilitie, 25
Vnto thi bewty blisfull and bening,
To quhome I am and fall ay fcherwand be,
With steidfast hait and faythfull trew mening,
Vnto the deid without departing;
For quhais faik I fall my pen addrefs, 30
Sangis to mak for thy reconforting,
That thou may leif in joy and lustinefs.

O, fair, sweit bloffum, now in bewty flouris,
Vnfaidit bayth of cullour and vertew,
Thy nobill lord that deid hes done devoir, 35
Faid nocht with weping thy vissage fair of hew;
O lussum, lusty lady, wyfe and trew,
Cast out all¹ cair and confort do increfs,

¹ *Out all* repeated in MS.

Exyll all fischand, on thy fcherwand rew;
Dewoyd langour and lef in luftinefs. 40

Finis.

CCXL.

[*Sueit Hairt, sen I your Freind only wes ay.*]

SUEIT hairt, sen I your freind only wes ay, Fol. 239.a.
SI windir quhy fo fremmitly your fay
Frome me away ye do attray fo tyte;
I wald apply, quhen ye mercy wald pray;
Your grace for thy I fall humily affey, 5
Gif ye delay, and with ane ney me quyt;
Of all my fyt on yow I ley me till affay.
It is your pley, perfyte.

Explicit.

CCXLI.

[*My Hairt, repoifs the and the rest.*]

MY hairt, repoifs the and the rest,
In dolour be na langer drest;
Sen thow hes it thow luvis best,
To beit thy baill,
Quhilk is ane grund the gudlieft, 5
With littill daill.

That fouerane lady is fo fueit,
 Scho is the folace of my fpreit,
 Scho is my joy evin compleit,
 I lufe hir weill; 40
 I think this dafy moft difcreit,
 With littill daill.

Becaufs I fand hir ay fo fwaif,
 Sic favour to that fueit I gaif,
 That ay I fall hir honour faif, 45
 And fchame confeill;
 And for hir fake lufe all the laif,
 With littill deill.

Finis.

CCXLII.

[*Rycht as the Glafs bene thirlit thrucht with Bemis.*]

RYCHT as the glafs bene thirlit thrucht with bemis Fol. 239. b.
 Off Phebus fair prefulgent vifage bricht;
 Or hornit Dyane, with hir paly glemis,
 Perffis the cluddis fabill in the nicht;
 And as the kocatrice keilis with hir ficht, 5
 Rycht fo the bewty of my lady ffoundis
 Outthrowcht my breift, vnto my hairt redoundis.

Behaild how far cristall or diamant,
 Jaffink, jafp, ruby, jem or crifelleit,
 Carbunkile, emmerauld, perle or athamant, 10
 Turcas, topas, marbill or margareit,
 Exceidis the barrat ftonis in the freit;

In lyk wayis dois hir bewty vnde RAID
 Frankeend all vthiris, wyfe, wedow or maid.

Etty richt to how far the rofy gowlis 15
 Fattis the wallowit weidis in the vaill;
 Or found of lark aboif the reuenous fowlis,
 And fomerday the nichtis hiemaill;
 Or as ane galay gayell yndir faill
 Bene plefandur nor taikles boitis small; 20
 So is my lady luttell of all.

[*Finis*] *quod* Scott.

Followis the Ballat of the Prayis of Women.

CCXLIII.

[*I marvell of thir vane, fantastik Men.*]

I MARVELL of thir vane, fantastik men,
 The quhilk haldis women in abhominatioun,
 The veritie and trewth thay do mitken,
 Thruich thair obdurat obflinatioun;
 Devulgant thair intoxicat blasphematioun, 5
 To dimegrat fair womenis honett lyfe,
 To quhome God hes schawin lufe superlatyfe.

Ane woman till ane man is fop and feill,
 Ane woman is the confort of his spreit,
 Ane woman is till him baith welth and weil, 10
 Ane woman is his helth and joy compleit;
 Women to men as lyk the fuccour suet;

And he that fays of woman any naif,
 As wicht conynght, so had the never a naif

I can naucht sayt nor yet can I remair,
 The noble lady I mean that has naif
 The quene that in my wite is set, and
 And in the world, as wiche may be fene
 Justice, I say, and many he say, and
 And in the world, I say, and many he say,
 And in the world, I say, and many he say,

Of the wiche, I say, and many he say,
 That fike, I say, and many he say,
 To I say, I say, and many he say,
 Of the wiche, I say, and many he say,
 To say, I say, and many he say,
 With the wiche, I say, and many he say,
 To say, I say, and many he say,

And I say, I say, and many he say,
 His fike, I say, and many he say,
 And I say, I say, and many he say,
 With the wiche, I say, and many he say,
 To say, I say, and many he say,
 And I say, I say, and many he say,
 To say, I say, and many he say,

Of the wiche, I say, and many he say,
 Of the wiche, I say, and many he say,
 To say, I say, and many he say,
 And I say, I say, and many he say,
 To say, I say, and many he say,
 And I say, I say, and many he say,
 To say, I say, and many he say,

And I say, I say, and many he say,
 With the wiche, I say, and many he say,

Siclyk Hippo of Greice, that lady sweit; 45
 Than the briggandis pretendit haiftallie,
 To fpulye thame of thair virginities,
 Bot thay lap baith to the fe grund in deid,
 To faif thair honour and thair womanheid.

Penelope, quhilk wafs Vlixes wyfe, 50
 May be ane perle and mirrour in ilk land;
 Scho was oft manneift for to losf hir lyfe,
 Or ellis consent to tak hir ane hufband,
 That tyme Vlixes was in prefone band;
 Yit prudentlie fcho keipit weill hir fame, 55
 Quhill that hir lord Vlixes wes cum hame.

Off Lucrefs to tell the pvdicitie;
 Quhen Sextus Torquene violat hir be forfs,
 Than for hir hufband Collatyne fend fche,
 And for hir freyndis, quha come on fute and horfs, 60
 In quhais prefens fcho fraik thrucht hir corfs
 Ane fcherp dagar, quhilk fcho had at that tyme,
 To fchaw hir clene of Tarquynis defolut cryme. Fol. 240. b.

Ane fervent luvie had the cheft Julia,
 Quhilk was the fpowfit wyfe of grit Pompie, 65
 Quhen fcho beheld the blude rob on ane da,
 Off hir hufband that was flane crewalie,
 In till Egipt be yung King Ptholomye,
 The bludy ficht gart hir pairt with quick chyild,
 And instantlie fell down deid on the feild. 70

And Hipfcratis fuld nocht be foryett;
 Off Pontho fcho was ane excellent quene;
 Pompeyus vincuft hir lord Medredett,
 Quha fled away for he durft nocht be fene;
 Than fcho cled hir in armour brycht and fchene, 75
 And raid on horfbak lyk ane velyiant knyght,
 For to defend hir hufband day and nicht.

And Semeramis quene of Serrie,
Scho facht in battell lyk ane campione,
In menis clething and harnefs cled was sche, 80
To deffend hir yung sone Deminone;
Scho conquiest the grit toun of Babilone,
And ane pairt of Ethiopia and Ynd,
Thairfoir scho was bayth velyiant, wyfe and kynd.

Fair Portia, quhilk was Brutus wyfe, 85
Hir nobilnes was but comparefone;
Quhen scho hard tell hir husband lost his lyfe,
And flane was on the feildis of Macedone,
To tell hir wo it is confusione,
Scho patt in till hir mowth hett coilis of fyre, 90
For Brutus faik scho brunt hir bane and lyre.

In humane lettres quha wes mair expert
Nor Nicostratt dochtir of Jouyus;
And fair Sapho in poetre and art
Quha did compyle vercis compendius; 95
And Aspacia, scho was rycht curius
In to filosofaphe in Athanes,
Within the achademia of Socrates.

And nane was moir expert in poetre
Nor was Amasia and Affrainia; 100
Tha twa in Rome had grit awtoritie
Befoir the fenat to pleid every day,
In grit materis contendand to and fray;
The ciuill lawis thay ladeis had perqueir,
And in prettik thay had no maik nor peir. 105

Arthemesia, dochtir of Mowfalus, Fol. 241. a.
Scho weipit foir the deid of hir husband,
Spyfand his flesche with droggis delicius,
And brak his bonis in pulder small as sand,

Of quhilk scho pat ane portioun with hir hand, 110
 Within ane glafs to drink quhill it mycht last,
 In remembrance of hir lord that was past.

And Alcestes, quhilk was Admetus wyfe,
 And dochtir of Perill of Thesalie;
 Appollo said hir lord wald los his lyfe, 115
 And but remeid richt haistaly wald de,
 Bot gif sum of his freyndis fa kynd wald be,
 To de for him or ellis none was remeid;
 Than Alcest for his faik reffaut the deid.

And vthiris, als hes bene innvmerable, 120
 Of holy ladeis of grit grawetie;
 The ten Cibillis, prophetis honerable;
 And Cornelia full of abilitie;
 The fervent kyndnes of Ypsiphilie,
 Quhen that scho faiffit hir fader fra the deid; 125
 And Hepoleit that conquiest mony steid.

Medusa, Dido and fair Argia;
 And Orchia in battellis that was bold;
 And of Colquhofs the riche quene Medea,
 The quhilk gart Jasone win the fleisch of gold; 130
 And Camilla, non fairar on the mold;
 And als the holy vestall Claudea;
 With Mercia, Lena and Sulpicia.

And in the Bybill may be red and sene
 Diuerfs holy wemen honerable; 135
 The wyfe of Noy, moir just thair hes non bene;
 And Sara was baith meik and cheretable;
 And Lia was manfweit and affable;
 And Rebecca to God was richt plesand;
 And cheft Susan that brak nocht Godis command. 140

Off Raab, Eftir and of Denora;
And pudis Cathrye, of faith lamp and lycht;
Margaret Cecill and Sanct Barbara;
With holy virgynis quhilk to deid wes dicht.
Allace, men ar fals blindit in thair ficht, 145
Quhen thay haif contrair wemen purchest feid,
Sen wemen ar to men fupreme and heid.

Bot fum mifchevoufs men, but law or richt,
Be maleifs fell thay do le and bakbytt, Fol. 241. b.
Detractand honest wemen day and nicht, 150
Be diuerfs fortis of injureis and difpyt;
Callumnyand that wemen had the wytt
Off all the grittest crymes that hes bene done,
Sen God creat the world, lift, fone and mone.

And for probatioun of thair argument, 155
Thay first allege ane fryvoll vanitie;
How Medea of ane crewale intent
Hir twa childryne with hir handis gart de;
And Daid, thruch counfale of Berfabie,
In battell gart Vries lofs his lyfe; 160
And Sanct Johine flane thruch counfale of Herrodis wyfe.

And Hercules poyfonit be Deianyra;
And Helene brocht on Troy diftruftioun;
And Sampfone betrafit be Dalida;
And the idolatre of Salamoun, 165
Proceidit of wemenis perfwafioun;
And Sarra, as the Scriptour vndirftandis,
Was caufs of the deid of hir fevin hufbandis.

Allace, this is ane ftrenge and piteous cace,
Of thir detrakkaris maft abhominable; 170
How fra the trewth thay thraw the richt face,
Be ane fals glofs, vyle and deteftable,

For to defame fair ladeis honorable;
 Bot yit the trewth will ay remane perfytt,
 Quhilk will devulgat wicket menis dispyt. 175

Firft quhair thay mak ane allegatioun,
 How the twa fonis of Medea war flane;
 Medea had ane honest excufatioun,
 For fals Jafone was the caufs for certane,
 Quha did repud and lichtly hir in plane; 180
 Than to revenge hir on his crewaltie,
 His twa yung fonis with hir handis fcho gart de.

And quhair that men allegis tyme and tyd,
 That Vrias was flane thrucht Barfabie,
 King Dauid gart commit that homicyd, 185
 For to fulfill his luft of lichery;
 And as to Hercules that was gart de,
 Addultre was tynfall of his lyfe,
 With Yolee, quhilk was nocht his awin wyfe.

Sampfone, that was betrafit as thay fa, 190
 The caufs of it was thruch his luft maift vyle,
 He fowld nocht haif gevin treft to Dalyda,
 Becaus fcho wes ay of ane vicius ftyle; Fol.242.a.
 Thairfoir I think fcho did him nocht begyle;
 Howbeit that cryme procedit of hir mynd, 195
 For dowlfeis huris dois no thing bot thair kynd.

Off holy Sarra na man fowld fpeik evill,
 Howbeit hir fevin hufbandis war all flane,
 For that mifcheif procedit of the devill,
 For thair awin fynnis, as the Bybill makis plane; 200
 And as to Salamone, that king of mane,
 Wemen caufit nocht his ydolatre,
 Bot rathir it was his vyle lichery.

All thir exampillis ar experiens,
That wemen ar nocht caufs of sic fowll crymis, 205
Bot rathir men, be blynd intelligens,
Abbusit hes thame felf at diuerfs tymis;
Than for dispyt thay conpyle prose and rymis,
Accusand wemen of thair womanheid,
For till excuse thame felf of thair vyle deid. 210

And fa wemen ar lyk the fillie scheip
Among the wolffis, quhilk dois thame kill and bytt,
Thairfoir thay haif grit caufs to mvrne and weip,
Becaus ill men dois thame schame and dispyt;
Bot cowlde gud wemen fett furth bukis and wryt, 215
Thay could excuse thair innocens and fame,
And als thay could accuse men to thair schame.

Quhat can we of thame speik bot gud and weill,
For without thame we wald haif nevir bene borne;
Wemen till ws is succour, fence and feill, 220
And for our faikis oft tymes thay suffir scorne;
War nocht thair birth the warld had bene forlorne,
Thairfoir all men fowld fett thair haill intent,
To be to wemen ay obedient.

Had I the riches of king Darius, 225
Or of king Midas had I half the gold,
Or half the treffour of king Tantalus,
Or half the landis that Alexander did hold,
Or war I in to battell half so bald,
As Goddefred or valycant Anniball, 230
Or Scipio quhilk Affrik conquest all;

Than I fowld be all wemenis campione,
To be defendar of thair womanheid,
And pafs, thrucht mony vncowth regione,
To Holy Land, quhair Cryft was quick and deid, 235

To slay thame that hes contrair wemen feid;
 And on my speir, in takin of grit lufe,
 I fowld gar hing ane womanis richt hand gluve.

Fol. 242. b.

Finis, quod Weddirburne.

CCXLIV.

[*Vp, helfum Hairt, thy Rutis rais and lowp.*]

V P, helfum hairt, thy rutis rais and lowp,
 Exalt and clym within my breift in staige;
 Art thou nocht wantoun, haill and in gud howp,
 Fermit in grace and free of all thirlaige,
 Bathing in blifs and sett in hie curaige? 5
 Braifit in joy, no falt may the affray,
 Having thy ladeis hart as heretaige,
 In blenche ferme for ane fallat every May:
 So neidis thou nocht now fussy, fytt nor sorrow,
 Sen thou art fure of follace evin and morrow. 10

Thow, Cupeid, rewardit me with this,
 I am thy awin trew liege without treffone;
 Thair levis no man in moir eifs, welth and blifs;
 I knaw no ficing, sadnes nor yit foun,
 Walking, thocht, langour, lamentatioun, 15
 Dolor, difpair, weiping nor jelosye:
 My breift is woyd and purgit of puffoun,
 I feill no pane, I haif no purgatorye,
 Bot peirles, perfytt paradifall plesour,
 With mirry hairt and mirthfulnes but mefoure. 20

My lady, lord, thow gaif me for to hird,
 Within myne armes I nureifs on the nycht,
 Kiffing, I fay, my bab, my tendir bird,
 Sweit maistres, lady luffe and lusty wicht,
 Steir, rewill and gyder of my senffis richt. 25
 My voice furmontis the fapheir cludis hie,
 Thanking grit God of that tressfour and micht;
 I coft hir deir, bot scho fer derrer me,
 Quhilk hafard honor, fame, in aventure,
 Committing clene hir corfe to me in cure. 30

In oteris cloifs we kifs, and coffis hairtis,
 Brynt in defyre of amouris play and sport;
 Meittand ourc luftis, spreitles we twa depairtis. Fol.243.a.
 Prolong with lafar, lord, I the exhort,
 Sic tyme that we may boith tak our confort, 35
 Firft for to fleip, fyne walk withowt espyis;
 I blame the cok, I plene the nicht is schort;
 Away I went, my wache the cufchett cryis,
 Wiffing all luvaris leill to haif sic chance,
 That thay may haif ws in remembrance. 40

[*Finis*] *quod* Scott.

CCXLV.

[*Quhair Luve is kendlit confortles.*]

QUHAIR luve is kendlit confortles,
 Thair is no fever half fo fell;
 Fra Cupcid kest¹ his dert be gefs,
 I had na hap to faif my fell;

¹ Originally *kast*.

Lyik as my wofull hairt can tell 5
 My invart panis and ficing fair,
 For weill I watt the panis of hell
 Vnto my pane is nocht compair.

For ony mellady ye ma ken,
 Except peuir luvè or than stark deid, 10
 Help may be had fra handis of men,
 Throw meddecynis to mak remeid;
 For harmes of body, handis and heid,
 The pottingaris will purge the panis,
 Bot all the membaris ar at feid, 15
 Quhair that the law of lufè remanis.

As Tantalus in water standis,
 To stanche his thrifty appetyte,
 Bevaling body, heid and handis,
 The revar flyis him in dispyte; 20
 So dois my lusty lady quhyte,
 Scho flyis the place quhair I repair;
 To hungry men is small delyte,
 To twiche the meit and eit na mair.

The nar the flamb the hettar fyre, 25
 The moir I pyne yit I perfew;
 The moir enkendillis my desyre,
 Fra I behawld hir hevinly hew.
 Peuir Piramus him self he flew,
 Maid sawle and body to diffaver, 30
 He dyit bot anis, fairweill, adew,
 I dayly de, and dyis never.

Yit Jafone did inioy Medea, Fol. 243. b.
 And Theseus gat Adriane,
 Dido diffavid was with Enea, 35
 And Demophon to his lady wan.

Gif wemen trowid sic tratouris than,
For till enioy the fructs of lwfe,
Quhy wald ye flay your faikles man,
Quha myndis nevir for to remwfe? 40

The ferfs Achill, ane wirthy knight,
Was flane for luve, the fwth to fay;
Leander, on ane stormy nicht,
Dyit fleittand the fludis gray.
Trew Troyallus, he langorit ay, 45
Still waitand for his luvis returne,
Had nocht sic pyne, it was bot play,
As daylie dois my body burne.

As Poill to pyllattis dois appeir,
Moir brichttar than the starris abowt, 50
So dois your vifage fchyne als cleir,
As rose amang the rafchell rowt.
War Paris levand now, no dowl,
And had the goldin ball to ferve,
I wait he wald fone waill yow owt, 55
And leif baith Venus and Minerve.

Now paper pas and at hir speir,
Gif pleifs hir prudence to impreinttit;
My faithfull hairt I fend it heir,
In signe of paper I presenttit. 60
Wald God my body war fornenttit,
That I micht ferve hir grace but glammer;
To be hir knaif I am contenttit,
Or fmallest varlet in hir chammer.

Finis.

L'Invoy.

The hairt did think, the hand did frem,
The body fend to yow the sam. 65

[*Finis.*]

CCXLVI.

[*Gife Langour makis Men licht.*]

GIFE langour makis men licht,
 Or dolour thame decoir,
 In erth thair is no wicht
 May me compair in gloir.
 Gif cairfull thoftis restoir
 My havy hairt frome forrow,
 I am for evirmoir
 In joy, both evin and morrow.

Fol. 244. a.

5

Gif pleffour be to pance,
 I playnt me nocht opprest,
 Or absence nicht awance,
 My hairt is haill posselt.
 Gif want of quiet rest
 Frome cairis nicht me convoy,
 My mynd is nocht mollest,
 Bot evirmoir in joy.

10

15

Thocht that I pance in pane,
 In passing to and fro,
 I laubor all in vane,
 For so hes mony mo,
 That hes nocht scheruit fo,
 In futing of thair fueit;
 The nar the fyre I go,
 The grittar is my heit.

20

The turtour for hir maik
 Mair dule may nocht indure,

25

Nor I do for hir faik;
 Evin hir quha hes in cure
 My hart, quhilk falbe fure,
 And fcheruice to the deid, 30
 Vnto that lady pure,
 The well of womanheid.

Schaw fchedull to that fueit,
 My pairt fo permanent,
 That no mirth quhill we meit 35
 Sall caufs me be content;
 Bot still my hairt lament,
 In forrowfull ficking foir,
 Till tyme scho be prefent;
 Fairweill, I fay no moir. 40

Finis quod King Hary Stewart.

CCXLVII.

[*How suld my febill Body fure?*]

HOW suld my febill body fure, Fol.244. b.
 The dowble dolour I indure?
 The mornying and the grit mallure
 Can nane devyne,
 Quhilk garris my bailfull breift conbure, 5
 To fe ane vthir haif the cure,
 That suld be¹ myne.

For weill I wait wes nevir wicht
 Wald fa inforfs his mynd and mycht,
 To lufe and ferf his lady bricht, 10
 And want hir fyne;

¹ MS. has *by*.

As I do martir¹ day and nycht,
Without the only thing of rycht,
That fuld be myne.

War I of piffans for to prufe
My lawty and my hairtly lufe,
I fuld hir mynd to mercy mufe,
 With sic propyne;
War all the warld at my behufe,
Scho fuld it haif, be God abuse,
 That fuld be myne.

Now quhome to fall I mak my mone,
Sen trewth and constans fynd I none?
For all the fathfull lufe is gone,
Of femenene;
It wald vprofs ane hart of ston,
To se me lost for lufe of one,
That suld be myne.

Quha fuld my dullit spreitis raifs,
 Sen for no lufe my lady gaifs, 30
 Bot and gud fcheruice mycht hir maifs,
 Scho fuld inclyne?
 I dre the dollour and difeifs,
 Quhen vthiris hes hir as thay pleifs,
 That fuld be myne. 35

I may perfaif that weill be this,
That all the blythnes, joy and blifs,
The lufte, wantoun lyfe, I wifs,
Of lufe is hyne;
And no remeid fen fo it ifs,
Bot paciens fuppoifs I mifs,
That fuld be myne.

¹ Originally *And dois me martir*.

For nobillis hes nocht ay renown,
 Nor gentillis ay the gayest gown;
 Thay cary victuallis to the toun, 45
 That werft dois dyne;
 Sa bissely to busk I boun,
 Ane vthir eit is the berry down,
 That fuld be myn.

Quha wald the rege of yowtheid dant, 50
 Lat thame the court of luvaris hant,
 And than as Venus subiect grant,
 And keip hir tryme;
 Perchance thay fall find freindschip skant,
 And abill thair rewaird to want, 55
 As I did myne.

[*Finis*] *quod* Scott.

CCXLVIII.

[*Ane Laid may lufe ane Leddy of Estait.*]

ANE laid may lufe ane led dy of estait,
 Ane lord ane las; lufe hes no vdir law.
 Quha can vndo that is predestinat?
 Oft fyis for lufe the lynnage lichtis law,
 Rycht as the sone schynis on the sudly schaw, 5
 And eik the rane vpoun the ryell rofs,
 Sa aft tymis lufe cheifis ane vnlyk choifs.

Finis.

CCXLIX.

[*Marvilling in Mynd, quhat ailis Fortoun at me.*]

MARVILLING in mynd, quhat ailis fortoun at me, Fol. 245. a.
 And I ane scherwand trew both day and nycht;
 I am bot deid sic dolour for to dre,
 So suddanly exylit frome hir fycht.
 In all this warld thair is no erdly wycht 5
 Moir fre, moir fremmit, moir trest and eik moir trew;
 Sen I mon de, adew, luvaris, adew.

Dame Natur, I the wyt of all my pane,
 That formit hes this flour fo fair but feir;
 All vertew in hir vifage dois remane, 10
 Bot merciles I go from yeir to yeir.
 Scho is allon of price withouttin peir;
 This ryall rofs will nocht vpoun me rew;
 Sen I mon de, adew, luvaris, adew.

My dullit hairt but dout may nocht indure, 15
 My pane but peir, it perffis throw my hairt;
 My lady fair of me scho takis no cure,
 Bot thoillis me to de in panis smart.
 O, Venus, quene, thow caufs hir mynd rewart,
 For be the graue first lufe in to me grew; 20
 Sen I mon de, adew, luvaris, adew.

Now lat my¹ lady do quhat evir scho will,
 Baith trest and trew my hairt fall nevir felye;
 Small honor is hir scherwand for to spill,
 Sen that my deth to hir may nocht awailye. 25
 Ane blenk of hir but dout wald mak me haill;
 My hairt is gon, my face is paill of hew;
 Sen I mon de, adew, luvaris, adew.

¹ MS. has *me*.

Addew, addew, my dule and my delyte;
 Adew, fair weill, my freind and eik my fo; 30
 Adew, my pane and plesans most perfyte;
 Addew, addew, my weill and eik my wo.
 Fairweill, for now for euirmoir I go;
 Fairweill, I will my sepultur perfew;
 Sen I mon de, addew, luvaris, adew. 35

[*Finis*] *quod* Scott.

CCL.

[*Pansing in Hairt with Spreit opprest.*]

PANSING in hairt with spreit opprest,
 This hindirnycht bygon,
 My corps for walking wes moleft,
 For lufe only of on.
 Allace, quhome to suld I mak mon, 5
 Sen this come to lait?
 Cauld, cauld culis the lufe,
 That kendillis our het.

Hir bewty and hir maikles maik,
 Dois reif my spreit me fro, 10
 And cauffis me no rest to tak,
 Bot tumlyng to and fro.
 My curage than is hence ago,
 Sen I may nocht hir gett;
 Cauld, cauld culis the lufe, 15
 That kendillis our hett.

Hir first to luf quhen I began,
 I trowd scho luvit me,

Bot I, allace, wes nocht the man, Fol. 245. b.
 That best pleisfit hir e. 20
 Thairfoir will I lat dolour be,
 And gang ane vthir gett;
 Cauld, cauld culis the lufe,
 That kendillis our hett.

Firft quhen I keft my fantefy, 25
 Thair fermly did I ftand,
 And howpitt weill that fcho fuld be
 All haill at my command.
 Bot suddanly fcho did ganestand,
 And contrair maid debait; 30
 Cauld, cauld culis the lufe,
 That kendillis our hett.

Hir proper makdome fo perfyt,
 Hir vifage cleir of hew,
 Scho raiffis on me sic appetyte, 35
 And cauffis me hir perfew.
 Allace, fcho will nocht on me rew,
 Nor gre with myne eftait;
 Cauld, cauld culis the lufe,
 That kendillis our hett. 40

Sen fcho hes left me in diftrefs,
 In dolour and in cair,
 Without I get fum vthir grace,
 My lyfe will left no mair.
 Scho is our proper, trym and fair, 45
 Ane trew hairt to ourfett;
 Cauld, cauld culis the lufe,
 That kendillis our hett.

Suld I ly down in havinefs,
 I think it is bot vane, 50

I will get vp with mirrines,
 And cheifs alfs gud agane.
 Foir I will maik to yow plane,
 My hairt it is ourfett;
 Cauld, cauld culis the lufe, 55
 That kendillis our hett.

No, no, I will nocht trow as yit,
 That scho will leif me fo,
 Nor yit that scho will chenge or flit,
 As thocht scho be my fo. 60
 Thairfoir will I lat dolour go,
 And gang ane vthir gait;
 Cauld, cauld culis the lufe,
 That kendlis our haitt.

[*Finis*] *quod* Fethe.

CCLI.

[*Depairte, depairte, depairte.*]

DEPAIRTE, depairte, depairte,
 Allace, I moft depairte
 Frome her that hes my hart,
 With hairt full foir,
 Aganis my will in deid, 5
 And can find no remeid;
 I wait the panis of deid
 Can do no moir.

Now moft I go, allace,
 Frome ficht of hir fueit face, 10
 The grund of all my grace,
 And fouerane;

Quhat chanfs that may fall me
 Sall I nevir mirry be,
 Vnto the tyme I fe 15
 My fweit agane.

I go, and wait nocht quhair,
 I wandir heir and thair,
 I weip and fichis rycht fair,
 With panis smart: 20
 Now moft I pafs away, away,
 In wildirnefs and wilfum way;
 Allace, this wofull day
 We fuld depairte.

My fpreit dois quaik for dreid, 25
 My thirlit hairt dois bleid,
 My panis dois exceid;
 Quhat fuld I fay?
 I, wofull wycht, allone,
 Makand ane petoufs mone; 30
 Allace, my hairt is gone,
 For evir and ay.

Throw langour of my fucit,
 So thirlit is my fpreit,
 My dayis ar moft compleit, 35
 Throw hir abfence:
 Chryft, fen fcho knew my fmert,
 Ingrawit in my hairt,
 Becaus I moft depairte
 Frome hir prefens. 40

Adew, my awin fueit thing, Fol. 246. a.
 My joy and conforting,
 My mirth and follefing
 Of erdly gloir:

Fair weill, my lady bricht, 45
 And my remembrance rycht;
 Fair weill and haif gud nycht;
 I fay no moir.

[*Finis*] *quod* Scott *off the* Maistir of Erskyn.

CCLII.

[*That evir I luvit, allace thairfoir.*]

THAT evir I luvit, allace thairfoir,
 This to be pynit with panis foir,
 Thirlit throw every vane and boir,
 Without offenss;
 Chryft fend remeid, I fay no moir, 5
 Bot pacienss.

Griffal was nevir fo pacient,
 As I am for my lady gent,
 For in my mynd I fo imprent
 Hir excellenss, 10
 That of my deid I am content,
 With pacienss.

How lang fall I this lyfe inleid,
 That for hir faik to suffer deid,
 But confort of hir gudly heid, 15
 Or yit prefenss;
 I fay no moir, Chryft fend remeid
 With pacienss.

On paciens I mon perforfs,
 Sen that I go frome weill to worfs, 20

Exorting Chryft fend hir remorfs,
Of confcienss,
Sa crewaly hes keild my corfs,
But pacienss.

Paciens ourcumis all, 25
And is ane vertew principall;
Sen I am bund to leif in thrall,
 With insolens,
I mon sustene quhat so befall,
 With pacienfs. 30

But paciens, I yow assure,
Nane may the panis of lufe indure,
Nor yit in to that lufly bour
 Mak residens,
Without thay preif baith sueit and four,
 With paciens.

Lufe is maid of sic ane kynd,
That be na foris it may be fynd,
Bot only be of hummill mynd,
 With permanens,
To thoill suppois the hairt be pynd,
 With pacienfs.

Finis quod Scott.

CCLIII.

[*So fremmit is my Fortoun and my Werd.*]

SO fremmit is my fortoun and my werd,
That all my lyfe I leif in displefoure,

My cairfull corps can tak no rest in erd;
 How suld I leif or yit my lyfe indure,
 For lufe of on my hairt hes no recure? 5
 I am forlorne without scho me redrefs;
 Mercy I cry on my fweit lady pure,
 For to haif mynd on my wofull distrefs.

Thair is no ranfoun may me lowfs nor bynd,
 Nor yit no confort may expell my wo, 10
 Seikand remeid quhair nane that I can fynd
 Of hir my freind and eik my fremmit fo. Fol.246.b.
 Langour I haif, quhair evir I ryd or go;
 Hairtles I am, for flewth twichis me fo;
 My wofull hairt, quhy briftis thow nocht in two, 15
 And makis ane end of my mischevous wo?

Quhair is the fwerd that perfit Piramus,
 In absens of his lady Tisby?
 Mair wo, I wait, dreid nevir Troyelus,
 Nor I for hir quhilk cauffis me to de. 20
 O crewall fwerd, O scherp aduerfitie,
 Cum perfs me throw, fen I can nocht abstene;
 My lament cauffis my wofull distany,
 My woundis ar awld and daly waxis grene.

My forrowfull ene ar blyndit with my teiris, 25
 Throw ardent lufe of my fweit cheif maistrefs,
 Yit in hir hart no signe of rewth appeiris,
 Bot wilfull will bandit with crewalness;
 And yit my hart ourfett with haviness
 Sall fermly stand with hir in all mancir; 30
 In weill, in wo, in mirth and in distrefs,
 I fall thus end hir wofull pefoncir.

O Atrapus, quhilk hes my threid neir worn,
 Cum schort my lyfe and end my grevoufs pane;

Sen that my deid remedyles is fworn, 35
 On to I de in wo quotidian,
 Cum cutt my threid and lat me nocht remane,
 Sen of my lyfe I irk throw displesur:
 Chryft, fen my corps that nycht and day is fane
 Seifit wer fur in to my fepultur. 40

Finis.

CCLIV.

[*Oppressit Hairt indure.*]

OPPRESSIT hairt indure
 In dolour and distrefs,
 Wappit without recure
 In wo remidilefs;
 Sen fcho is mercilefs, 5
 And cauffis all thy smert,
 Quhilk fuld thy dolour drefs;
 Indure, oppressit hairt.

Perforfs tak paciens,
 And dre thy deftany, 10
 To lufe but recompens
 Is grit perplexitie;
 Of thyne aduerfitie
 Wyt thy felf and no mo,
 For quhen that thow wes fre 15
 Thow wald nocht hald the fo.

Thow langit ay to prufe
 The strenth of luvis lair,
 And quhat kin thing wes lufe,
 Quhilk now fettis the fo fair; 20

Off all thy wo and cair
 It mendis the nocht to mene,
 Howbeid thow fuld forfair,
 Thy felf the caufs hes bene.

Quhen thow wes weill at eifs, 25 Fol. 247. a.
 And subiect to no wicht,
 Thow hir for lufe did cheifs,
 Quhilk fettis thy lufe at licht;
 And thocht thow knew hir slicht,
 Yit wald thow [nocht¹] refrane, 30
 Thairfoir it is bot rycht
 That thow indure the pane.

Bot yit my corpfs, allace,
 Is wrangulfly opprest
 Be the in to this cace, 35
 And brocht to grit wanrest.
 Quhy fuld it so be drest
 Be the and daly pynd,
 Quhilk still it ay detest
 Thy wantoun folich mynd? 40

The blenkyne of ane e
 Ay gart the guf² and glaik,
 My body bad lat be,
 And of thy ficing flaik;
 Thow wald nocht rest bot raik, 45
 And lair the in the myre,
 Yit felycit thow to faik
 That thow did maist defyre.

Thocht thow do murn and weip,
 With inwart spreit opprest, 50
 Quhen vthir men takis sleip,
 Thow wantis the nychtis rest;

¹ *Nocht* evidently omitted in MS. ² Might be read *goif*.

Scho quhome thow luvis best
 Off the takis littill thocht,
 Thy wo and grit wanrest 55
 And cair scho countis nocht.

Thairfoir go hens in haift
 My langour to lament,
 Do nocht my body waift,
 Quhilk nevir did consent; 60
 And thocht thow wald repent
 That thow hir hes persewit,
 Yit man thow stand content,
 And drynk that thow hes brewit.

[*Finis*] *quod* Scott.

CCLV.

[*Leif Luve, and lat me leif allone.*]

LEIF luve, and lat me leif allone
 LAt libertie, subiect to none,
 For it may weill be fene vpone
 My bludles blaiknit ble,
 The tormenting in tyme bygon, 5
 That skerfs hes left bot skin and bon,
 Throw fremitnes of the.

For thruch thy feid I fynd exprefs
 My only lady mercilefs,
 Sa doggitlefs scho did me drefs, 10
 With wo and misery;

Quhen scho had welth and wantounes,
 I had bot dollour and distrefs,
 Throw fremmitnefs of the.

To confort hir thow wes inclynd, 15
 And hald my murnyng in my mynd,
 I fand hir of ane staffage kynd,
 Bath ftaity, ftrange and he;
 Scho wes vncurtas and vnkynnd,
 It wes hir play to fee me pynd, 20
 Throw fremmitnefs of the.

Thow held hir curage he on loft, Fol. 247. b.
 And ted my tendir hairt lyk toft,
 I know how coftly I wes coft,
 Quhen scho yeid frankand fre; 25
 Thow sufferit hir to fleip full foft,
 Quhair mirthles I wes marterit oft,
 Throw fremmitnefs of the.

Cupeid, thow kennis I burd to knaw
 The langfum leving in thy law, 30
 Bot this is nocht the first ourthraw,
 That thow hes done to me;
 Bot of the now I ftand nocht aw,
 Sen reffoun dois my benner blaw
 Aganis the feid of the. 35

This lady is fo gud ane gyd,
 Scho lattis me nevir gang on fyd,
 Bot teichis me both tyme and tyd,
 Retent¹ befor myne e,
 Quhome in to lippin and confyd; 40
 I flip and lattis all ourflyd
 Aganis the feid of the.

[*Finis*] *quod* Scott.

¹ This word may be read *Recent*.

CCLVI.

[*Thocht I in grit Distress.*]

THOCHT I in grit distrefs
 Suld de in to dispair,
 I can get no redrefs
 Of yow my lady fair;
 Howbeid my tyme I wair,
 Alhaill in your scherwyce,
 Ye compt nocht of my cair,
 I fynd yow ay fo nyce.

5

It dois yow ay delyt
 To wit me in distrefs,
 Sic is your haill dispyt,
 And grit vnfathfulness;
 The mair I do me drefs
 To be at your devyce,
 My guerdoun is the lefs,
 I find yow ay fo nyfs.

10

15

Ay trefting for to speid,
 I haif my harte ourfet,
 Quhair that I fynd bot feid
 My langour for to lett;
 I seik the watter hett,
 In vndir the cauld yce,
 Quhair na regaird I gett,
 I fynd yow ay fo nyfs.

20

Belevand ay for grace,
 I hald my hart on loft,
 Bot now I fay allace
 That evir I it focht;

25

I fynd your fenyeit thocht
Vncertane as the dyce, 30
Thairfoir I compt it nocht,
I fynd yow ay so nyce.

Lang tyme ye haif me pruffit,
And evir fund me trew,
Bot now that I haif luvit, 35
Rycht fair I may it rew;
Firft quhen I did perfew,
I wont ye had bene wyfs,
Bot now fair weill, adew,
I fynd yow ay so nyfs. 40

[*Finis*] *quod* Scott.

CCLVII.

[*Quhat art thow, Lufe, for till allow.*]

QUHAT art thow, Lufe, for till allow Fol. 248. a
Hes brocht me now in to this pane and wo,
Or yit awow hes gart me trow,
And rest my dow and daliance me fro;
Fly on the lord of lufe, fett me so heich aboif, 5
And als, but rest or rufe, hes gart me go.

Paris of Troy had nocht moir joy,
Bot till convoy fair Helene, fresch and ying;
Now haif I nowy me to distroy,
As than at Troy had Menelaus king; 10
Sen lost is my delyte, and pastyme most perfyte,
All erthly solace quyte heir I refing.

For till discufs I wes I wifs,
 As Troyelus with Cresseid trew to tell;
 Now am I thus, as Pirusus 15
 Most dolorus, with Tisby at the well;
 So is becum my caifs, as Orpheus did, allais,
 Seikand Euridicefs from hevin to hell.

Quhair fuld I go now to or fro,
 To feik hir fo, my vmquhile lufe allone? 20
 Than freind, now fo, than weill, now wo,
 Than myrth but mo, now is scho past and gon;
 Than howp, now in distres, than joy, now confortles,
 Than welth and wantones, allace, haif I none.

Wafs nevir wicht moir plesfour mycht, 25
 Both day and nycht, with mirthis monyfald;
 With hairt on hicht, ¹ scho in licht,
 All willit rycht, as I culd wifs or wald;
 And now ¹ all growis gray wes grene,
 And I am cassin clene in cairis cald. 30

O, luvaris all, to lufe bene thrall,
 Now latt ws fall befor the godis feit,
 To clip and call in generall,
 Both grit and small that may our baillis beit;
 O, Venus, fouerane, haif pety on my pane, 35
 And grant me now agane my lady fueit.

Agane and nocht lat it be thocht,
 That scho for ocht will anys retorne to me,
 Sen chance² hes focht and werd hes wrocht,
 That scho is brocht, quhair scho may byd and be; 40
 Sen forfsis I man want hir, grit glaidnes God mot grant hir, Fol. 248. b.
 And fend me als gud anter. Amen, quod he.

Finis.

¹ Left blank in MS. ² MS. has *chane*.

CCLVIII.

[*Lamenting soir my Weird and bissy Cure.*]

LAMENTING foir my weird and bissy cure
 In luvis loir, and langour that me leidis,
 The pane exceidis, and dolour I indure,
 And no thing fure, gif pety in hir breidis.
 My hairt fair dreidis quhen scho me superceidis, 5
 And furth me feidis, with flatterand speikingis fair,
 That I most neidis, bewail my fatell threidis,
 Quhen auld done deidis scho dois foryet thaim clair.

The tyme hefs bene, and yit may cum agane,
 We ma convene to talk in gudlinefs, 10
 Thocht in distrefs ye leif me in grit pane,
 I may complane yit to your lawlinefs.
 Vnto your pefs to tak my fympilnefs,
 It wald increfs your honour evir mair;
 Na biffinefs to lufe fall gar me fefs, 15
 Thocht auld kyndnefs ye haif foryettin clair.

Thocht ye be strange, and can your will refrene,
 I can nocht chenge, bot I fall ay be trew;
 Your lusty hew my curage dois constrene,
 With mycht and mene your fcheruice to enfew. 20
 And to no new my felf I will fubdew,
 Gif ye will rew on me that fichis fair;
 Gif ye efchew, and will nocht do your dew,
 I may fay trew ye haif foryet me clair.

Sen I haif bene your fcherwand thus of auld, 25
 On me ye mene, and als be trew me till;
 Sen nevir ill I wrocht bot as ye wauld,
 Lat nevir be cauld, nor yit to breve in bill.

That I fuld spill, for lak of your gud will,
 Ye may fulfill to bring me frome all cair; 30
 It war grit skill my dolour anis fuld dill,
 Gif ye nocht will ye haif foryet me clair.

Thufs may I nocht bot pray vnto yow schene
 Is maift in thocht, and falbe day and nycht;
 My self throw fycht thufs caufyt me to mene, 35
 Your lusty ene hes revit me vnrycht.
 Sen I had licht to leif I had no micht,
 Bot with yow wicht in bandoun to remane;
 Bill, go with slicht, quhill thow cum to hir sicht,
 Bid hir of rycht releif me of my pane. 40

Finis.

CCLIX.

[*In to the Nycht, quhen to ilk Wicht, Natur derekis Rest.*]

IN to the nycht, quhen to ilk wicht natur derekis rest, Fol. 249. a.
 I walk allone, makand my mone, with luvis pane opprest;
 Was nevir man, sen luve began, that luvit moir trewly;
 Then I wifs, suppois I mis the lufe of my lady,
 In luvis dance, sic is my chance, to luve vnlovit agane; 5
 Heirfoir, allace! my cairfull cace, quhome to fall I complane;
 Sall I me mene to Venus quene, or to hir sone Cupyde,
 That with his dart thirlis my harte with wondis warkand wyde?
 Or for support fall I exort Mars, god armipotent,
 To faif my lyfe in to this stryfe, or forrow do me schent? 10
 For thocht I cry on my lady my dolour to redrefs,
 For all my trewth scho hes no rewth on my daly distrefs;
 It is hir joy to wirk me noy, hir weill to wirk me wo;

It is hir will that I lyk ill. Allais, quhy dois scho so?
 It is hir cure to do plesure to him feling no pane, 15
 And latt me go lamenting so with sichis and sorrowis flane.
 Moir mirreit war to hir be far to cure the feik from cair,
 Than to propyne him medecyne that nevir felt no fair;
 Bot mony man wyfe sayis that the gyfe of luv is evir sway,
 To fla the trew and on him rew that falsast is of fay. 20
 O, nymphis thre, haif mynd on me, and cut my fatell threid,
 Sen in this erd ye gaif me werd nevir in lufe to speid.

Finis.

CCLX.

[*The moir I luv and serf at all my Mycht.*]

THE moir I luv and serf at all my mycht,
 The langar I find your denger and offens;
 The grittar desyre I haif vnto your fycht,
 The lefs I get your language and prefens;
 The nerrer the fycht the ferrer frome audiens; 5
 The biffyar to pleifs the moir of joy all quyt;
 The hevear cure the lefs is my creddens,
 And nane bot fortoun dar I blame nor quyt.

The trewar I be, bayth in werk and thoct,
 The laither to greif yow I am in word or deid; 10
 The rather I se the lefs of me ye rocht,
 With fremmit cheir suche guerdoun is me queid;
 My hairt in breift I feill salt teiris bleid;
 The farar I fych the fadyar I indyte,
 For to my harmes ye list nocht to tak heid, 15
 And nane bot fortoun dar I blame or wyte.

The faster I be bundin in your chenye,
 The lefs ye cair quhider I de or leif,
 The lefs pety ye haif to heir me plenye,
 The strangest wordis ye can devyfs ye geif; 20
 The luk of yow, that fuld my hairt releif,
 Is he extreme dengeir and difpyte;
 Off my remeid I haif no moir beleif,
 And nane bot fortoun dar I blame nor wyt.

Finis.

CCLXI.

[*Quhen Phebus fair with Bemis bricht.*]

QUHEN Phebus fair with bemis bricht Fol. 249. b.
 In to the west at mornying makis repair,
 Makand his courfs in to array full rycht,
 Vnto the eift schutand his schaftis schare,
 At morn fall ryfs out of his courfs to care 5
 Norward down in to the famyn degre,
 Than will my reuerend lady rew on me.

Quhen Lawdiane Law for lue hes left the land,
 And Forth is fleitit to France, that fair cuntre,
 And euery woman is also obediand; 10
 Quhen men fall find no wattir in the fe,
 And fallheid flymit and euery man fund trew,
 Than will my reuerend lady on me rew.

Quhen all the grund is groun our with gold,
 And euery ryver rynnys vpward wyne, 15

In fomer quhen thair growis na flour on fold,
 In wontir quhen thair fallis na frost ryme,
 Quhen everilk man will till vthiris inclyne,
 In May quhen that the holyne changis hew,
 Than will my reueren[d] lady on me rew. 20

Quhen Falkland fair is farit our the ferry,
 And Sulway fand is brocht attour the fe,
 And Arthour fait is brocht to Salis berry,
 And euerilk man hes conquist kuirikis thre,
 Than mon thay realmes ring in ryelte; 25
 Quhen clerkis will na banifce perfew,
 Than will my reuerend lady on me rew.

Quhen that Dumbar is brocht vnto the Bafs,
 And all the fife ar fled vp in the air,
 Quhen that northward no watteris will down pafs, 30
 And men so rich that thay defyr no mair,
 And leill luvaris forleitis luvis lair,
 And walx is wrocht withouttin byk or be,
 Than will my reuerend lady rew on me.

Quhen fchippis off tour and ballingeris of weir, 35
 Be thowfand failis rycht swiftly ondir faill,
 Thair mastis of gold and all thair vdir geir,
 The west wond wappand in thair taill,
 Takand thair courfs with mony how and haill,
 Pulland down failis and landand at Eildoun tre, 40
 Than will my reuerend lady rew on me.

Finis.

*Ballatis of Remedy of Luve as followis:
and to the Reproche of evill Wemen.*

CCLXII.

Remeidis of Luve.

Fol. 250. a.

SO prayis me as ye think caufs quhy,
And lufe me as yow lykis best,
As pleis yow so pleist am I,
Gif nocht I fynd of nocht I traift.

Gif ye be trew I wilbe just,
Gife ye be fals flattery is fre,
All tymes and houris evin as ye lust
For me till vfe als weill as ye.

5

Gif ye do^mok I will bot play,
Gif ye do lawch I will nocht weip,
Evin as ye list, think, do or fay,
Sic law ye mak sic law I keip.

10

Schaw fathfull lufe, luve fall ye haif,
Schaw dowbilnes, I fall yow quyt,
Ye can nocht vfe nor no ways craif,
Bot evin that fame is my delyt.

15

Bot gif ye wald be trew and plane,
Ye wald me pleis and best content,
And gif ye will nocht so remane,
As I haif said so am I lent.

20

Awyfs yow as ye think to do,
And vfe me as ye list to fynd;
Quhat neidis lang talking thairto,
For as I am ye knaw my mynd?

Bewar thairfoir and tak gud heid
Quhat is the sentens of this bill,
For and ye beir me ocht at feid,
I fall yow hald ay at evill w[ill]. 25

Thairfoir be trew but variens,
And I falbe as of befoir,
Vthirwayis generis discrepans;
Content yow this ye get no moir. 30

Finis.

CCLXIII.

[I am as I am and so will I be.]

I AM as I am and so will I be,
Bot how that I am nane knawis trewlie;
Be it evill be it weill, be I bund be I fre,
I am as I am and so will I be.

I leid my lyfe indifferently,
I mene na thing bot honesty,
And thocht men jüge diuerfly,
I am as I am and so will I be. 5 Fol. 250. b.

I do nocht rew nor yit complane,
Baith mirth and fadnes I do refrane,
And vfe the folkis that can nocht fane;
I am as I am be it plesour or pane. 10

Diuerfs do jüge as thay trow,
Sum of plesour and sum of wo,
Yit for all that no thing thay knaw;
I am as I am quhair evir I go. 15

Bot fen that jugeris do tak that wey,
Lat every man his jugement fay,
I will it tak in sport and pley,
For I am as I am quha evir fa nay. 20

Quha jugeis weill, weill God him fend,
Quha jugeis evill, God thame amend,
To juge the best thairfoir intend;
I am as I am and so will I end.

Yit sum thair be that takis delyt 25
To juge folkis thocht for inwy and spyt,
Bot quhiddir thay juge me wrang or ryt,
I am as I am and so will I wryt.

Praying yow all that this dois reid,
To trest it as ye do your creid, 30
And nocht to think that I chenge my weid,
I am as I am how evir I speid.

Bot how that is I leif to yow,
Juge as ye list owdir fals or trew,
Ye know no moir than afoir ye knew; 35
I am as I am quhat evir eschew.

And frome this mynd I will nocht fle,
Bot to yow all that misjugeis me,
I do protest as ye may se,
That I am as I am and so will I be. 40

Finis.

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